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THE

# PLAYS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

LLC 2

THE

# PLAYS

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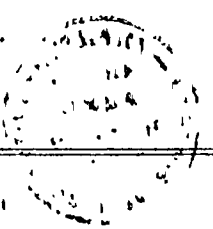
CONTAINING

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.



*LONDON:*

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1803.

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[J. Plymsell, Printer, Leather Lane, Holborn, London.]

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.*

* LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.] I have not hitherto diſcovered any novel on which this comedy appears to have been founded; and yet the ſtory of it has moſt of the features of an ancient romance. STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that there is an error in the title of this play, which I believe, ſhould be—"*Love's Labours Loſt.*" M. MASON.

*Love's Labour's Loſt*, I conjecture to have been written in 1594. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

Ferdinand, *King of* Navarre.
Biron,
Longaville, } *Lords, attending on the King.*
Dumain,
Boyet,
Mercade, } *Lords, attending on the Princeſs of* France.
*Don* Adriano de Armado, *a fantaſtical* Spaniard.
*Sir* Nathaniel, *a Curate.*
Holofernes, *a Schoolmaſter.*
Dull, *a Conſtable.*
Coſtard, *a Clown.*
Moth, *Page to* Armado.
*A Foreſter.*

*Princeſs of* France.
Roſaline,
Maria, } *Ladies, attending on the Princeſs.*
Katharine,
Jaquenétta, *a country Wench.*

*Officers and others, Attendants on the King and Princeſs.*

*SCENE,* Navarre.

* This enumeration of the perſons was made by Mr. Rowe.
JOHNSON

# LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Navarre. *A Park, with a Palace in it.*

*Enter the* King, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

*King.* Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live regiſter'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the diſgrace of death;
When, ſpite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this preſent breath may buy
That honour, which ſhall bate his ſcythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for ſo you are,
That war againſt your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's deſires,—
Our late edict ſhall ſtrongly ſtand in force:
Navarre ſhall be the wonder of the world;
Our court ſhall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have ſworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-ſcholars, and to keep thoſe ſtatutes,
That are recorded in this ſchedule here:
Your oaths are paſt, and now ſubſcribe your names;
That his own hand may ſtrike his honour down,
That violates the ſmalleſt branch herein:

If you are arm'd to do, as ſworn to do,
Subſcribe to your deep oath,[1] and keep it too.

*Long.* I am reſolv'd: 'tis but a three years' faſt;
The mind ſhall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bank'rout quite the wits.

*Dum.* My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The groſſer manner of theſe world's delights
He throws upon the groſs world's baſer ſlaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all theſe living in philoſophy.[2]

*Biron.* I can but ſay their proteſtation over,
So much, dear liege, I have already ſworn,
That is, To live and ſtudy here three years.
But there are other ſtrict obſervances:
As, not to ſee a woman in that term;
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
And, one day in a week to touch no food;
And but one meal on every day beſide;
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there:
And then, to ſleep but three hours in the night,
And not be ſeen to wink of all the day;
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day;)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:

[1] ——*your deep* oath,] The old copies have—*oaths.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[2] *With all theſe living in* philoſophy.] The ſtyle of the rhyming ſcenes in this play is often entangled and obſcure. I know not certainly to what *all theſe* is to be referred; I ſuppoſe he means, that he finds *love, pomp,* and *wealth* in *philoſophy.* JOHNSON.

By *all theſe,* Dumain means the King, Biron, &c. to whom he may be ſuppoſed to point, and with whom he is going to live in philoſophical retirement. A. C.

O, theſe are barren taſks, too hard to keep;
Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.[3]

*King.* Your oath is paſs'd to paſs away from theſe.

*Biron.* Let me ſay no, my liege, an if you pleaſe;
I only ſwore, to ſtudy with your grace,
And ſtay here in your court for three years' ſpace.

*Long.* You ſwore to that, Biron, and to the reſt.

*Biron.* By yea and nay, ſir, then I ſwore in jeſt.—
What is the end of ſtudy? let me know.

*King.* Why, that to know, which elſe we ſhould not know.

*Biron.* Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common ſenſe?

*King.* Ay, that is ſtudy's god-like recompenſe.

*Biron.* Come on then, I will ſwear to ſtudy ſo,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To ſtudy where I well may dine,
When I to feaſt expreſsly am forbid;[4]
Or, ſtudy where to meet ſome miſtreſs fine,
When miſtreſſes from common ſenſe are hid:

[3] *Not to ſee ladies, ſtudy, faſt, not ſleep.*] The words as they ſtand, will expreſs the meaning intended, if pointed thus:

*Not to ſee ladies—ſtudy—faſt—not ſleep.*

Biron is recapitulating the ſeveral taſks impoſed upon him, *viz.* not to ſee ladies, to ſtudy, to faſt, and not to ſleep: but Shakſpeare, by a common poetical licence, though in this paſſage injudiciouſly exerciſed, omits the article *to*, before the three laſt verbs, and from hence the obſcurity ariſes. M. Mason.

[4] *When I to feaſt expreſsly am forbid;*] The copies all have: "When I to *faſt* expreſsly am forbid;"

But if Biron ſtudied where to get a good dinner, at a time when he was *forbid* to *faſt*, how was this ſtudying to know what he was forbid to know? Common ſenſe, and the whole tenour of the context, require us to read—*feaſt*, or to make a change in the laſt word of the verſe:—"When I to *faſt* expreſsly am *fore-bid*;" i. e. when I am enjoined before-hand to faſt. Theobald.

Or, having ſworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If ſtudy's gain be thus, and this be ſo,[5]
Study knows that, which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er ſay, no.

*King.* Theſe be the ſtops that hinder ſtudy quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

*Biron.* Why, all delights are vain; but that moſt vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To ſeek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falſely blind[6] the eyeſight of his look:
Light, ſeeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkneſs lies,
Your light grows dark by loſing of your eyes.
Study me how to pleaſe the eye indeed,
By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,
And give him light that was it blinded by.[7]

[5] *If ſtudy's gain be* thus, *and this be ſo,*] Read:
*If ſtudy's gain be* this—. Ritson.

[6] —— *while truth the while*
*Doth* falſely *blind*—] *Falſely* is here, and in many other places, the ſame as *diſhoneſtly* or *treacherouſly*. The whole ſenſe of this gingling declamation is only this, that *a man by too cloſe ſtudy may read himſelf blind*; which might have been told with leſs obſcurity in fewer words. Johnson.

[7] *Who dazzling ſo, that eye ſhall be his heed,*
*And give him light that* was *it blinded by.*] This is another paſſage unneceſſarily obſcure; the meaning is: that when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, *by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that* fairer *eye ſhall be his heed*, his *direction* or *lode-ſtar*, (See Midſummer-Night's Dream,) *and give him light that was blinded by it.* Johnson.

The old copies read—*it was.* Corrected by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

Study is like the heaven's glorious ſun,
That will not be deep-ſearch'd with ſaucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save baſe authority from others' books.
Theſe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed ſtar,
Have no more profit of their ſhining nights,
Than thoſe that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is, to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.[8]

*King.* How well he's read, to reaſon againſt reading!

*Dum.* Proceeded well, to ſtop all good proceeding![9]

*Long.* He weeds the corn, and ſtill lets grow the weeding.

*Biron.* The ſpring is near, when green geeſe are a breeding.

*Dum.* How follows that?

[8] *Too much to know, is, to know nought but* fame;
*And every godfather can give a name.*] *The conſequence,* ſays Biron, *of too much knowledge,* is not any real ſolution of doubts, but mere empty *reputation.* That is, *too much knowledge gives only fame, a name which every godfather can give likewiſe.* Johnson.

[9] Proceeded *well, to ſtop all good proceeding!*] To *proceed* is an academical term, meaning, *to take a degree,* as *he* proceeded *bachelor in phyſick.* The ſenſe is, *he has taken his degrees in the art of hindering the degrees of others.* Johnson.

So, in a quotation by Dr. Farmer: "—ſuch as practiſe to *proceed* in all evil wiſe, till from *Batchelors* in Newgate, by *degrees* they *proceed* to be *Maiſters,* and by deſert be preferred at *Tyborne.*" I cannot aſcertain the book from which this paſſage was tranſcribed. Steevens.

I don't ſuſpect that Shakſpeare had any academical term in contemplation, when he wrote this line. *He has proceeded well,* means only, he has *gone on well.* M. Mason.

*Biron.* Fit in his place and time.

*Dum.* In reaſon nothing.

*Biron.* Something then in rhyme.

*Long.* Biron is like an envious ſneaping froſt,[1]
That bites the firſt-born infants of the ſpring.

*Biron.* Well, ſay I am; why ſhould proud ſummer boaſt,
Before the birds have any cauſe to ſing?
Why ſhould I joy in an abortive birth?
At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,
Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled ſhows;
But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.[2]

[1] —— ſneaping *froſt,*] So *ſneaping winds* in *The Winter's Tale*: To *ſneap* is to *check*, to *rebuke*. Thus alſo, Falſtaff, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "I will not undergo this *ſneap*, without reply." Steevens.

[2] *Why ſhould I joy in an abortive* birth?
*At Chriſtmas I no more deſire a roſe,*
*Than wiſh a ſnow in May's new-fangled* ſhows;
*But like of each thing, that in ſeaſon grows.*] As the greateſt part of this ſcene (both what precedes and follows) is ſtrictly in rhymes, either *ſucceſſive, alternate,* or *triple,* I am perſuaded, that the copyiſts have made a ſlip here. For by making a *triplet* of the three laſt lines quoted, *birth* in the cloſe of the firſt line is quite deſtitute of any rhyme to it. Beſides, what a diſpleaſing identity of ſound recurs in the middle and cloſe of this verſe?

"Than wiſh a *ſnow* in May's new-fangled *ſhows*;"

Again, *new-fangled ſhows* ſeems to have very little propriety. The flowers are not *new-fangled*; but the earth is *new-fangled* by the profuſion and variety of the flowers, that ſpring on its boſom in May. I have therefore ventured to ſubſtitute *earth,* in the cloſe of the third line, which reſtores the *alternate* meaſure. It was very eaſy for a negligent tranſcriber to be deceived by the rhyme immediately preceding; ſo miſtake the concluding word in the ſequent line, and corrupt it into one that would chime with the other. Theobald.

I rather ſuſpect a line to have been loſt after "an abortive birth,"

So you, to ſtudy now it is too late,
Climb o'er the houſe[3] to unlock the little gate.

*King.* Well, ſit you out:[4] go home, Biron; adieu!

*Biron.* No, my good lord; I have ſworn to ſtay with you:
And, though I have for barbariſm ſpoke more,
Than for that angel knowledge you can ſay,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have ſwore,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.

For *an* in that line the old copies have *any*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

By theſe *ſhows* the poet means *Maygames*, at which a *ſnow* would be very unwelcome and unexpected. It is only a periphraſis for *May*. T. Warton.

I have no doubt that the more obvious interpretation is the true one. So, in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*:

"And freſher than *May* with *floures new*—."

So alſo, in our poet's *King Richard II*:

"She came *adorned* hither, like ſweet *May*."

i. e. as the ground is in that month enamelled by the gay diverſity of flowers which the ſpring produces.

Again, in *The Deſtruction of Troy*, 1619: "At the entry of the month of May, when the earth is attired and adorned with diverſe flowers," &c. Malone.

I concur with Mr. Warton; for with what propriety can the flowers which every year produces with the ſame identical ſhape and colours, be called—*new-fangled?* The ſports of May might be annually diverſified, but its natural productions would be invariably the ſame. Steevens.

[3] *Climb o'er the houſe* &c.] This is the reading of the quarto, 1598, and much preferable to that of the folio:

"That were to climb o'er the houſe to unlock the gate."

Malone.

[4] —— ſit *you out*.] This may mean, *hold you out, continue refractory*. But I ſuſpect, we ſhould read—*ſet* you out.

Malone.

To *ſit out*, is a term from the card-table. Thus, Biſhop Sanderſon:

"They are glad, rather than *ſit out*, to play very ſmall game."

Give me the paper, let me read the ſame;
And to the ſtrict'ſt decrees I'll write my name.
*King.* How well this yielding reſcues thee from ſhame!

Biron. [*Reads.*] Item, *That no woman ſhall come within a mile of my court.*—
And hath this been proclaim'd?

*Long.* Four days ago.

*Biron.* Let's ſee the penalty.

[*Reads.*]—*On pain of loſing her tongue.*—
Who devis'd this?[5]

*Long.* Marry, that did I.

*Biron.* Sweet lord, and why?

*Long.* To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

*Biron.* A dangerous law againſt gentility.[6]

The perſon who cuts out at a rubber of whiſt, is ſtill ſaid to *ſit out*; i. e. to be no longer engaged in the party. Steevens.

[5] *Who devis'd this?*] The old copies read—this *penalty*. I have omitted this needleſs repetition of the word *penalty*, becauſe it deſtroys the meaſure. Steevens.

[6] *A dangerous law againſt* gentility!] I have ventured to prefix the name of Biron to this line, it being evident, for two reaſons, that it, by ſome accident or other, ſlipt out of the printed books. In the firſt place, Longaville confeſſes, he had deviſed the penalty: and why he ſhould immediately arraign it as a dangerous law, ſeems to be very inconſiſtent. In the next place, it is much more natural for Biron to make this reflection, who is cavilling at every thing; and then for him to purſue his reading over the remaining articles.—As to the word *gentility*, here, it does not ſignify that rank of people called, *gentry*; but what the French expreſs by, *gentiteſſe*, i. e. *elegantia, urbanitas*. And then the meaning is this: Such a law for baniſhing women from the court, is dangerous, or injurious, *to politeneſs, urbanity*, and the more refined pleaſures of life. For men without women would turn brutal, and ſavage, in their natures and behaviour. Theobald.

[*Reads.*] Item, *If any man be ſeen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he ſhall endure ſuch publick ſhame as the reſt of the court can poſſibly deviſe.*—
This article, my liege, yourſelf muſt break;
For, well you know, here comes in embaſſy
The French King's daughter, with yourſelf to ſpeak,—
A maid of grace, and cómplete majeſty,—
About ſurrender-up of Aquitain;
To her decrepit, ſick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princeſs hither.

*King.* What ſay you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

*Biron.* So ſtudy evermore is overſhot;
While it doth ſtudy to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it ſhould:
And when it hath the thing it hunteth moſt,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; ſo won, ſo loſt.

*King.* We muſt, of force, diſpenſe with this decree;
She muſt lie here[7] on mere neceſſity.

*Biron.* Neceſſity will make us all forſworn
Three thouſand times within this three years' ſpace:
For every man with his affects is born;
Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:[8]

[7] ——lie *here*—] Means *reſide* here, in the ſame ſenſe as an ambaſſador is ſaid to *lie* leiger. See Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Cure, or the Martial Maid*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"Or did the cold Muſcovite beget thee,
"That *lay* here *leiger*, in the laſt great froſt?"

Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's *Definition*: "An ambaſſador is an honeſt man ſent to *lie* (i. e. *reſide*) abroad for the good of his country." Reed.

If I break faith, this word ſhall ſpeak for me,
I am forſworn on mere neceſſity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name:
[*Subſcribes.*
And he, that breaks them in the leaſt degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal ſhame:
Suggeſtions[9] are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I ſeem ſo loth,
I am the laſt that will laſt keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation[1] granted?

*King.* Ay, that there is: our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new faſhion planted,
That hath a mint of phraſes in his brain:
One, whom the muſick of his own vain tongue
Doth raviſh, like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:[2]

[8] *Not by might maſter'd, but by ſpecial grace:*] Biron, amidſt his extravagancies, ſpeaks with great juſtneſs againſt the folly of vows. They are made without ſufficient regard to the variations of life, and are therefore broken by ſome unforeſeen neceſſity. They proceed commonly from a preſumptuous confidence, and a falſe eſtimate of human power. JOHNSON.

[9] *Suggeſtions*—] Temptations. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"And theſe led on by your *ſuggeſtion.*" STEEVENS.

[1] —— *quick recreation*—] Lively ſport, ſpritely diverſion. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— the *quick* comedians
"Extemporally will ſtage us." STEEVENS.

[2] *A man of complements, whom right and wrong*
*Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:*] As very bad a play as this is, it was certainly Shakſpeare's, as appears by many fine maſter-ſtrokes ſcattered up and down. An exceſſive complaiſance

This child of fancy,[3] that Armado hight,[4]
For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate.[5]

is here admirably painted, in the perſon of one who was willing to make even *right* and *wrong* friends; and to perſuade the one to recede from the accuſtomed ſtubbornneſs of her nature, and wink at the liberties of her oppoſite, rather than he would incur the imputation of ill-breeding in keeping up the quarrel. And as our author, and Jonſon his contemporary, are confeſſedly the two greateſt writers in the drama that our nation could ever boaſt of, this may be no improper occaſion to take notice of one material difference between Shakſpeare's worſt plays and the other's. Our author owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and Jonſon moſt to his acquired parts and learning. This, if attended to, will explain the difference we ſpeak of. Which is this, that, in Jonſon's bad pieces, we do not diſcover the leaſt traces of the author of the *Fox* and *Alchemiſt*; but in the wildeſt and moſt extravagant notes of Shakſpeare, you every now and then encounter ſtrains that recognize their divine compoſer. And the reaſon is this, that Jonſon owing his chief excellence to art, by which he ſometimes ſtrained himſelf to an uncommon pitch, when he unbent himſelf, had nothing to ſupport him; but fell below all likeneſs of himſelf; while Shakſpeare, indebted more largely to nature than the other to his acquired talents, could never, in his moſt negligent hours, ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with amazing force and ſplendour. WARBURTON.

This paſſage, I believe, means no more than that Don Armado was a man nicely verſed in ceremonial diſtinctions, one who could diſtinguiſh in the moſt delicate queſtions of honour the exact boundaries of right and wrong. *Compliment*, in Shakſpeare's time, did not ſignify, at leaſt did not only ſignify verbal civility, or phraſes of courteſy, but according to its original meaning, the trappings, or ornamental appendages of a character, in the ſame manner, and on the ſame principles of ſpeech with *accompliſhment*. *Complement* is, as Armado well expreſſes it, *the varniſh of a complete man*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's opinion may be ſupported by the following paſſage in *Lingua*, or *The Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senſes for Superiority*, 1607:—"after all faſhions and of all colours, with rings, jewels, a fan, and in every other place, odd

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I;
But, I proteſt, I love to hear him lie,
And I will uſe him for my minſtrelſy.[6]

*complements.*" And again, by the title-page to Richard Braithwaite's *Engliſh Gentlewoman:* "drawne out to the full body, expreſſing what habiliments doe beſt attire her; what ornaments doe beſt adorne her; and what *complements* doe beſt accompliſh her." Again, in p. 59, we are told that "*complement* hath beene anciently *defined,* and ſo ſucceſſively retained;—a no leſſe *reall* than *formall accompliſhment.*"

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 24th *Iliad:*

"——ſhe reacht Achilles tent
"Found him ſtill ſighing; and ſome friends, with all their *complements*
"Soothing his humour."

Again, in *Sir Giles Gooſecap,* 1606:

"—adorned with the exacteſt *complements* belonging to everlaſting nobleneſs." STEEVENS.

Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet,* Mercutio calls Tybalt, "the Captain of *complements.*" M. MASON.

[3] *This child of fancy,*] This *fantaſtick.* The expreſſion, in another ſenſe, has been adopted by Milton in his *L'Allegro:*

"Or ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, *Fancy's child*—." MALONE.

[4] *That Armado* hight,] Who is *called* Armado. MALONE.

[5] *From tawny Spain, loſt in the world's debate.*] I. e. he ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the old romances, and in their very ſtyle. Why he ſays *from tawny Spain* is, becauſe thoſe romances, being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. Why he ſays, *loſt in the world's debate* is, becauſe the ſubject of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa. WARBURTON.

I have ſuffered this note to hold its place, though Mr. Tyrwhitt has ſhewn that it is wholly unfounded, becauſe Dr. Warburton refers to it in his diſſertation at the end of this play. MALONE.

——*in the* world's *debate.*] The *world* ſeems to be uſed in a monaſtick ſenſe by the king, now devoted for a time to a monaſtic life. *In the world, in ſeculo,* in the buſtle of human affairs, from which we are now happily ſequeſtred, *in the world,* to which the votaries of ſolitude have no relation. JOHNSON.

Warburton's interpretation is clearly preferable to that of

*Biron.* Armado is a moſt illuſtrious wight,
A man of fire-new words,[7] faſhion's own knight.

*Long.* Coſtard the ſwain, and he, ſhall be our ſport;
And, ſo to ſtudy, three years is but ſhort.

*Enter* Dull, *with a letter, and* Costard.

*Dull.* Which is the duke's own perſon?[8]

*Biron.* This, fellow; What would'ſt?

*Dull.* I myſelf reprehend his own perſon, for I am his grace's tharborough:[9] but I would ſee his own perſon in fleſh and blood.

Johnſon. The King had not yet ſo weaned himſelf from the world, as to adopt the language of a cloiſter. M. Mason.

[6] *And I will uſe him for my* minſtrelſy.] i. e. I will make a minſtrel of him, whoſe occupation was to relate fabulous ſtories. Douce.

[7] ——fire-new *words,*] "i. e. (ſays an intelligent writer in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786,) words newly coined, new from the forge. *Fire-new, new off the irons,* and the Scottiſh expreſſion *bren-new*, have all the ſame origin." The ſame compound epithet occurs in *King Richard III:*

"Your *fire-new* ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current."
Steevens.

[8] *Which is the* duke's *own perſon?*] The king of Navarre in ſeveral paſſages, through all the copies, is called the *duke:* but as this muſt have ſprung rather from the inadvertence of the editors than a forgetfulneſs in the poet, I have every where, to avoid confuſion, reſtored *king* to the text. Theobald.

The princeſs in the next act calls the king—"this virtuous *duke*;" a word which, in our author's time, ſeems to have been uſed with great laxity. And indeed, though this were not the caſe, ſuch a fellow as Coſtard may well be ſuppoſed ignorant of his true title. Malone.

I have followed the old copies. Steevens.

[9] ——*tharborough:*] i. e. *Thirdborough*, a peace officer, alike in authority with a headborough or a conſtable.
Sir J. Hawkins.

*Biron.* This is he.

*Dull.* Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

*Cost.* Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

*King.* A letter from the magnificent Armado.

*Biron.* How low ſoever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

*Long.* A high hope for a low háving:[1] God grant us patience!

*Biron.* To hear? or forbear hearing?[2]

*Long.* To hear meekly, ſir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

*Biron.* Well, ſir, be it as the ſtyle ſhall give us cauſe to climb[3] in the merrineſs.

[1] *A high hope for a low* having:] In old editions:

"A high hope for a low *heaven*;"

A *low heaven*, ſure, is a very intricate matter to conceive. I dare warrant, I have retrieved the poet's true reading; and the meaning is this: "Though you hope for high words, and ſhould have them, it will be but a low acquiſition at beſt." This our poet calls a *low having*: and it is a ſubſtantive which he uſes in ſeveral other paſſages. THEOBALD.

It is ſo employed in *Macbeth*, Act I:

"———great prediction

"Of noble *having*, and of royal hope."

*Heaven*, however, may be the true reading, in alluſion to the gradations of happineſs promiſed by Mohammed to his followers. So, in the comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"Oh, how my ſoul is rapt to a *third heaven!*"

STEEVENS.

[2] *To hear? or forbear* hearing?] One of the modern editors plauſibly enough, reads:

"To hear? or forbear *laughing?*" MALONE.

[3] ——*as the* ſtyle *ſhall give us cauſe to* climb—] A quibble between the *ſtile* that muſt be *climbed* to paſs from one field to

*Cost.* The matter is to me, ſir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.[4]

*Biron.* In what manner?

*Cost.* In manner and form following, ſir; all thoſe three: I was ſeen with her in the manor houſe, ſitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and form following. Now, ſir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to ſpeak to a woman: for the form,—in ſome form.

*Biron.* For the following, ſir?

*Cost.* As it ſhall follow in my correction; And God defend the right!

*King.* Will you hear this letter with attention?

*Biron.* As we would hear an oracle.

*Cost.* Such is the ſimplicity of man to hearken after the fleſh.

*King.* [Reads.] *Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and ſole dominator of Navarre, my ſoul's earth's God, and body's foſtering patron,—*

*Cost.* Not a word of Coſtard yet.

King. *So it is,—*

another, and *ſtyle*, the term expreſſive of manner of writing in regard to language. Steevens.

[4] ——*taken* with the manner.] i. e. in the fact. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "—and, being taken *with the manner*, had nothing to ſay for himſelf." Steevens.

A forenſick term. A thief is ſaid to be taken with the manner, i. e. *mainour* or *manour*, (for ſo it is written in our old law-books,) when he is apprehended with the thing ſtolen in his poſſeſſion. The thing that he has taken was called *mainour*, from the Fr. *manier*, manu tractare. Malone.

*Cost.* It may be ſo: but if he ſay it is ſo, he is, in telling true, but ſo, ſo.[5]

*King.* Peace.

*Cost.* —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

*King.* No words.

*Cost.* —of other men's ſecrets, I beſeech you.

King. *So it is, beſieged with ſable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppreſsing humour to the moſt wholeſome phyſick of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myſelf to walk. The time when? About the ſixth hour; when beaſts moſt graze, birds beſt peck, and men ſit down to that nouriſhment which is called ſupper. So much for the time when: Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obſcene and moſt prepoſterous event, that draweth from my ſnow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou vieweſt, beholdeſt, ſurveyeſt, or ſeeſt: But to the place, where,—It ſtandeth north-north-eaſt and by eaſt from the weſt corner of thy curious-knotted garden:*[6] *There did I ſee that low-ſpirited ſwain, that baſe minnow of thy mirth,*[7]

[5] —— *but ſo, ſo.*] The ſecond *ſo* was added by Sir T. Hanmer, and adopted by the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

[6] —— *curious*-knotted *garden:*] Ancient gardens abounded with figures of which the lines interſected each other in many directions. Thus, in *King Richard II:*

" Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
" Her *knots* diſorder'd," &c.

In Thomas Hill's *Profitable Art of Gardening*, &c. 4to. bl. l. 1579, is the delineation of " a proper *knot* for a garden, whereas is ſpare roume enough, the which may be ſet with Time, or Iſop, at the diſcretion of the Gardener." In Henry Dethicke's *Gar-*

*Cost.* Me.

King. —*that unletter'd ſmall-knowing ſoul,*

*Cost.* Me.

King. —*that ſhallow vaſſal,*

*Cost.* Still me.

King. —*which, as I remember, hight Coſtard,*

*Cost.* O me!

King. —*ſorted and conſorted, contrary to thy eſtabliſhed proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with,*[8]*—O with—but with this I paſſion to ſay wherewith.*

*Cost.* With a wench.

King. —*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more ſweet underſtanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-eſteemed duty pricks me on) have ſent to thee, to receive the meed of puniſhment, by thy ſweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and eſtimation.*

*Dull.* Me, an't ſhall pleaſe you; I am Antony Dull.

*dener's Labyrinth*, bl. l. 4to. 1586, are other examples of "proper *knots* deuiſed for gardens." Steevens.

[7] —— *baſe* minnow *of thy mirth,*] The baſe *minnow* of thy mirth, is the contemptible little object that contributes to thy entertainment. Shakſpeare makes Coriolanus characterize the tribunitian inſolence of Sicinius, under the ſame figure:

"—————fear you not
"This Triton of the *minnows!*"

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596: "Let him denie that there was another ſhewe made of the little *minnow* his brother," &c. Steevens.

[8] —— with—*with*—] The old copy reads—*which* with. The correction is Mr. Theobald's. Malone.

KING. *For Jaquenetta, (ſo is the weaker veſſel called, which I apprehended with the aforeſaid ſwain,) I keep her as a veſſel of thy law's fury*;[9] *and ſhall, at the leaſt of thy ſweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,*

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

*BIRON.* This is not ſo well as I looked for, but the beſt that ever I heard.

*KING.* Ay, the beſt for the worſt. But, ſirrah, what ſay you to this?

*COST.* Sir, I confeſs the wench.

*KING.* Did you hear the proclamation?

*COST.* I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.[1]

*KING.* It was proclaimed a year's impriſonment, to be taken with a wench.

*COST.* I was taken with none, ſir, I was taken with a damoſel.

*KING.* Well, it was proclaimed damoſel.

*COST.* This was no damoſel neither, ſir; ſhe was a virgin.

*KING.* It is ſo varied too; for it was proclaimed, virgin.

*COST.* If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

[9] ——veſſel *of thy law's fury*;] This ſeems to be a phraſe adopted from ſcripture. See Epiſt. to the *Romans*, ix. 22: "—the *veſſel* of wrath." Mr. M. Maſon would read—*vaſſal* inſtead of *veſſel*. STEEVENS.

[1] *I do confeſs much of the hearing it, but little of the* marking *of it.*] So Falſtaff, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*: "—it is the diſeaſe of not liſtening, the malady of not *marking*, that I am troubled withal." STEEVENS.

*King.* This maid will not ſerve your turn, ſir.

*Cost.* This maid will ſerve my turn, ſir.

*King.* Sir, I will pronounce your ſentence; You ſhall faſt a week with bran and water.

*Cost.* I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

*King.* And Don Armado ſhall be your keeper.—
My lord Biron ſee him deliver'd o'er.—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath ſo ſtrongly ſworn.—
[*Exeunt* King, Longaville, *and* Dumain.

*Biron.* I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
Theſe oaths and laws will prove an idle ſcorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

*Cost.* I ſuffer for the truth, ſir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, Welcome the ſour cup of proſperity! Affliction may one day ſmile again, and till then, Sit thee down, ſorrow! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the ſame.* Armado's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Armado *and* Moth.

*Arm.* Boy, what ſign is it, when a man of great ſpirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great ſign, ſir, that he will look ſad.

*Arm.* Why, ſadneſs is one and the ſelf-ſame thing, dear imp.[2]

[2] ——*dear* imp.] *Imp* was anciently a term of dignity. Lord Cromwell, in his laſt letter to Henry VIII. prays for *the* imp *his*

*Moth.* No, no; O lord, ſir, no.

*Arm.* How canſt thou part ſadneſs and melancholy, my tender juvenal?[3]

*Moth.* By a familiar demonſtration of the working, my tough ſenior.

*Arm.* Why tough ſenior? why tough ſenior?

*Moth.* Why, tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I ſpoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough ſenior, as an appertinent title to your old time,[4] which we may name tough.

*ſon.* It is now uſed only in contempt or abhorrence; perhaps in our author's time it was ambiguous, in which ſtate it ſuits well with this dialogue. JOHNSON.

Piſtol ſalutes King Henry V. by the ſame title. STEEVENS.

The word literally means a *graff, ſlip, ſcion, or ſucker:* and by metonymy comes to be uſed for a boy or child. The imp, *his ſon,* is no more than his *infant ſon.* It is now ſet apart to to ſignify *young fiends*; as *the devil and his imps.*

Dr. Johnſon was miſtaken in ſuppoſing this a word of dignity. It occurs in *The Hiſtory of Celeſtina the Faire,* 1596: "—the gentleman had three ſonnes, very ungracious *impes,* and of a wicked nature." RITSON.

[3] —— *my tender* juvenal?] *Juvenal* is *youth.* So, in *The Noble Stranger,* 1640:

"Oh, I could hug thee for this, my jovial *juvinell.*"

STEEVENS.

[4] —— *tough* ſenior, *as an appertinent title to your old time,*] Here and in two ſpeeches above the old copies have *ſignior,* which appears to have been the old ſpelling of *ſenior,* as in the laſt ſcene of *The Comedy of Errors,* edit. 1623: "We will draw cuts for the *ſignior*; till then, lead thou firſt." In that play the ſpelling has been corrected properly by the modern editors, who yet, I know not why, have retained the old ſpelling in the paſſage before us. MALONE.

*Arm.* Pretty, and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, ſir? I pretty, and my ſaying apt? or I apt, and my ſaying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, becauſe little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, becauſe little: Wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, becauſe quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praiſe, maſter?

*Arm.* In thy condign praiſe.

*Moth.* I will praiſe an eel with the ſame praiſe.

*Arm.* What? that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do ſay, thou art quick in anſwers: Thou heateſt my blood.

*Moth.* I am anſwered, ſir.

*Arm.* I love not to be croſſed.

*Moth.* He ſpeaks the mere contrary, croſſes love not him.[5] [*Aſide.*

*Arm.* I have promiſed to ſtudy three years with the duke.

*Moth.* You may do it in an hour, ſir.

*Arm.* Impoſſible.

*Moth.* How many is one thrice told?

*Arm.* I am ill at reckoning, it fitteth the ſpirit of a tapſter.[6]

*Old and tough, young and tender,* is one of the proverbial phraſes collected by Ray. STEEVENS.

[5] ——croſſes *love not him.*] By *croſſes* he means money. So, in *As you like it,* the Clown ſays to Celia: "—*if I* ſhould bear you, *I ſhould bear no* croſs." JOHNSON.

[6] *I am ill at* reckoning, *it fitteth the ſpirit of a* tapſter.] Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:* "A *tapſter's arithmetick* may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total." STEEVENS.

*Moth.* You are a gentleman, and a gameſter, ſir.

*Arm.* I confeſs both; they are both the varniſh of a complete man.

*Moth.* Then, I am ſure, you know how much the groſs ſum of deuce-ace amounts to.

*Arm.* It doth amount to one more than two.

*Moth.* Which the baſe vulgar do call, three.

*Arm.* True.

*Moth.* Why, ſir, is this ſuch a piece of ſtudy? Now here is three ſtudied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how eaſy it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.[7]

[7] Moth. *And how eaſy it is to put years to the word three, and ſtudy three years in two words, the dancing horſe will tell you.*] Bankes's *horſe*, which play'd many remarkable pranks. Sir Walter Raleigh (*Hiſtory of the World, Firſt Part*, p. 178,) ſays: "If *Banks* had lived in older times, he would have ſhamed all the inchanters in the world: for whoſoever was moſt famous among them, could never maſter, or inſtruct any beaſt as he did his horſe." And Sir Kenelm Digby (*A Treatiſe on Bodies*, ch. xxxviii. p. 393,) obſerves: "That his horſe would reſtore a glove to the due owner, after the maſter had whiſpered the man's name in his ear; would tell the juſt number of pence in any piece of ſilver coin, newly ſhowed him by his maſter; and even obey preſently his command, in diſcharging himſelf of his excrements, whenſoever he had bade him." Dr. Grey.

*Bankes's horſe* is alluded to by many writers contemporary with Shakſpeare; among the reſt, by Ben Jonſon, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "He keeps more ado with this monſter, than ever *Bankes* did with his *horſe*."

Again, in Hall's *Satires*, Lib. IV. ſat. ii:

"More than who vies his pence to view ſome trick
"Of ſtrange *Morocco's* dumbe arithmeticke."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's 134th *Epigram*:

"Old *Banks* the jugler, our Pythagoras,
"Grave tutor to the *learned horſe*," &c.

The fate of this man and his very docile animal, is not exactly

*Arm.* A moſt fine figure!

*Moth.* To prove you a cypher. [*Aſide.*

known, and, perhaps, deſerves not to be remembered. From the next lines, however, to thoſe laſt quoted, it ſhould ſeem as if they had died abroad:

" ——— Both which
" Being, beyond ſea, burned for one witch,
" Their ſpirits tranſmigrated to a cat."

Among the entries at Stationers' Hall is the following; Nov. 11, 1595: "A ballad ſhewing the ſtrange qualities of a young nagg called *Morocco*."

Among other exploits of this celebrated beaſt, it is ſaid that he went up to the top of St. Paul's; and the ſame circumſtance is likewiſe mentioned in *The Guls Horn-booke*, a ſatirical pamphlet by Decker, 1609: "—From hence you may deſcend to talk about the *horſe* that went up, and ſtrive, if you can, to know his *keeper*; take the day of the month, and the number of the ſteppes, and ſuffer yourſelf to believe verily that it was not a *horſe*, but ſomething elſe in the likeneſs of one."

Again, in *Chreſtoloros*, or Seven Bookes of Epigrames, written by T. B. [Thomas Baſtard] 1598, Lib. III. ep. 17:

" *Of Bankes's Horſe.*
" *Bankes* hath a horſe of wondrous qualitie,
" For he can fight, and piſſe, and dance, and lie,
" And finde your purſe, and tell what coyne ye have:
" But *Bankes* who taught your horſe to ſmell a knave?"

STEEVENS.

In 1595, was publiſhed a pamphlet entitled, *Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes's bay Horſe in a Trance. A Diſcourſe ſet downe in a merry Dialogue between Bankes and his Beaſt: anatomizing ſome Abuſes and bad Trickes of this Age*, 4to.; prefixed to which, was a print of the horſe ſtanding on his hind legs with a ſtick in his mouth, his maſter with a ſtick in his hand and a pair of dice on the ground. Ben Jonſon hints at the unfortunate cataſtrophe of both man and horſe, which I find happened at Rome, where to the diſgrace of the age, of the country, and of humanity, they were burnt by order of the pope, for magicians. See Don Zara del Fogo, 12mo. 1660. p. 114. REED.

The following repreſentation of Bankes and his Horſe, is a fac-ſimile from a rude wooden frontiſpiece to the pamphlet mentioned by Mr. Reed.

*Arm.* I will hereupon confeſs, I am in love: and, as it is baſe for a ſoldier to love, ſo am I in love with a baſe wench. If drawing my ſword againſt the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take deſire priſoner, and ranſom him to any French courtier for a new deviſed courteſy. I think ſcorn to ſigh; methinks, I ſhould out-ſwear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

*Moth.* Hercules, maſter.

*Arm.* Moſt ſweet Hercules!—More authority,

STEEVENS.

dear boy, name more; and, ſweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

*Moth.* Sampſon, maſter: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

*Arm.* O well-knit Sampſon! ſtrong-jointed Sampſon! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didſt me in carrying gates. I am in love too,—Who was Sampſon's love, my dear Moth?

*Moth.* A woman, maſter.

*Arm.* Of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of all the four, or the three, or the two; or one of the four.

*Arm.* Tell me preciſely of what complexion?

*Moth.* Of the ſea-water green, ſir.

*Arm.* Is that one of the four complexions?

*Moth.* As I have read, ſir; and the beſt of them too.

*Arm.* Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers:[8] but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Sampſon had ſmall reaſon for it. He, ſurely, affected her for her wit.

[8] Green, *indeed, is the colour of* lovers:] I do not know whether our author alludes to "the rare *green* eye," which in his time ſeems to have been thought a beauty, or to that frequent attendant on love, jealouſy, to which in *The Merchant of Venice*, and in *Othello*, he has applied the epithet *green*-ey'd. Malone.

Perhaps Armado neither alludes to *green eyes*, nor to *jealouſy*; but to the *willow*, the ſuppoſed ornament of unſucceſsful lovers:

"Sing, all a *green willow* ſhall be my garland,"

is the burden of an ancient ditty preſerved in *The Gallery of gorgious Inventions*, &c. 4to. 1578. Steevens.

*Moth.* It was ſo, ſir; for ſhe had a green wit.

*Arm.* My love is moſt immaculate white and red.

*Moth.* Moſt maculate thoughts,[9] maſter, are maſked under ſuch colours.

*Arm.* Define, define, well-educated infant.

*Moth.* My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, aſſiſt me!

*Arm.* Sweet invocation of a child; moſt pretty, and pathetical!

*Moth.* If ſhe be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For bluſhing[1] cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white ſhown:
Then, if ſhe fear, or be to blame,
By this you ſhall not know;
For ſtill her cheeks poſſeſs the ſame,
Which native ſhe doth owe.[2]

A dangerous rhyme, maſter, againſt the reaſon of white and red.

*Arm.* Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?[3]

[9] *Moſt* maculate *thoughts,*] So, the firſt quarto, 1598. The folio has *immaculate*. To avoid ſuch notes for the future, it may be proper to apprize the reader, that where the reading of the text does not correſpond with the folio, without any reaſon being aſſigned for the deviation, it is always warranted by the authority of the firſt quarto. Malone.

[1] *For* bluſhing—] The original copy has—*bluſh* in. The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] *Which* native *ſhe doth* owe.] i. e. of which ſhe is naturally *poſſeſſed*.—To *owe* is to *poſſeſs*. So, in *Macbeth*:
" —— the diſpoſition that I *owe*." Steevens.

[3] —— *the King and the Beggar?*] See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, 4th edit. Vol. I. p. 198. Steevens.

*Moth.* The world was very guilty of ſuch a ballad ſome three ages ſince: but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither ſerve for the writing, nor the tune.

*Arm.* I will have the ſubject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digreſſion[4] by ſome mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Coſtard;[5] ſhe deſerves well.

*Moth.* To be whipped; and yet a better love than my maſter. [*Aſide.*

*Arm.* Sing, boy; my ſpirit grows heavy in love.

*Moth.* And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

*Arm.* I ſay, ſing.

*Moth.* Forbear till this company be paſt.

[4] ——*my* digreſſion—] *Digreſſion* on this occaſion ſignifies the act of going out of the right way, *tranſgreſſion*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
" *Digreſſing* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

" —— my *digreſſion* is ſo vile, ſo baſe,
" That it will live engraven on my face." MALONE.

[5] ——*the* rational *hind Coſtard*;] Perhaps we ſhould read—*the* irrational *hind*, &c. TYRWHITT.

The *rational hind*, perhaps, means only the *reaſoning brute*, the *animal with ſome ſhare of reaſon*. STEEVENS.

I have always read *irrational hind*; if *hind* be taken in its *beſtial* ſenſe, Armado makes Coſtard a *female*. FARMER.

Shakſpeare uſes it in its *beſtial* ſenſe in *Julius Cæſar*, Act I. ſc. iii. and as of the maſculine gender:

" He were no *lion*, were not Romans *hinds*."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. ſc. iii: " —you are a ſhallow cowardly *hind*, and you lie." STEEVENS.

*Enter* DULL, COSTARD, *and* JAQUENETTA.

*DULL.* Sir, the duke's pleaſure is, that you keep Coſtard ſafe: and you muſt let him take no delight, nor no penance; but a' muſt faſt three days a-week: For this damſel, I muſt keep her at the park; ſhe is allowed for the day-woman.[6] Fare you well.

*ARM.* I do betray myſelf with bluſhing.—Maid.

*JAQ.* Man.

*ARM.* I will viſit thee at the lodge.

*JAQ.* That's hereby.[7]

*ARM.* I know where it is ſituate.

*JAQ.* Lord, how wiſe you are!

*ARM.* I will tell thee wonders.

*JAQ.* With that face?[8]

*ARM.* I love thee.

*JAQ.* So I heard you ſay.

*ARM.* And ſo farewell.

[6] ——*for the* day-woman.] "i. e. for the *dairy-maid. Dairy*, ſays Johnſon in his Dictionary, is derived from *day*, an old word for *milk*. In the northern counties of Scotland, a *dairy-maid* is at preſent termed a *day* or *dey*." *Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[7] *That's* hereby.] Jaquenetta and Armado are at cross purpoſes. *Hereby* is uſed by her (as among the vulgar in ſome counties) to ſignify—*as it may happen*. He takes it in the ſenſe of *juſt by*. STEEVENS.

[8] *With that face?*] This cant phraſe has oddly laſted till the preſent time; and is uſed by people who have no more meaning annexed to it, than Fielding had; who putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it neceſſary to apologize (in a note) for its want of ſenſe, by adding—"that it was taken verbatim, from very polite converſation." STEEVENS.

*Jaq.* Fair weather after you!

*Dull.* Come,[9] Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt* Dull *and* Jaquenetta.

*Arm.* Villain, thou ſhalt faſt for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

*Cost.* Well, ſir, I hope, when I do it, I ſhall do it on a full ſtomach.

*Arm.* Thou ſhalt be heavily puniſhed.

*Cost.* I am more bound to you, than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

*Arm.* Take away this villain; ſhut him up.

*Moth.* Come, you tranſgreſſing ſlave; away.

*Cost.* Let me not be pent up, ſir; I will faſt, being looſe.

*Moth.* No, ſir; that were faſt and looſe: thou ſhalt to priſon.

*Cost.* Well, if ever I do ſee the merry days of deſolation that I have ſeen, ſome ſhall ſee—

*Moth.* What ſhall ſome ſee?

*Cost.* Nay nothing, maſter Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for priſoners to be too ſilent in their words;[1] and, therefore, I will ſay nothing:

[9] *Come,* &c.] To this line in the firſt quarto, and the firſt folio, *Clo.* by an error of the preſs is prefixed, inſtead of *Con.* i. e. Conſtable or Dull. Mr. Theobald made the neceſſary correction. Malone.

[1] *It is not for priſoners to be too ſilent in their* words;] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read, it is not for priſoners to be ſilent in their *wards,* that is, in *cuſtody,* in the *holds.* Johnson.

The firſt quarto, 1598, (the moſt authentic copy of this play,) reads—"It *is not* for priſoners to be *too* ſilent in their words;" and ſo without doubt the text ſhould be printed. Malone.

I thank God, I have as little patience as another man; and, therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt* MOTH *and* COSTARD.

*ARM.* I do affect[2] the very ground, which is baſe, where her ſhoe, which is baſer, guided by her foot, which is baſeſt, doth tread. I ſhall be forſworn, (which is a great argument of falſhood,) if I love: And how can that be true love, which is falſely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Sampſon was ſo tempted: and he had an excellent ſtrength: yet was Solomon ſo ſeduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-ſhaft[3] is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn;[4] the paſſado he reſpects not, the duello he regards not: his diſgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is, to ſubdue men. Adieu, valour! ruſt, rapier![5] be ſtill, drum! for your manager is in love; yea,

I don't think it neceſſary to endeavour to find out any meaning in this paſſage, as it ſeems to have been intended that Coſtard ſhould ſpeak nonſenſe. M. MASON.

[2] ——*affect*—] i. e. love. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. XII. ch. lxxiv:

"But this I know, not Rome affords whom more you might *affect*,
"Than her," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] ——butt-*ſhaft*—] i. e. an arrow to ſhoot at *butts* with. The *butt* was the place on which the mark to be ſhot at was placed. Thus, *Othello* ſays—

"——here is my *butt*,
"And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail." STEEVENS.

[4] *The firſt and ſecond cauſe will not ſerve my turn*;] See the laſt Act of *As you like it*, with the notes. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*ruſt, rapier!*] So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"*Ruſt, ſword!* cool bluſhes, and Parolles, live!"
STEEVENS.

he loveth. Aſſiſt me ſome extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am ſure, I ſhall turn ſonneteer.[6] Deviſe wit; write pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Another part of the ſame. A Pavilion and Tents at a diſtance.*

*Enter the* Princeſs *of* France, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

*Boyet.* Now, madam, ſummon up your deareſt ſpirits:[7]
Conſider who the king your father ſends;
To whom he ſends; and what's his embaſſy:
Yourſelf, held precious in the world's eſteem;
To parley with the ſole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchleſs Navarre; the plea of no leſs weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,

[6] ——*ſonneteer.*] The old copies read only—*ſonnet.* STEEVENS.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

[7] ——*your* deareſt *ſpirits:*] *Dear,* in our author's language has many ſhades of meaning. In the preſent inſtance and the next, it appears to ſignify—*beſt, moſt powerful.* STEEVENS.

When ſhe did ſtarve the general world beſide,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

*Prin.* Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe:[8]
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by baſe ſale of chapmen's tongues:[9]
I am leſs proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wiſe
In ſpending your wit in the praiſe of mine.
But now to taſk the taſker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noiſe abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful ſtudy ſhall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his ſilent court:
Therefore to us ſeemeth it a needful courſe,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,

[8] *Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe*;] Rowe has borrowed and dignified this ſentiment in his *Royal Convert*. The Saxon Princeſs is the ſpeaker:

"Whate'er I am
"Is of myſelf, by native worth exiſting,
"Secure, and independent of thy praiſe:
"Nor let it ſeem too proud a boaſt, if minds
"By nature great, are conſcious of their greatneſs,
"And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery."

"Fucati ſermonis opem mens conſcia laudis
"Abnuit—." STEEVENS.

[9] *Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,*
*Not utter'd by baſe ſale of* chapmen's *tongues:*] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

"That love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
"The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where."

MALONE.

*Chapman* here ſeems to ſignify the *ſeller*, not, as now commonly, the *buyer*. *Cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market*; *chapman* therefore is *marketman*. The meaning is, that *the eſtimation of beauty depends not on the* uttering or *proclamation of the ſeller, but on the eye of the buyer*. JOHNSON.

To know his pleaſure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthineſs,[1] we ſingle you
As our beſt-moving fair ſolicitor:
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On ſerious buſineſs, craving quick deſpatch,
Impórtunes perſonal conference with his grace.
Haſte, ſignify ſo much; while we attend,
Like humbly-viſag'd ſuitors, his high will.

*Boy.* Proud of employment, willingly I go.
[*Exit.*

*Prin.* All pride is willing pride, and yours is ſo.—
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?

1 *Lord.* Longaville[2] is one.

*Prin.* Know you the man?

*Mar.* I know him, madam; at a marriage feaſt,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge ſolémnized,
In Normandy ſaw I this Longaville:
A man of ſovereign parts he is eſteem'd;[3]

[1] Bold *of your worthineſs,*] i. e. *confident* of it. Steevens.

[2] *Longaville*—] For the ſake of manners as well as metre, we ought to read—*Lord* Longaville—. Steevens.

[3] *A man of ſovereign* parts *he is eſteem'd;*] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto, 1598, has the line thus:

" A man of ſovereign *peerleſſe*, he's eſteem'd."

I believe, the author wrote:

" A man of,—ſovereign, *peerleſs*, he's eſteem'd."

A man of extraordinary *accompliſhments*, the ſpeaker perhaps would have ſaid, but ſuddenly checks herſelf; and adds—" ſovereign, peerleſs he's eſteem'd." So, before: " *Matchleſs* Navarre." Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

" —— but you, O you,
" So perfect, and ſo *peerleſs* are created."

In the old copies no attention ſeems to have been given to

Well fitted in the arts,[4] glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only ſoil of his fair virtue's gloſs,
(If virtue's gloſs will ſtain with any ſoil,)
Is a ſharp wit match'd with[5] too blunt a will:
Whoſe edge hath power to cut, whoſe will ſtill wills
It ſhould none ſpare that come within his power.

*Prin.* Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't ſo?

*Mar.* They ſay ſo moſt, that moſt his humours know.

*Prin.* Such ſhort-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the reſt?

*Kath.* The young Dumain, a well-accompliſh'd youth,
Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd:

abrupt ſentences. They are almoſt uniformly printed corruptly, without any mark of abruption. Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, we find both in the folio and quarto: "—but for the ſtuffing well, we are all mortal." See Vol. VI. p. 11. See alſo p. 219, *ibid*: "Sir, mock me not:—your ſtory."

MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote:

"A man, *a* ſovereign *pearl*, he is eſteem'd."

i. e. not only a *pearl*, but ſuch a one as is *pre-eminently* valuable. In *Troilus and Creſſida* Helen is called—"a *pearl*;" and in *Macbeth* the nobles of Scotland are ſtyled—"the kingdom's *pearl*."—The phraſe—"a *ſovereign pearl*" may alſo be countenanced by—"*captain jewels* in a carcanet," an expreſſion which occurs in one of our author's Sonnets.

*Sovereign parts*, however, is a kin to *royalty of nature*, a phraſe that occurs in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Well* fitted *in the arts*] *Well fitted* is *well qualified*.

JOHNSON.

*The*, which is not in the old copies, was added for the ſake of the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[5] —— match'd *with*—] Is *combined* or *joined* with.

JOHNSON.

Moſt power to do moſt harm, leaſt knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill ſhape good,
And ſhape to win grace though he had no wit.
I ſaw him at the duke Alençon's once;
And much too little[6] of that good I ſaw,
Is my report, to his great worthineſs.

*Ros.* Another of theſe ſtudents at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never ſpent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occaſion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jeſt;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expoſitor,)
Delivers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite raviſhed;
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

*Prin.* God bleſs my ladies! are they all in love;
That every one her own hath garniſhed
With ſuch bedecking ornaments of praiſe?

*Mar.* Here comes Boyet.

*Re-enter* Boyet.

*Prin.* Now, what admittance, lord?

*Boyet.* Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,[7]

[6] *And much too little* &c.] i. e. And my report of the good I ſaw, is much too little *compared* to his great worthineſs. Heath.

[7] —— competitors *in oath,*] i. e. confederates. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"It is not Cæſar's natural vice to hate
"Our great *competitor.*" Steevens.

Were all addreſs'd [8] to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to beſiege his court,)
Than ſeek a diſpenſation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled houſe.
Here comes Navarre. [*The Ladies maſk.*

*Enter* KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, *and Attendants.*

*KING.* Fair princeſs, welcome to the court of Navarre.

*PRIN.* Fair, I give you back again; and, welcome I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wild fields too baſe to be mine.

*KING.* You ſhall be welcome, madam, to my court.

*PRIN.* I will be welcome then; conduct me thither.

*KING.* Hear me, dear lady; I have ſworn an oath.

*PRIN.* Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forſworn.

*KING.* Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

*PRIN.* Why, will ſhall break it; will, and nothing elſe.

*KING.* Your ladyſhip is ignorant what it is.

*PRIN.* Were my lord ſo, his ignorance were wiſe,
Where [9] now his knowledge muſt prove ignorance.

[8] *Were all* addreſs'd—] To *addreſs* is to *prepare.* So, in *Hamlet:*

" —— it lifted up its head, and did *addreſs*
" Itſelf to motion." STEEVENS.

[9] — *Where*—] *Where* is here uſed for *whereas.* So, in *Pericles,* Act I. ſc. i:

" *Where* now you're both a father and a ſon."

See note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

I hear, your grace hath ſworn-out houſe-keeping:
'Tis deadly ſin to keep that oath, my lord,
And ſin to break it:[1]
But pardon me, I am too ſudden-bold;
To teach a teacher ill beſeemeth me.
Vouchſafe to read the purpoſe of my coming,
And ſuddenly reſolve me in my ſuit.

[*Gives a paper.*

*King.* Madam, I will, if ſuddenly I may.

*Prin.* You will the ſooner, that I were away;
For you'll prove perjur'd, if you make me ſtay.

*Biron.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?[2]

*Ros.* Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

*Biron.* I know, you did.

*Ros.* How needleſs was it then
To aſk the queſtion!

*Biron.* You muſt not be ſo quick.

*Ros.* 'Tis 'long of you that ſpur me with ſuch queſtions.

*Biron.* Your wit's too hot, it ſpeeds too faſt, 'twill tire.

*Ros.* Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

*Biron.* What time o' day?

[1] And *ſin to break it:*] Sir. T. Hanmer reads:
"*Not* ſin to break it:"
I believe erroneouſly. The princeſs ſhows an inconvenience very frequently attending raſh oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt. JOHNSON.

[2] Roſ. *Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?*] Thus the folio. In the firſt quarto, this dialogue paſſes between Catharine and Biron. It is a matter of little conſequence. MALONE.

*Ros.* The hour that fools ſhould aſk.

*Biron.* Now fair befall your maſk!

*Ros.* Fair fall the face it covers!

*Biron.* And ſend you many lovers!

*Ros.* Amen, ſo you be none.

*Biron.* Nay, then will I be gone.

*King.* Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thouſand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire ſum,
Diſburſed by my father in his wars.
But ſay, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Receiv'd that ſum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thouſand more; in ſurety of the which,
One part of Aquitain is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will reſtore
But that one half which is unſatisfied,
We will give up our right in Aquitain,
And hold fair friendſhip with his majeſty.
But that, it ſeems, he little purpoſeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
An hundred thouſand crowns; and not demands,
On payment[3] of a hundred thouſand crowns,

[3] ——*and not demands,*
On *payment* &c.] The former editions read:
" —— and not demands
" *One* payment of a hundred thouſand crowns,
" To have his title live in Aquitain."
I have reſtored, I believe, the genuine ſenſe of the paſſage. Aquitain was pledged, it ſeems, to Navarre's father, for 200,000 crowns. The French king pretends to have paid one moiety of this debt, (which Navarre knows nothing of,) but demands this moiety back again: inſtead whereof (ſays Navarre) he ſhould rather pay the remaining moiety, and *demand* to have Aquitain re-delivered up to him. This is plain and eaſy reaſoning upon the fact ſuppoſed; and Navarre declares, he had rather receive

To have his title live in Aquitain;
Which we much rather had depart withal,[4]
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitain ſo gelded[5] as it is.
Dear princeſs, were not his requeſts ſo far
From reaſon's yielding, your fair ſelf ſhould make
A yielding, 'gainſt ſome reaſon, in my breaſt,
And go well ſatisfied to France again.

*Prin.* You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In ſo unſeeming to confeſs receipt
Of that which hath ſo faithfully been paid.

*King.* I do proteſt, I never heard of it;
And, if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitain.

*Prin.* We arreſt your word:—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
For ſuch a ſum, from ſpecial officers
Of Charles his father.

*King.* Satisfy me ſo.

the reſidue of his debt, than detain the province mortgaged for ſecurity of it. Theobald.

The two words are frequently confounded in the books of our author's age. See a note on *King John*, Act III. ſc. iii. Malone.

[4] —— depart *withal*,] To *depart* and to *part* were anciently ſynonymous. So, in *King John*:

"Hath willingly *departed* with a part."

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"Faith, ſir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money." Steevens.

[5] —— *gelded*—] To this phraſe Shakſpeare is peculiarly attached. It occurs in *The Winter's Tale*, *King Richard II.* *King Henry IV.* *King Henry VI.* &c. &c. but never leſs properly than in the preſent formal ſpeech, addreſſed by a king to a maiden princeſs. Steevens.

*Boyet.* So pleaſe your grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other ſpecialties are bound:
To-morrow you ſhall have a ſight of them.

*King.* It ſhall ſuffice me: at which interview,
All liberal reaſon I will yield unto.
Mean time, receive ſuch welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthineſs:
You may not come, fair princeſs, in my gates;
But here without you ſhall be ſo receiv'd,
As you ſhall deem yourſelf lodg'd in my heart,
Though ſo denied fair harbour in my houſe.
Your own good thoughts excuſe me, and farewell:
To-morrow ſhall we viſit you again.

*Prin.* Sweet health and fair deſires conſort your grace!

*King.* Thy own wiſh wiſh I thee in every place!
[*Exeunt* King *and his Train.*

*Biron.* Lady, I will commend you to my own heart.

*Ros.* 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to ſee it.

*Biron.* I would, you heard it groan.

*Ros.* Is the fool ſick?[6]

*Biron.* Sick at heart.

*Ros.* Alack, let it blood.

*Biron.* Would that do it good?

[6] *Is the* fool *ſick?*] She means perhaps his *heart.* So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*D. Pedro.* In faith, lady, you have a *merry heart.*"

"*Beat.* Yes, my lord; I thank it, poor *fool,* it keeps on the windy ſide of care." Malone.

*Ros.* My phyſick ſays, I.[7]

*Biron.* Will you prick't with your eye?

*Ros.* No *poynt*,[8] with my knife.

*Biron.* Now, God ſave thy life!

*Ros.* And yours from long living!

*Biron.* I cannot ſtay thankſgiving. [*Retiring.*

*Dum.* Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that ſame?[9]

*Boyet.* The heir of Alençon, Roſaline her name.

*Dum.* A gallant lady! Monſieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

*Long.* I beſeech you a word; What is ſhe in the white?

*Boyet.* A woman ſometimes, an you ſaw her in the light.

[7] *My phyſick ſays*, I.] She means to ſay, *ay*. The old ſpelling of the affirmative particle has been retained here for the ſake of the rhyme. Malone.

[8] No *poynt*,] So, in *The Shoemaker's Holliday*, 1600:

"——tell me where he is.

"No *point*. Shall I betray my brother?" Steevens.

No *point* was a negation borrowed from the French. See the note on the ſame words, Act V. ſc. ii. Malone.

[9] *What lady is that ſame?*] It is odd that Shakſpeare ſhould make *Dumain* enquire after *Roſaline*, who was the miſtreſs of *Biron*, and neglect *Katharine*, who was his own. *Biron* behaves in the ſame manner. No advantage would be gained by an exchange of names, becauſe the laſt ſpeech is determined to *Biron* by *Maria*, who gives a character of him after he has made his exit. Perhaps *all* the ladies wore maſks but the princeſs. Steevens.

They certainly did. See p. 42, where Biron ſays to Roſaline—

"Now fair befal your *maſk!*" Malone.

*Long.* Perchance, light in the light: I desire her name.

*Boyet.* She hath but one for herself; to desire that, were a shame.

*Long.* Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

*Boyet.* Her mother's, I have heard.

*Long.* God's blessing on your beard![1]

*Boyet.* Good sir, be not offended:
She is an heir of Falconbridge.

*Long.* Nay, my choler is ended.
She is a most sweet lady.

*Boyet.* Not unlike, sir; that may be.
[*Exit* Long.

*Biron.* What's her name, in the cap?

*Boyet.* Katharine, by good hap.

*Biron.* Is she wedded, or no?

*Boyet.* To her will, sir, or so.

*Biron.* You are welcome, sir; adieu!

*Boyet.* Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.
[*Exit* Biron.—*Ladies unmask.*

*Mar.* That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord;
Not a word with him but a jest.

*Boyet.* And every jest but a word.

*Prin.* It was well done of you to take him at his word.

*Boyet.* I was as willing to grapple, as he was to board.

[1] *God's blessing on your beard!*] That is, may'st thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit. Johnson.

I doubt whether so much meaning was intended to be conveyed by these words. Malone.

*Mar.* Two hot ſheeps, marry!

*Boyet.* And wherefore not ſhips?
No ſheep, ſweet lamb, unleſs we feed on your lips.[2]

*Mar.* You ſheep, and I paſture; Shall that finiſh the jeſt?

*Boyet.* So you grant paſture for me.
[*Offering to kiſs her.*

*Mar.* Not ſo, gentle beaſt;
My lips are no common, though ſeveral they be.[3]

[2] —— *unleſs we feed on your lips.*] Our author has the ſame expreſſion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" *Feed* where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
" *Graze on my lips.*" Malone.

[3] *My lips are no common, though* ſeveral *they be.*] *Several* is an incloſed field of a private proprietor; ſo Maria ſays, *her lips* are *private property.* Of a Lord that was newly married, one obſerved that he grew fat; " Yes," ſaid Sir Walter Raleigh, " any beaſt will grow fat, if you take him from the *common* and graze him in the *ſeveral.*" Johnson.

So, in *The Rival Friends*, 1632:

" —— my ſheep have quite diſgreſt
" Their bounds, and leap'd into the *ſeveral.*"

Again, in Green's *Diſputation*, &c. 1592: " rather would have mewed me up as a henne, to have kept that *ſeverall* to himſelf by force," &c. Again, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600:

" Of late he broke into a *ſeverall*
" That does belong to me."

Again, in Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 4to. bl. l. 1597:—" he entered *commons* in the place which the olde John thought to be reſerved *ſeverall* to himſelf," p. 64. b. Again, in Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of England*, B. VI. p. 150:—" not to take and pale in the *commons*, to enlarge their *ſeveralles.*" Steevens.

*My lips are no common.* though ſeveral *they be.*] In Dr. Johnſon's note upon this paſſage, it is ſaid that several *is an incloſed field of a private proprietor.*

Dr. Johnſon has totally miſtaken this word. In the firſt place it ſhould be ſpelled *ſeverell.* This does not ſignify an incloſed field or private property, but is rather the property of every landholder in the pariſh. In the unincloſed pariſhes in Warwickſhire,

*Boyet.* Belonging to whom?

*Mar.* To my fortunes and me.

*Prin.* Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles, agree:

and other counties, their method of tillage is thus. The land is divided into three fields, one of which is every year fallow. This the farmers plough and manure, and prepare for bearing wheat. Betwixt the lands, and at the end of them, some little grass land is interspersed, and there are here and there some little patches of green sward. The next year this ploughed field bears wheat, and the grass land is preserved for hay: and the year following the proprietors sow it with beans, oats, or barley, at their discretion; and the next year it lies fallow again: so that each field in its turn is fallow every third year; and the field thus fallowed is called the *common field*, on which the cows and sheep graze, and have herdsmen and shepherds to attend them, in order to prevent them from going into the two other fields which bear corn and grass. These last are called the *severell*, which is not separated from the common by any fence whatever; but the care of preventing the cattle from going into the *severell*, is left to the herdsmen and shepherds; but the herdsmen have no authority over a town bull, who is permitted to go where he pleases in the *severell*. Dr. James.

Holinshed's *Description of Britain*, p. 33, and Leigh's *Accedence of Armourie*, 1597, p. 52, spell this word like Shakspeare. Leigh also mentions the town bull, and says: "all *severells* to him are common." Tollet.

*My lips are no common, though* several *they be.*] A play on the word *several*, which, besides its ordinary signification of *separate, distinct*, likewise signifies in unenclosed lands, a certain portion of ground appropriated to either corn or meadow, adjoining the *common* field. In Minsheu's *Dictionary*, 1617, is the following article: "To Sever from others. Hinc nos pascua et campos seorsim ab aliis separatos *Severels* dicimus." In the margin he spells the word as Shakspeare does—*severels*.—Our author is seldom careful that his comparisons should answer on both sides. If *several* be understood in its rustick sense, the adversative particle stands but awkwardly. To say, that *though* land is *several*, it is not a *common*, seems as unjustifiable as to assert, that *though* a house is a cottage, it is not a palace.

Malone.

The civil war of wits were much better uſed
On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis abuſed.

*Boyet.* If my obſervation, (which very ſeldom lies,)
By the heart's ſtill rhetorick, diſcloſed with eyes,[4]
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

*Prin.* With what?

*Boyet.* With that which we lovers entitle, affected.

*Prin.* Your reaſon?

*Boyet.* Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough deſire:
His heart, like an agate, with your print impreſſed,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride expreſſed:
His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,[5]
Did ſtumble with haſte in his eye-ſight to be;
All ſenſes to that ſenſe did make their repair,
To feel only looking[6] on faireſt of fair:
Methought, all his ſenſes were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in chryſtal for ſome prince to buy;

[4] *By the heart's* ſtill rhetorick, *diſcloſed with* eyes,] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſalind*, 1594:

"Sweet *ſilent rhetorick* of perſuading *eyes*;
"*Dumb eloquence*—." MALONE.

[5] *His tongue, all impatient to ſpeak and not ſee,*] That is, *his tongue being impatiently deſirous to ſee as well as ſpeak.* JOHNSON.

Although the expreſſion in the text is extremely odd, I take the ſenſe of it to be that *his tongue envied the quickneſs of his eyes, and ſtrove to be as rapid in its utterance, as they in their perception.—Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[6] *To* feel *only looking*—] Perhaps we may better read:
"To *feed* only *by* looking—." JOHNSON.

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they were glaſs'd,
Did point you to buy them, along as you paſs'd.
His face's own margent did quote ſuch amazes,[7]
That all eyes ſaw his eyes enchanted with gazes:
I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my ſake but one loving kiſs.

*Prin.* Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is diſpos'd—

*Boyet.* But to ſpeak that in words, which his eye hath diſclos'd:
I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

*Ros.* Thou art an old love-monger, and ſpeak'ſt ſkilfully.

*Mar.* He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news of him.

*Ros.* Then was Venus like her mother; for her father is but grim.

*Boyet.* Do you hear, my mad wenches?

*Mar.* No.

*Boyet.* What then, do you ſee?

*Ros.* Ay, our way to be gone.

*Boyet.* You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] *His face's own* margent *did quote* &c.] In our author's time, notes, quotations, &c. were uſually printed in the exterior margin of books. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"And what obſcur'd in this fair *volume* lies,
"Find written in the *margin* of his eyes."

Again, in *Hamlet:* "I knew you muſt be edified by the *margent*."
MALONE.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Another part of the ſame.*

*Enter* ARMADO *and* MOTH.

*ARM.* Warble, child; make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing.

MOTH. *Concolinel*——[8] [*Singing.*

*ARM.* Sweet air!—Go, tenderneſs of years; take this key, give enlargement to the ſwain, bring him

[8] *Concolinel*—] Here is apparently a ſong loſt. JOHNSON.

I have obſerved in the old comedies, that the ſongs are frequently omitted. On this occaſion the ſtage direction is generally —*Here they ſing*—or, *Cantant.* Again, in *The Play of the Wether,* by John Heywood, bl. l: "At thende of this ſtaf the god hath a ſonge, played in his torne, or Mery Reporte come in." Probably the performer was left to chooſe his own ditty, and therefore it could not with propriety be exhibited as a part of a new performance. Sometimes yet more was left to the diſcretion of the ancient comedians, as I learn from the following circumſtance in *King Edward IV.* P. II. 1619:—"Jockey is led whipping over the ſtage, ſpeaking ſome words, but of no importance."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque,* 1614:

"Here they two talk, and rail *what they liſt.*"

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore,* 1635:

"He places all things in order, *ſinging* with the ends of old ballads as he does it."

Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan,* 1605:

"*Cantat Gallice.*" But no ſong is ſet down.

Again, in the 5th Act:

"*Cantat ſaltatque cum Cithara.*"

Not one out of the many ſongs ſuppoſed to be ſung in Marſton's *Antonio's Revenge,* 1602, are inſerted; but inſtead of them, *cantant.* STEEVENS.

feſtinately hither;[9] I muſt employ him in a letter to my love.

*Moth.* Maſter, will you win your love with a French brawl?[1]

*Arm.* How mean'ſt thou? brawling in French?

*Moth.* No, my complete maſter: but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet,[2] humour it with turning up your eye-lids; ſigh a note, and ſing a note; ſometime through the throat, as if you ſwallowed love with ſinging love; ſometime through the noſe, as if you ſnuffed up love by ſmelling love; with your hat penthouſe-like, o'er the ſhop of your eyes; with your arms croſſed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a ſpit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man

[9] —— feſtinately *hither*;] i. e. haſtily. Shakſpeare uſes the adjective *feſtinate* in *King Lear*: "Adviſe the Duke where you are going, to a moſt *feſtinate* preparation." Steevens.

[1] —— *a French* brawl?] A *brawl* is a kind of dance, and (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves,) ſeems to be what we now call a *cotillon*.

In *The Malcontent* of Marſton, I meet with the following account of it: "The *brawl!* why 'tis but two ſingles to the left, two on the right, three doubles forwards, a traverſe of ſix rounds: do this twice, three ſingles ſide galliard trick of twenty coranto pace; a figure of eight, three ſingles broken down, come up, meet two doubles, fall back, and then honour."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's maſque of *Time Vindicated*:

"The Graces did them footing teach;
"And, at the old Idalian *brawls*,
"They danc'd your mother down." Steevens.

So, in Maſſinger's *Picture*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"'Tis a French *brawl*, an apiſh imitation
"Of what you really perform in battle." Tollet.

[2] —— canary *to it with your feet*,] *Canary* was the name of a ſpritely nimble dance. Theobald.

after the old painting;[3] and keep not too long in one tune, but a ſnip and away: Theſe are complements,[4] theſe are humours; theſe betray[5] nice wenches—that would be betrayed without theſe; and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that moſt are affected to theſe.[6]

*Arm.* How haſt thou purchaſed this experience?

*Moth.* By my penny of obſervation.[7]

*Arm.* But O,—but O,—

[3] ——*like a man after the old painting*;] It was a common trick among ſome of the moſt indolent of the ancient maſters, to place the hands in the boſom or the pockets, or conceal them in ſome other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of repreſenting them, or to diſguiſe their own want of ſkill to employ them with grace and propriety. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Theſe are* complements,] Dr. Warburton has here changed *complements* to *compliſhments*, for *accompliſhments*, but unneceſſarily. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*theſe betray* &c.] The former editors:—*theſe betray* nice wenches, *that would be betray'd without theſe, and make* them *men of note*. But who will ever believe, that the old attitudes and affectations of *lovers*, by which they betray young *wenches*, ſhould have power to make theſe young wenches *men of note?* His meaning is, that they not only inveigle the young *girls*, but make the *men* taken notice of too, who affect them. THEOBALD.

[6] ——*and make them men of note, (do you note,* men?) *that moſt are affected to theſe.*] i. e. and make thoſe men who are moſt affected to ſuch accompliſhments, men of note.—Mr. Theobald, without any neceſſity, reads—and make *the* men of note, &c. which was, I think, too haſtily adopted in the ſubſequent editions. One of the modern editors, inſtead of—"do you note, *men?*" with great probability reads—do you note *me?*" MALONE.

[7] *By my* penny *of obſervation.*] Thus, Sir T. Hanmer, and his reading is certainly right. The alluſion is to the famous old piece, called a *Penniworth of Wit*. The old copy reads—*pen.* FARMER.

The ſtory Dr. Farmer refers to, was certainly printed before Shakſpeare's time. See Langham's *Letter*, &c. RITSON.

*Moth.* —the hobby-horſe is forgot.[8]

*Arm.* Calleſt thou my love, hobby-horſe?

*Moth.* No, maſter; the hobby-horſe is but a colt,[9] and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

*Arm.* Almoſt I had.

*Moth.* Negligent ſtudent! learn her by heart.

*Arm.* By heart, and in heart, boy.

*Moth.* And out of heart, maſter: all thoſe three I will prove.

*Arm.* What wilt thou prove?

*Moth.* A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the inſtant: By heart you love her, becauſe your heart cannot come by her: in heart you love her, becauſe your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

[8] Arm. *But O,—but O,—*

Moth. *—the* hobby-horſe *is forgot.*] In the celebration of May-day, beſides the ſports now uſed of hanging a pole with garlands, and dancing round it, formerly a boy was dreſſed up repreſenting Maid Marian; another like a friar; and another rode on a *hobby-horſe*, with bells jingling, and painted ſtreamers. After the reformation took place, and preciſians multiplied, theſe latter rites were looked upon to ſavour of paganiſm; and then Maid Marian, the friar, and the poor *hobby-horſe* were turned out of the games. Some who were not ſo wiſely preciſe, but regretted the diſuſe of the *hobby-horſe*, no doubt, ſatirized this ſuſpicion of idolatry, and archly wrote the epitaph above alluded to. Now Moth, hearing Armado groan ridiculouſly, and cry out *But oh! but oh!*—humorouſly pieces out his exclamation with the ſequel of this epitaph. Theobald.

The ſame line is repeated in *Hamlet*. See note on Act III. ſc. iii. Steevens.

[9] —— *but a* colt,] *Colt* is a hot, mad-brained, unbroken young fellow; or ſometimes an old fellow with youthful deſires. Johnson.

*Arm.* I am all theſe three.

*Moth.* And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

*Arm.* Fetch hither the ſwain; he muſt carry me a letter.

*Moth.* A meſſage well ſympathiſed; a horſe to be embaſſador for an aſs!

*Arm.* Ha, ha! what ſayeſt thou?

*Moth.* Marry, ſir, you muſt ſend the aſs upon the horſe, for he is very ſlow-gaited: But I go.

*Arm.* The way is but ſhort; away.

*Moth.* As ſwift as lead, ſir.

*Arm.* Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and ſlow?

Moth. *Minimè*, honeſt maſter; or rather, maſter, no.

*Arm.* I ſay, lead is ſlow.

*Moth.* You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo:[1]
Is that lead ſlow which is fir'd from a gun?

[1] *You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo*:] How is he too ſwift for ſaying that lead is ſlow? I fancy we ſhould read, as well to ſupply the rhyme as the ſenſe:

*You are too ſwift, ſir, to ſay ſo* ſo ſoon:
*Is that lead ſlow, ſir, which is fir'd from a gun?*

JOHNSON.

The meaning, I believe, is, *You do not give yourſelf time to think, if you ſay ſo*; or, as Mr. M. Maſon explains the paſſage: "You are too haſty in ſaying that: you have not ſufficiently conſidered it."

*Swift*, however, means ready at replies. So, in Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604:

"I have eaten but two ſpoonfuls, and methinks I could diſcourſe both *ſwiftly* and wittily, already." STEEVENS.

*Swift* is here uſed, as in other places, ſynonymouſly with

*Arm.* Sweet ſmoke of rhetorick!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he:—
I ſhoot thee at the ſwain.

*Moth.* Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

*Arm.* A moſt acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, ſweet welkin,[2] I muſt ſigh in thy face:
Moſt rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

*Re-enter* Moth *and* Costard.

*Moth.* A wonder, maſter; here's a Coſtard broken[3] in a ſhin.

*Arm.* Some enigma, ſome riddle: come,—thy *l'envoy*;—begin.

*Cost.* No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*;[4] no ſalve

*witty.* I ſuppoſe the meaning of *Atalanta's better part*, in *As you like it*, is her *wit*—the *ſwiftneſs* of her mind. Farmer.

So, in *As you like it:* "He is very *ſwift* and ſententious." Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"Having ſo *ſwift* and excellent a wit."

On reading the letter which contained an intimation of the Gunpowder-plot in 1605, King James ſaid, that "the ſtyle was more *quick* and pithie than was uſual in paſquils and libels." Malone.

[2] *By thy favour, ſweet welkin.*] *Welkin* is the ſky, to which Armado, with the falſe dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for ſighing in its face. Johnson.

[3] —— *here's a* Coſtard *broken*—] i. e. a head. So, in *Hycke Scorner:*

"I wyll rappe you on the *coſtard* with my horne." Steevens.

[4] —— *no* l'envoy;] The *l'envoy* is a term borrowed from the old French poetry. It appeared always at the head of a few con-

in the mail, ſir :[5] O, ſir, plantain, a plain plan-

cluding verſes to each piece, which either ſerved to convey the moral, or to addreſs the poem to ſome particular perſon. It was frequently adopted by the ancient Engliſh writers.

So, in *Monſieur D'Olive*, 1606 :

" Well ſaid : now to the *L'Envoy*."—All the Tragedies of Johſn Bochas, tranſlated by Lidgate, are followed by a *L'Envoy*.

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *no ſalve in the* mail, ſir :] The old folio reads—*no ſalve in* thee *male, ſir*, which, in another folio, is, *no ſalve in the male, ſir*. What it can mean, is not eaſily diſcovered : if *mail* for a *packet* or *bag* was a word then in uſe, *no ſalve in the mail* may mean, no ſalve in the mountebank's budget. Or ſhall we read—*no enigma, no riddle, no l'envoy—in the* vale *ſir—O, ſir, plantain*. The matter is not great, but one would wiſh for ſome meaning or other. JOHNSON.

*Male* or *mail* was a word then in uſe. Reynard the fox ſent Kayward's head in a *male*. So, likewiſe, in *Tamburlane*, or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590 :

" Open the *males*, yet guard the treaſure ſure."

I believe Dr. Johnſon's firſt explanation to be right.

STEEVENS.

*Male*, which is the reading of the old copies, is only the ancient ſpelling of *mail*. So, in Taylor the water-poets works, (*Character of a Baud*,) 1630 :—" the cloathe-bag of counſel, the capcaſe, ſardle, pack, *male*, of friendly toleration." The quarto 1598, and the firſt folio, have—*thee* male. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

I can ſcarcely think that Shakſpeare had ſo far forgotten his little ſchool-learning, as to ſuppoſe the Latin verb *ſalvé* and the Engliſh ſubſtantive, *ſalve*, had the ſame pronunciation ; and yet without this the quibble cannot be preſerved. FARMER.

The ſame quibble occurs in *Ariſtippus*, or *The Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630 :

" *Salve*, Maſter Simplicius.

" *Salve* me ; 'tis but a *Surgeon's complement*."

STEEVENS.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*no ſalve in* them all, *ſir*.

TYRWHITT.

This paſſage appears to me to be nonſenſe as it ſtands, incapable of explanation, I have therefore no doubt but we ſhould adopt the amendment propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, and read—No ſalve in *them* all, Sir.

tain; no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy*, no ſalve, ſir, but a plantain!

*Arm.* By virtue, thou enforceſt laughter; thy ſilly thought, my ſpleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous ſmiling: O, pardon me, my ſtars! Doth the inconſiderate take ſalve for *l'envoy*, and the word, *l'envoy*, for a ſalve?

*Moth.* Do the wiſe think them other? is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?

Moth tells his maſter, that *there was a Coſtard* with a *broken ſhin*: and the Knight, ſuppoſing that Moth has ſome conceit in what he ſaid, calls upon him to explain it.—*Some riddle*, ſays he, *ſome enigma. Come—thy l'envoy—begin.* But Coſtard ſuppoſing that he was calling for theſe things, in order to apply them to his broken ſhin, ſays, he will not have them, as they were none of them ſalves, and begs for a plain plantain inſtead of them. This is clearly the meaning of Coſtard's ſpeech, which provokes the illuſtrious Armado to laugh at the *inconſiderate who takes ſalve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for ſalve.*

But when Moth, who is an arch and ſenſible character, ſays, in reply to Armado:—"Do the wiſe think them other? Is not *l'envoy* a ſalve?" we muſt not ſuppoſe that this queſtion is owing to his ſimplicity, but that he intended thereby either to lead the Knight on to the ſubſequent explanation of the word *l'envoy*, or to quibble in the manner ſtated in the notes upon the Engliſh word *ſalve* and the Latin *ſalvé*; a quibble which operates upon the eye, not the ear:—Yet Steevens has ſhown it was not a new one.

If this quibble was intended, which does not evidently appear to be the caſe, the only way that I account for it, is this:—

As the *l'envoy* was always in the concluding part of a play or poem, it was probably in the *l'envoy* that the poet or reciter took leave of the audience, and the word itſelf appears to be derived from the verb *envoyer*, to ſend away. Now the uſual ſalutation amongſt the Romans at parting, as well as meeting, was the word *ſalvé*. Moth, therefore conſiders the *l'envoy* as a ſalutation or *ſalvé*, and then quibbling on the laſt word, aſks if it be not a *ſalve*.

I do not offer this explanation with much confidence, but it is the only one that occurs to me. M. Mason.

*Arm.* No, page: it is an epilogue or diſcourſe, to make plain
Some obſcure precedence that hath tofore been ſain.
I will example it:[6]
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

*Moth.* I will add the *l'envoy:* Say the moral again.

*Arm.* The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

*Moth.* Until the gooſe came out of door,
And ſtay'd the odds by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were ſtill at odds, being but three:

*Arm.* Until the gooſe came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

*Moth.* A good *l'envoy*, ending in the gooſe; Would you deſire more?

*Cost.* The boy hath ſold him a bargain, a gooſe, that's flat:—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your gooſe be fat.—
To ſell a bargain well, is as cunning as faſt and looſe:
Let me ſee a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat gooſe.

[6] *I will example it:* &c.] Theſe words, and ſome others, are not in the firſt folio, but in the quarto of 1598. I ſtill believe the old paſſage to want regulation, though it has not ſufficient merit to encourage the editor who ſhould attempt it:
There is in Tuſſer an old ſong, beginning—
"The ape, the lion, the fox, and the aſſe,
"Thus ſets forth man in a glaſſe," &c.
Perhaps ſome ridicule on this ditty was intended. Steevens.

*Arm.* Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

*Moth.* By ſaying that a *Coſtard* was broken in a ſhin.
Then call'd you for the *l'envoy.*

*Cost.* True, and I for a plantain; Thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the gooſe that you bought;
And he ended the market.[7]

*Arm.* But tell me; how was there a Coſtard broken in a ſhin?[8]

*Moth.* I will tell you ſenſibly.

*Cost.* Thou haſt no feeling of it, Moth; I will ſpeak that *l'envoy:*
I, Coſtard, running out, that was ſafely within,
Fell over the threſhold, and broke my ſhin.

*Arm.* We will talk no more of this matter.

*Cost.* Till there be more matter in the ſhin.

*Arm.* Sirrah Coſtard, I will enfranchiſe thee.

*Cost.* O, marry me to one Frances;—I ſmell ſome *l'envoy*, ſome gooſe, in this.

*Arm.* By my ſweet ſoul, I mean, ſetting thee at

[7] *And he ended the market.*] Alluding to the proverb—*Three women and a gooſe, make a market. Tre donne et un occa fan un mercato.* Ital. Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*how was there a Coſtard broken in a ſhin?*] *Coſtard* is the name of a ſpecies of apple. JOHNSON.

It has been already obſerved that the *head* was anciently called the *coſtard.* So, in *King Richard III:* "Take him over the *coſtard* with the hilt of thy ſword." A *coſtard* likewiſe ſignified a *crab-ſtick.* So, in *The Loyal Subject* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I hope they'll crown his ſervice——"
"With a *coſtard.*" STEEVENS.

liberty, enfreedoming thy perſon; thou wert immured, reſtrained, captivated, bound.

*Cost.* True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me looſe.

*Arm.* I give thee thy liberty, ſet thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impoſe on thee nothing but this: Bear this ſignificant to the country maid Jaquenetta: there is remuneration; [*Giving him money.*] for the beſt ward of mine honour, is, rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

*Moth.* Like the ſequel, I.[9]—Signior Coſtard, adieu.

*Cost.* My ſweet ounce of man's fleſh! my incony Jew![1]— [*Exit* Moth.

[9] *Like the* ſequel, *I.*] *Sequele*, in French, ſignifies a great man's train. The joke is, that a ſingle page was all his train. Theobald.

I believe this joke exiſts only in the apprehenſion of the commentator. *Sequelle*, by the French, is never employed but in a derogatory ſenſe. They uſe it to expreſs the *gang* of a highwayman, but not the *train* of a lord; the followers of a rebel, and not the attendants on a general. Thus, Holinſhed, p. 639:—"to the intent that by the extinction of him and his *ſequeale*, all civil warre and inward diviſion might ceaſe," &c. Moth uſes *ſequel* only in the literary acceptation.

Mr. Heath obſerves that the meaning of Moth is,—"I follow you as cloſe as the *ſequel* does the premiſes." Steevens.

Moth alludes to the *ſequel* of any ſtory, which follows a preceding part, and was in the old ſtory-books introduced in this manner: "Here followeth the *ſequel* of ſuch a ſtory, or adventure." So, *Hamlet* ſays: "But is there no *ſequel* at the heels of this mother's admonition?" M. Mason.

[1] ——*my* incony Jew!] *Incony* or *kony* in the north, ſignifies, fine, delicate—as a *kony thing*, a fine thing. It is plain, therefore, we ſhould read:

"——my incony *jewel*." Warburton.

I know not whether it be right, however ſpecious, to change *Jew* to *Jewel*. *Jew*, in our author's time, was, for whatever

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration:* why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and ſell out of this word.

*Enter* BIRON.

*BIRON.* O, my good knave Coſtard! exceedingly well met.

*COST.* Pray you, ſir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

reaſon, apparently a word of endearment. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"Moſt briſky juvenal, and eke moſt lovely *Jew.*"

JOHNSON.

The word is uſed again in the 4th Act of this play:

"——moſt *incony* vulgar wit."

In the old comedy called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602, I meet with it again. A maid is ſpeaking to her miſtreſs about a gown:

"——it makes you have a moſt *inconie* body."

*Conny* and *incony* have the ſame meaning. So, Metaphor ſays, in Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub:*

"O ſuperdainty canon, vicar *inconey.*"

Again, in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"O, I have ſport *inconey* i'faith."

Again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"While I in thy *incony* lap do tumble."

Again, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

"A cockſcomb *incony*, but that he wants money."

STEEVENS.

There is no ſuch expreſſion in the North as either *kony* or *incony*. The word *canny*, which the people there uſe, and from which Dr. Warburton's miſtake may have ariſen, bears a variety of ſignifications, none of which is *fine, delicate*, or applicable to a thing or value. Dr. Johnſon's quotation by no means proves *Jew* to have been a word of endearment. RITSON.

*Biron.* What is a remuneration?

*Cost.* Marry, ſir, half-penny farthing.

*Biron.* O, why then, three-farthings-worth of ſilk.

*Cost.* I thank your worſhip: God be with you!

*Biron.* O, ſtay, ſlave; I muſt employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall entreat.

*Cost.* When would you have it done, ſir?

*Biron.* O, this afternoon.

*Cost.* Well, I will do it, ſir: Fare you well.

*Biron.* O, thou knoweſt not what it is.

*Cost.* I ſhall know, ſir, when I have done it.

*Biron.* Why, villain, thou muſt know firſt.

*Cost.* I will come to your worſhip to-morrow morning.

*Biron.* It muſt be done this afternoon. Hark, ſlave, it is but this;—
The princeſs comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady;
When tongues ſpeak ſweetly, then they name her name,
And Roſaline they call her: aſk for her;
And to her white hand ſee thou do commend
This ſeal'd-up counſel. There's thy guerdon; go.
[*Gives him money.*

*Cost.* Guerdon,—O ſweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better:[2] Moſt

[2] Coſt. *Guerdon,—O ſweet* guerdon! *better than* remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: &c.] *Guerdon*, i. e. reward. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*:

"Speak on, I'll *guerdon* thee whate'er it be."

Perhaps *guerdon* is a corruption of *regardum*, middle Latin.

ſweet guerdon!—I will do it, ſir, in print.[3]—Guerdon—remuneration. [*Exit.*

*Biron.* O!—And I, forſooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;
A very beadle to a humorous ſigh;
A critick; nay, a night-watch conſtable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

The following parallel paſſage in *A Health to the gentlemanly Profeſſion of Serving-men, or the Serving-man's Comfort*, &c. 1578, was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer.

"There was, ſayth he, a man, (but of what eſtate, degree, or calling, I will not name, leſt thereby I might incurre diſpleaſure of anie,) that comming to his friendes houſe, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well uſed, as well of his friende the gentleman, as of his ſervantes; one of the ſayde ſervantes doing him ſome extraordinarie pleaſure during his abode there, at his departure he comes up to the ſayd ſervant, and ſaith unto him, Hold thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes; which the ſervant receiveth, gave him utterly for it (beſides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thankes for the ſame a ſmall price, howſoever the market goes. Now an other coming to the ſayd gentlemen's houſe, it was the foreſayd ſervant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the ſervant unto him, ſayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deſerts: now the ſervant payd no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon* was *xid. farthing* better; for it was a *ſhilling*, and the other but a *three-farthinges*."

Shakſpeare was certainly indebted to this performance for his preſent vein of jocularity, the earlieſt edition of *Love's Labour's Loſt* being printed in 1598. Steevens.

[3] ——*in print.*] i. e. exactly, with the utmoſt nicety. It has been propoſed to me to read—*in point*, but I think, without neceſſity, the former expreſſion being ſtill in uſe.

So, in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:

"Next, your ruff muſt ſtand *in print*."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"I am ſure my huſband is a man *in print*, in all things elſe."

Again, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612:

"——this doublet fits *in print*, my lord." Steevens.

Than whom no mortal ſo magnificent![4]
This wimpled,[5] whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This ſenior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;[6]

[4] *Than whom no mortal ſo* magnificent!] *Magnificent* here means, *glorying, boaſting.* M. MASON.

Terence alſo uſes *magnifica verba,* for vaunting, vainglorious words. *Uſque adeo illius ferre poſſum ineptias & magnifica verba.* Eunuch, Act IV. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

[5] *This* wimpled,] The *wimple* was a hood or veil which fell over the face. Had Shakſpeare been acquainted with the *flammeum* of the Romans, or the gem which repreſents the marriage of Cupid and Pſyche, his choice of the epithet would have been much plauded by all the advocates in favour of his learning. In *Iſaiah,* iii. 22, we find: "—the mantles, and the *wimples,* and the criſping-pins:" and, in *The Devil's Charter,* 1607, to *wimple* is uſed as a verb:

"Here, I perceive a little rivelling
"Above my forehead, but I *wimple* it,
"Either with jewels, or a lock of hair." STEEVENS.

[6] *This* ſenior-junior, *giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;*] The old reading is—This *ſignior Junio's,* &c. STEEVENS.

It was ſome time ago ingeniouſly hinted to me, (and I readily came into the opinion,) that as there was a contraſt of terms in *giant-dwarf,* ſo, probably, there ſhould be in the word immediately preceding them; and therefore that we ſhould reſtore:

*This* ſenior-junior, *giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid.*

i. e. this old young man. And there is, indeed, afterwards, in this play, a deſcription of Cupid which ſorts very aptly with ſuch an emendation:

"That was the way to make his godhead wax,
"For he hath been *five thouſand* years a *boy.*"

The conjecture is exquiſitely well imagined, and ought by all means to be embraced, unleſs there is reaſon to think, that, in the former reading, there is an alluſion to ſome tale, or character in an old play. I have not, on this account, ventured to diſturb the text, becauſe there ſeems to me ſome reaſon to ſuſpect, that our author is here alluding to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca.* In that tragedy there is a character of one Junius, a Roman captain, who falls in love to diſtraction with one of Bonduca's daughters; and becomes an arrant whining ſlave to this paſſion. He is afterwards cured of his infirmity, and is as abſolute a tyrant againſt the ſex. Now, with regard to theſe two extremes,

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed ſovereign of ſighs and groans,

Cupid might very probably be ſtyled Junius's giant-dwarf: a *giant* in his eye, while the dotage was upon him; but ſhrunk into a *dwarf*, ſo ſoon as he had got the better of it.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Upton has made a very ingenious conjecture on this paſſage. He reads:

"This ſignior *Julio's* giant-dwarf—."

Shakſpeare, ſays he, intended to compliment Julio Romano, who drew Cupid in the character of a giant-dwarf. Dr. Warburton thinks, that by Junio is meant youth in general.

JOHNSON.

There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca* was written ſo early as the year 1598, when this play appeared. Even if it was then publiſhed, the ſuppoſed alluſion to the character of Junius is forced and improbable; and who, in ſupport of Upton's conjecture will aſcertain, that Julio Romano ever drew Cupid as a giant-dwarf? Shakſpeare, in *K. Richard III.* Act IV. ſc. iv. uſes *ſignory* for *ſeniority*; and Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 149, edit. 1614, ſpeaks of Edward the *ſignior*, i. e. the elder. I can therefore ſuppoſe that *ſignior* here means *ſenior*, and not the Italian title of honour. Thus, in the firſt folio, at the end of *The Comedy of Errors*:

"*S. Dro.* Not I, ſir; you are my elder.
"*E. Dro.* That's a queſtion: how ſhall we try it?
"*S. Dro.* We'll draw cuts for the *ſignior*." TOLLET.

In the exaggeration of poetry we might call Cupid a giant-dwarf; but how a giant-dwarf ſhould be repreſented in painting, I cannot well conceive. M. MASON.

If the old copies had exhibited *Junior*, I ſhould have had no doubt that the ſecond word in the line was only the old ſpelling of *ſenior*, as in a former paſſage, [Act I. ſc. ii.] and in one in *The Comedy of Errors* quoted by Mr. Tollet; but as the text appears both in the quarto 1598, and the folio, Cupid is not himſelf called *ſignior*, or *ſenior Junio*, but a giant-dwarf *to* [that is, attending upon,] ſignior Junio, and therefore we muſt endeavour to explain the words as they ſtand. In both theſe copies *Junio's* is printed in Italicks as a proper name.

For the reaſons already mentioned, I ſuppoſe *ſignior* here to have been the Italian title of honour, and Cupid to be deſcribed as uniting in his perſon the characters of both a giant, and a dwarf; a giant on account of his power over mankind, and

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets,[7] king of codpieces,
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting paritors,[8]—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,[9]

dwarf on account of his ſize; [So, afterwards: "Of his (Cupid's) *almighty*, dreadful, *little* might."] and as attending in this double capacity on youth, (perſonified under the name of Signior Junio,) the age in which the paſſion of love has moſt dominion over the heart. In characterizing youth by the name of *Junio*, our author may be countenanced by Ovid, who aſcribes to the month of June a ſimilar etymology:

"*Junius* a *juvenum* nomine dictus adeſt." MALONE.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that *ſenior-junior* is the true reading. Love among our ancient Engliſh poets, (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved on ſuch another occaſion,) is always characterized by contrarieties. STEEVENS.

[7] *Dread prince of* plackets,] A *placket* is a petticoat. DOUCE.

[8] *Of trotting* paritors,] An *apparitor*, or *paritor*, is an officer of the Biſhop's court, who carries out citations; as citations are moſt frequently iſſued for fornication, the *paritor* is put under Cupid's government. JOHNSON.

[9] *And I to be a* corporal of his field,] *Corporals of the field* are mentioned in Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, and Raleigh ſpeaks of them twice, Vol. I. p. 103, Vol. II. p. 367, edit. 1751. TOLLET.

This officer is likewiſe mentioned in Ben Jonſon's *New Inn*:

"As *corporal of the field*, maeſtro del campo."

Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Diſcipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*. In one of Drake's *Voyages*, it appears that the captains Morgan and Sampſon, by this name, "had commandement over the reſt of the land-captaines." Brookeſby tells us, that "Mr. Dodwell's father was in an office then known by the name of *corporal of the field*, which he ſaid was equal to that of a captain of horſe." FARMER.

Thus alſo, in a Letter from Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, to the Privy Council. See Lodge's *Illuſtrations*, &c. Vol. II. 394: "Wee lotte not above 2 common ſouldiers, and one of the *corporalls of the fielde*." STEEVENS.

It appears from Lord Stafford's *Letters*, Vol. II. p. 199, that a *corporal of the field* was employed as an aid-de-camp is now,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop![1]
What? I! I love![2] I ſue! I ſeek a wife!

" in taking and carrying too and fro the directions of the general, or other the higher officers of the field." TYRWHITT.

[1] *And* wear his colours *like a* tumbler's hoop!] The conceit ſeems to be very forced and remote, however it be underſtood. The notion is not that the *hoop wears colours*, but that the colours are worn as a *tumbler* carries his *hoop*, hanging on one ſhoulder and falling under the oppoſite arm. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the *tumblers' hoop* were adorned with their maſter's colours, or with ribbands. *To wear his colours*, means to wear his *badge* or *cogniſance*, or to be his ſervant or retainer. So, in Holinſhed's *Hiſt. of Scotland*, p. 301: " The earle of Surrie gave to his ſervants this cogniſance (to wear on their left arm) which was a white lyon," &c. So, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 274: " All that ware the dukes ſign, or *colours*, were faine to hide them, conveying them from their necks into their boſome." Again, in Selden's *Duello*, chap. ii: " his eſquires cloathed in his *colours*." Biron banters himſelf upon being a corporal of Cupid's field, and a ſervant of that great general and imperator. TOLLET.

It was once a mark of gallantry to wear *a lady's colours*. So, in Cynthia's *Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: " — diſpatches his lacquey to her chamber early, to know what *her colours* are for the day, with purpoſe to apply his wear that day accordingly," &c. Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella*:

" Becauſe I breathe not love to every one,
" Nor doe not uſe ſet *colours* for to weare," &c.

I am informed by a lady who remembers morris-dancing, that the character who tumbled, always carried his *hoop* dreſſed out with ribbands, and in the poſition deſcribed by Dr. Johnſon. STEEVENS.

Tumblers' hoops are to this day bound round with ribbands of various colours. HARRIS.

[2] *What?* I! *I love!*] A ſecond *What* had been ſupplied by the editors. I ſhould like better to read—What? *I!* I love! TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is ſupported by the firſt line of the preſent ſpeech:

" And *I*, forſooth, in love! *I*, that have been love's whip—."

Sir T. Hanmer ſupplied the metre by repeating the word *What*. MALONE.

A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a repairing;[3] ever out of frame;
And never going aright, being a watch,

[3] —— *like a German clock,*
*Still a repairing*;] The ſame alluſion occurs in *Weſtward-Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607:—" no *German clock*, no mathematical engine whatſoever, requires ſo much reparation," &c.
Again, in *A mad World my Maſters*, 1608:
" —— ſhe conſiſts of a hundred pieces,
" Much like your *German clock*, and near allied:
" Both are ſo nice they cannot go for pride.
" Beſides a greater fault, but too well known,
" They'll ſtrike to ten, when they ſhould ſtop at one."
Ben Jonſon has the ſame thought in his *Silent Woman*, and Beaumont and Fletcher in *Wit without Money*.
Again, in Decker's *News from Hell*, &c. 1606:—" their wits (like wheels of *Brunſwick clocks*) being all wound up as far as they could ſtretch, were all going, but not one going truly."
The following extract is taken from a book called *The Artificial Clock-Maker*, 3d. edit. 1714:—" Clock-making was ſuppoſed to have had its beginning in Germany within leſs than theſe two hundred years. It is very probable that our balance-clocks or watches, and ſome other automata, might have had their beginning there;" &c. Again, in p. 91:—" Little worth remark is to be found till towards the 16th century; and then clock-work was revived or wholly invented anew in Germany, as is generally thought, becauſe the ancient pieces are of German work."
A ſkilful watch-maker informs me, that clocks have not been commonly made in England much more than one hundred years backward.
To the inartificial conſtruction of theſe firſt pieces of mechaniſm executed in Germany, we may ſuppoſe Shakſpeare alludes. The clock at Hampton Court, which was ſet up in 1540, (as appears from the inſcription affixed to it,) is ſaid to be the firſt ever fabricated in England. See, however, Letters of *The Paſton Family*, Vol. II. 2d edit. p. 31. STEEVENS.

" In ſome towns in Germany, (ſays Dr. Powel, in his *Human Induſtry*, 8vo. 1661,) there are very rare and elaborate clocks to be ſeen in their town-halls, wherein a man may read aſtronomy, and never look up to the ſkies.—In the town-hall of Prague there is a clock that ſhows the annual motions of the ſun and moon, the names and numbers of the months, days, and feſtivals of the whole year, the time of the ſun riſing and ſetting throughout the

But being watch'd that it may ſtill go right?
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worſt of all;
And, among three, to love the worſt of all;
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch balls ſtuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to ſigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impoſe for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, ſigh, pray, ſue, and groan;[4]
Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan.[5]

[*Exit.*

year, the equinoxes, the length of the days and nights, the riſing and ſetting of the twelve ſigns of the Zodiack, &c.—But the town of Straſburgh carries the bell of all other ſteeples of Germany in this point." Theſe elaborate clocks were probably often "out of frame." MALONE.

I have heard a French proverb that compares any thing that is intricate and out of order, to the coq de Straſburg that belongs to the machinery of the town-clock. S. W.

[4] ——*ſue*, and *groan*;] *And*, which is not in either of the authentic copies of this play, the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, was added, to ſupply the metre, by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[5] *Some men muſt love my lady, and ſome Joan.*] To this line Mr. Theobald extends his ſecond Act, not injudiciouſly, but without ſufficient authority.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Another part of the ſame.*

*Enter the* Princeſs, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, Attendants, and a Foreſter.*

*PRIN.* Was that the king, that ſpurr'd his horſe ſo hard
Againſt the ſteep uprising of the hill?

*BOYET.* I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

*PRIN.* Whoe'er he was, he ſhow'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we ſhall have our deſpatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, foreſter, my friend, where is the buſh,
That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?[6]

[6] ——— *where is the buſh,*
*That we muſt ſtand and play the murderer in?*] How familiar this amuſement once was to ladies of quality, may be known from a letter addreſſed by Lord Wharton to the Earl of Shrewſbury, dated from Alnewik, Aug. 14, 1555: "I beſiche yor Lordeſhipp to tayke ſome ſporte of my litell grounde there, and to comaund the ſame even as yo.r Lordeſhippes owne. *My ladye may ſhote w.th her croſbowe,*" &c. Lodge's *Illuſtrations of Britiſh Hiſtory*, &c. Vol. I. p. 203.

Again, in a letter from Sir Francis Leake to the Earl of Shrewſbury, Vol. III. p. 295:

"Yo.r Lordeſhype hath ſente me a verie greatte and fatte ſtagge, the wellcomer beynge *ſtryken by yo.r ryght honourable Ladie's hande*, &c.—My balde bucke lyves ſtyll to wayte upon yo.r L. and my Ladie's comyng hyther, w.ch I expect whenſoever ſhall pleas yow to apointe; onelé thys, thatt my *Ladie doe nott hyt hym* throgh the noſe, for marryng hys whyte face;

*For.* Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;
A ſtand, where you may make the faireſt ſhoot.

*Prin.* I thank my beauty, I am fair that ſhoot,
And thereupon thou ſpeak'ſt, the faireſt ſhoot.

*For.* Pardon me, madam, for I meant not ſo.

*Prin.* What, what? firſt praiſe me, and again ſay, no?
O ſhort-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

*For.* Yes, madam, fair.

*Prin.* Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praiſe cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glaſs,[7] take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*For.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

*Prin.* See, ſee, my beauty will be ſav'd by merit.

howbeitt I knoe her Ladiſhipp takes pitie of my buckes, ſence the laſt tyme y^t^ pleaſed her to take the travell *to ſhote att them*," &c. Dated July, 1605. STEEVENS.

[7] *Here, good my glaſs,*] To underſtand how the princeſs has her glaſs ſo ready at hand in a caſual converſation, it muſt be remembered that in thoſe days it was the faſhion among the French ladies to wear a looking-glaſs, as Mr. Bayle coarſely repreſents it, *on their bellies*; that is, to have a ſmall mirrour ſet in gold hanging at their girdle, by which they occaſionally viewed their faces or adjuſted their hair. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon, perhaps, is mi[illegible]. She had no occaſion to have recourſe to any other *looking-glaſs* than the Foreſter, whom ſhe rewards for having ſhown her herſelf as in a mirror. STEEVENS.

Whatever be the interpretation of this paſſage, Dr. Johnſon is right in the hiſtorical fact. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, is very indignant at the ladies for it: "They muſt have their *looking-glaſſes* carried with them, whereſoever they go: and good reaſon, for how elſe could they ſee the devil in them?" And in Maſſinger's *City Madam*, ſeveral women are introduced with *looking-glaſſes at their girdles*. FARMER.

O hereſy in fair, fit for theſe days!
A giving hand, though foul, ſhall have fair praiſe.—
But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,
And ſhooting well is then accounted ill.
Thus will I ſave my credit in the ſhoot:
Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;
If wounding, then it was to ſhew my ſkill,
That more for praiſe, than purpoſe, meant to kill.
And, out of queſtion, ſo it is ſometimes;
Glory grows guilty of deteſted crimes;
When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,
We bend to that the working of the heart:[8]
As I, for praiſe alone, now ſeek to ſpill
The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.[9]

*Boyet.* Do not curſt wives hold that ſelf-ſovereignty[1]
Only for praiſe' ſake, when they ſtrive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

*Prin.* Only for praiſe: and praiſe we may afford
To any lady that ſubdues a lord.

[8] *When, for fame's ſake, for praiſe, an outward part,*
*We bend to that the working of the heart:*] The harmony of the meaſure, the eaſineſs of the expreſſion, and the good ſenſe in the thought, all concur to recommend theſe two lines to the reader's notice. Warburton.

[9] —— that *my heart means no ill.*] *That my heart means no ill,* is the ſame with *to whom my heart means no ill.* The common phraſe ſuppreſſes the particle, as *I mean him* [not *to* him] *no harm.* Johnson.

[1] —— *that* ſelf-*ſovereignty*—] Not a ſovereignty *over*, but *in*, themſelves. So, *ſelf*-ſufficiency, *ſelf*-conſequence, &c. Malone

*Enter* COSTARD.

*PRIN.* Here comes a member of the commonwealth.[2]

*COST.* God dig-you-den all![3] Pray you, which is the head lady?

*PRIN.* Thou ſhalt know her, fellow, by the reſt that have no heads.

*COST.* Which is the greateſt lady, the higheſt?

*PRIN.* The thickeſt, and the talleſt.

*COST.* The thickeſt, and the talleſt! it is ſo; truth is truth.

An your waiſt, miſtreſs, were as ſlender as my wit,
One of theſe maids' girdles for your waiſt ſhould be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickeſt here.

*PRIN.* What's your will, ſir? what's your will?

*COST.* I have a letter from monſieur Biron, to one lady Roſaline.

*PRIN.* O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend of mine:

[2] ——*a member of the* commonwealth.] Here, I believe, is a kind of jeſt intended: a member of the *common*-wealth, is put for one of the *common* people, one of the meaneſt. JOHNSON.

The Princeſs calls Coſtard *a member of the commonwealth*, becauſe ſhe conſiders him as one of the attendants on the King and his aſſociates in their *new-modelled ſociety*; and it was part of their original plan that Coſtard and Armado ſhould be *members* of it. M. MASON.

[3] *God dig-you-den*—] A corruption of—*God give you good even.* MALONE.

See my note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

Stand aſide, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;
Break up this capon.[4]

*Boyet.* I am bound to ſerve.—
This letter is miſtook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

*Prin.* We will read it, I ſwear:
Break the neck of the wax,[5] and every one give ear.

*Boyet.* [Reads.] *By heaven, that thou art fair, is moſt infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth*

[4] —— *Boyet, you can carve;*
*Break up this capon.*] i. e. open this letter.
Our poet uſes this metaphor, as the French do their *poulet*; which ſignifies both a young fowl and a love-letter. *Poulet, amatoriæ literæ,* ſays Richelet; and quotes from Voiture, *Repondre au plus obligeant* poulet *du monde*; to reply to the moſt obliging *letter* in the world. The Italians uſe the ſame manner of expreſſion, when they call a love-epiſtle, *una pollicetta amoroſa.* I owed the hint of this equivocal uſe of the word, to my ingenious friend Mr. Biſhop. THEOBALD.

Henry IV. conſulting with Sully about his marriage, ſays: "my niece of Guiſe would pleaſe me beſt, notwithſtanding the malicious reports, that ſhe loves *poulets* in paper, better than in a *fricaſee.*"—A meſſage is called *a cold pigeon,* in the letter concerning the entertainments at Killingworth Caſtle. FARMER.

To *break up* was a peculiar phraſe in carving. PERCY.

So, in *Weſtward-Hoe,* by Decker and Webſter, 1607: at "the ſkirt of that *ſheet,* in black-work, is wrought his name: *break not up the wild-fowl till anon.*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's Maſque of *Gipſies Metamorphoſed:*

"A London cuckold hot from the ſpit,
"And when the *cover* up had *broke him,*" &c.
STEEVENS.

[5] *Break the neck of the wax,*] Still alluding to the *capon.*
JOHNSON.

So, in *The true Tragedies of Marius and Sylla,* 1594:
"Lectorius read, and *break theſe letters up.*"
STEEVENS.

One of Lord Cheſterfield's *Letters,* 8vo. Vol. III. p. 114, gives us the reaſon why *poulet* meant *amatoria litera.* TOLLET.

*itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous; truer*[6] *than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrate*[7] *king* Cophetua[8] *set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar* Zenelophon; *and he it was that might rightly say,* veni, vidi, vici; *which to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!)* videlicet, *he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw,*[9] *two; overcame, three. Who came? the king? Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to overcome: To whom came he? to the beggar; What saw he? the beggar; Who overcame he? the beggar: The conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: the captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: Shall I enforce thy love? I could: Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy*

[6] *More fairer than fair, beautiful than beauteous, truer* &c.] *I would read, fairer that fair,* more *beautiful,* &c. TYRWHITT.

[7] —— *illustrate*—] for *illustrious.* It is often used by Chapman in his translation of Homer. Thus, in the eleventh *Iliad*:

" —— Jove will not let me meet
" *Illustrate* Hector,—" STEEVENS.

[8] —— *king Cophetua*—] The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid,* may be seen in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry,* Vol. I. The beggar's name was Penelophon, here corrupted. PERCY.

The poet alludes to this song in *Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV.* P. II. and *Richard II.* STEEVENS.

[9] —— *saw,*] The old copies here and in the preceding line have—*see.* Mr. Rowe made the correction. MALONE.

*foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.*

*Thine, in the deareſt deſign of induſtry,*
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus doſt thou hear[1] the Nemean lion roar
'Gainſt thee, thou lamb, that ſtandeſt as his prey;
Submiſſive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou ſtrive, poor ſoul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repaſture for his den.

*PRIN.* What plume of feathers is he, that indited this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear better?

*BOYET.* I am much deceived, but I remember the ſtyle.

*PRIN.* Elſe your memory is bad, going o'er it[2] erewhile.[3]

*BOYET.* This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court;
A phantaſm,[4] a Monarcho,[5] and one that makes ſport

[1] *Thus doſt thou hear* &c.] Theſe ſix lines appear to be a quotation from ſome ridiculous poem of that time.
WARBURTON.

[2] ——*going o'er it*—] A pun upon the word *ſtile*.
MUSGRAVE.

[3] ——*erewhile.*] Juſt now; a little while ago. So, Raleigh:
"Here lies Hobbinol, our ſhepherd *while e'er*."
JOHNSON.

[4] A *phantaſm,*] On the books of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6, 1698, is entered: "a book called *Phantaſm*, the *Italian Taylor, and his Boy*; made by Mr. Armin, ſervant to his majeſty." It probably contains the hiſtory of *Monarcho*, of whom Dr. Farmer ſpeaks in the following note, to which I have ſubjoined two additional inſtances. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*a Monarcho;*] The alluſion is to a fantaſtical character

To the prince, and his book-mates.

*Prin.* Thou, fellow, a word.

of the time:—"Popular applauſe (ſays Meres) doth nouriſh ſome, neither do they gape after any other thing, but vaine praiſe and glorie,—as in our age Peter Shakerlye of Paules, and *Monarcho* that lived about the court." p. 178. Farmer.

In Naſh's *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, &c. 1595, I meet with the ſame alluſion:—"but now he was an inſulting monarch above *Monarcho* the Italian, that ware crownes in his ſhoes, and quite renounced his natural Engliſh accents and geſtures, and wreſted himſelf wholly to the Italian puntilios," &c.

But one of the epitaphs written by Thomas Churchyard, and printed in a collection called his *Chance*, 4to. 1580, will afford the moſt ample account of this extraordinary character. I do not therefore apologize for the length of the following extract:

"The *Phantaſticall Monarckes* Epitaphe.

" Though *Dant* be dedde, and *Marrot* lies in graue,
" And *Petrarks* ſprite bee mounted paſt our vewe,
" Yet ſome doe liue (that poets humours haue)
" To keepe old courſe with vains of verſes newe:
" Whoſe penns are preſt to paint out people plaine,
" That els a ſleepe in ſilence ſhould remaine:
" Come poore old man that boare the *Monarks* name,
" Thyne Epitaphe ſhall here ſet forthe thy fame.

" Thy climyng mynde aſpierd beyonde the ſtarrs,
" Thy loftie ſtile no yearthly titell bore:
" Thy witts would ſeem to ſee through peace and warrs,
" Thy tauntyng tong was pleaſant ſharpe and ſore.
" And though thy pride and pompe was ſomewhat vaine,
" The *Monarcke* had a deepe diſcourſyng braine:
" Alone with freend he could of wonders treate,
" In publike place pronounce a ſentence greate.

" No matche for fooles, if wiſemen were in place,
" No mate at meale to ſit with common ſort:
" Both grave of looks and fatherlike of face,
" Of judgement quicke, of comely forme and port.
" Moſte bent to words on hye and ſolempne daies,
" Of diet fine, and daintie diuerſe waies:
" And well diſpoſde, if Prince did pleaſure take,
" At any mirthe that he poore man could make.

Who gave thee this letter?

*Cost.* I told you; my lord.

" On gallant robes his greateſt glorie ſtood,
" Yet garments bare could never daunt his minde:
" He feard no ſtate, nor caerd for worldly good,
" Held eche thyng light as fethers in the winde.
" And ſtill he ſaied, the ſtrong thruſts weake to wall,
" When ſword bore ſwaie, the *Monarke* ſhould have all.
" The man of might at length ſhall *Monarke* bee,
" And greateſt ſtrength ſhall make the feeble flee.

" When ſtraungers came in preſence any wheare,
" Straunge was the talke the *Monarke* uttred than:
" He had a voice could thonder through the eare,
" And ſpeake mutche like a merry Chriſtmas man:
" But ſure ſmall mirthe his matter harped on.
" His forme of life who liſts to look upon,
" Did ſhewe ſome witte, though follie fedde his will:
" The man is dedde, yet *Monarks* liueth ſtill." p. 7.

A local alluſion employed by a poet like Shakſpeare, reſembles the mortal ſteed that drew in the chariot of Achilles. But ſhort ſervices could be expected from either. STEEVENS.

The ſucceeding quotations will afford ſome further intelligence concerning this fantaſtick being: " I could uſe an incident for this, which though it may ſeeme of ſmall weight, yet may it have his miſterie with this act, who, being of baſe condition, placed himſelf (without any perturbation of minde) in the royall ſeat of Alexander, which the Caldeans prognoſticated to portend the death of Alexander.

" The actors were, that Bergamaſco (for his phantaſtick humors) named *Monarcho*, and two of the Spaniſh embaſſadors retinue, who being about *foure and twentie yeares paſt*, in Paules Church in London, contended who was ſoveraigne of the world: the *Monarcho* maintained himſelf to be he, and named their king to be but his viceroy for Spain: the other two with great fury denying it. At which myſelf, and ſome of good account, now dead, wondred in reſpect of the ſubject they handled, and that want of judgement we looked not for in the Spaniards. Yet this, moreover, we noted, that notwithſtanding the weight of their controverſie they kept in their walk the Spaniſh turne: which is, that he which goeth at the right hand, ſhall at every end of the walke turne in the midſt; the which place the *Monarcho* was loth to yeald (but as they compelled him, though

*Prin.* To whom ſhouldſt thou give it?

*Cost.* From my lord to my lady

*Prin.* From which lord, to which lady?

*Cost.* From my lord Biron, a good maſter of mine,
To a lady of France, that he call'd Roſaline.

*Prin.* Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come, lords, away.[6]
Here, ſweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another day. [*Exit* Princeſs *and Train.*

*Boyet.* Who is the ſuitor?[7] who is the ſuitor?

they gave him ſometimes that romthe) in reſpect of his ſuppoſed majeſtie; but I would this were the worſt of their ceremonies; the ſame keeping ſome decorum concerning equalitie." *A briefe Diſcourſe of the Spaniſh State, with a Dialogue annexed, intituled Philobaſilis*, 4to. 1590, p. 39.

The reader will pardon one further notice:

"—heere comes a ſouldier, for my life it is a captain Swag: tis even he indeede, I do knowe him by his plume and his ſcarffe; he looks like a *Monarcho* of a very cholericke complexion, and as teaſty as a gooſe that hath young goſlings," &c. B. Riche's *Faults and nothing but Faults*, p. 12. Reed.

[6] —— *Come*, lords, *away.*] Perhaps the princeſs ſaid rather:

—— *Come*, ladies, *away.*

The reſt of the ſcene deſerves no care. Johnson.

[7] *Who is the* ſuitor?] The old copies read—

"*Who is the* ſhooter?"

But it ſhould be, Who is the *ſuitor?* and this occaſions the quibble. "*Finely put on*," &c. ſeem only marginal obſervations. Farmer.

It appears that *ſuitor* was anciently pronounced *ſhooter*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1605: the maid informs her miſtreſs that ſome *archers* are come to wait on her. She ſuppoſes them to be *fletchers*, or arrow-ſmiths:

"Enter the *ſuters*, &c.

"Why do you not ſee them before you? are not theſe *archers*, what do you call them, *ſhooters?* *Shooters* and *archers* are all one, I hope?" Steevens.

*Ros.* Shall I teach you to know?

*Boyet.* Ay, my continent of beauty.

*Ros.* Why, ſhe that bears the bow.
Finely put off!

*Boyet.* My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miſcarry.
Finely put on!

*Ros.* Well then, I am the ſhooter.

Wherever Shakſpeare uſes words equivocally, as in the preſent inſtance, he lays his editor under ſome embarraſſment. When he told Ben Jonſon he would ſtand Godfather to his child, "and give him a dozen *latten* ſpoons," if we write the word as we have now done, the conceit, ſuch as it is, is loſt, at leaſt does not at once appear; if we write it *Latin*, it becomes abſurd. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Dogberry ſays, "if juſtice cannot tame you, ſhe ſhall ne'er weigh more *reaſons* in her balance." If we write the word thus, the conſtable's *equivoque*, poor as it is, is loſt, at leaſt to the eye. If we write *raiſons*, (between which word and *reaſons*, there was, I believe, no difference at that time of pronunciation,) we write nonſenſe. In the paſſage before us an equivoque was certainly intended; the words *ſhooter* and *ſuitor* being (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) pronounced alike in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Eſſays and Characters of a Priſon and Priſoners*, by G. M. 1618: "The king's guard are counted the ſtrongeſt *archers*, but here are better *ſuitors*." Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, edit. 1623, (owing probably to the tranſcriber's ear having deceived him,)—

"——a grief that *ſuits*
"My very heart at root—."

inſtead of—a grief that *ſhoots*.

In Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of Queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained, the word *ſuitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *ſhooter*. However, I have followed the ſpelling of the old copy, as it is ſufficiently intelligible. MALONE.

*Boyet.* And who is your deer?[8]

*Ros.* If we chooſe by the horns, yourſelf: come near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

*Mar.* You ſtill wrangle with her, Boyet, and ſhe ſtrikes at the brow.

*Boyet.* But ſhe herſelf is hit lower: Have I hit her now?

*Ros.* Shall I come upon thee with an old ſaying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

*Biron.* So I may anſwer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever[9] of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Ros. *Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,* [Singing.
*Thou canſt not hit it, my good man.*

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
*An I cannot, another can.*

[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Kath.

*Cost.* By my troth, moſt pleaſant! how both did fit it!

*Mar.* A mark marvellous well ſhot; for they both did hit it.

[8] *And who is your* deer?] Our author has the ſame play on this word in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act V. Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"I'll be thy park, and thou ſhalt be my *deer*."

Malone.

[9] ——*queen Guinever*—] This was King Arthur's queen, not over famous for fidelity to her huſband. Mordred the Pict is ſuppoſed to have been her paramour.—See the ſong of *The Boy and the Mantle*, in Dr. Percy's Collection.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, the elder Lovelefs addreſſes Abigail, the old incontinent waiting-woman, by this name. Steevens.

*Boyet.* A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, ſays my lady!
Let the mark have a prick in't,[1] to mete at, if it may be.

*Mar.* Wide o' the bow hand![2] I'faith your hand is out.

*Cost.* Indeed, a' muſt ſhoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.[3]

*Boyet.* An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

*Cost.* Then will ſhe get the upſhot by cleaving the pin.[4]

*Mar.* Come, come, you talk greaſily,[5] your lips grow foul.

[1] *Let the mark have a* prick *in't,*] Thus, ſays the Princeſs Floripas in the ancient metrical romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 56:

" —— ſir Gye my love ſo free,
" Thou kanſte welle hit the *pricke*;
" He ſhall make no booſte in his contre,
" God gyſe him ſorowe thikke." STEEVENS.

[2] *Wide o' the bow hand!*] i. e. a good deal to the left of the mark; a term ſtill retained in modern archery. DOUCE.

[3] —— *the* clout.] The *clout* was the white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden nail that upheld it. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *by cleaving the pin.*] Honeſt Coſtard would have befriended Dean Milles, who[m] note on a ſong in the *Pſeudo-Rowley's* ELLA has expoſed him to ſo much ridicule. See his book, p. 213. The preſent application of the word *pin*, might have led the Dean to ſuſpect the qualities of the *baſket*. But what has mirth to do with archæology? STEEVENS.

[5] —— *you talk* greaſily,] i. e. groſsly. So, in Marſton's third *Satire*:

" —— when *greaſy* Aretine,
" For his rank fico, is firnam'd divine." STEEVENS

*Cost.* She's too hard for you at pricks, ſir; challenge her to bowl.

*Boyet.* I fear too much rubbing;[7] Good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt* Boyet *and* Maria.

*Cost.* By my ſoul, a ſwain! a moſt ſimple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O' my troth, moſt ſweet jeſts! moſt incony vulgar wit!
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off, ſo obſcenely, as it were, ſo fit.
Armatho o' the one ſide,—O, a moſt dainty man!
To ſee him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan![7]
To ſee him kiſs his hand! and how moſt ſweetly a' will ſwear![8]—
And his page o' t' other ſide, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a moſt pathetical nit!
Sola, ſola! [*Shouting within.*

[*Exit* Costard, *running.*

[6] *I fear too much* rubbing;] To *rub* is one of the terms of the bowling green. Boyet's further meaning needs no comment. Malone.

[7] ——*to bear her fan!*] See a note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. where Nurſe aſks Peter for her *fan*. Steevens.

[8] ——*a' will ſwear!*] A line following this ſeems to have been loſt. Malone.

## SCENE II.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES,[9] *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

*NATH.* Very reverent ſport, truly; and done in the teſtimony of a good conſcience.

[9] *Enter* Holofernes,] There is very little perſonal reflexion in Shakſpeare. Either the virtue of thoſe times, or the candour of our author, has ſo effected, that his ſatire is, for the moſt part, general, and, as himſelf ſays:

——*his taxing like a wild-goose flies,*
*Unclaim'd of any man*——.

The place before us ſeems to be an exception. For by Holofernes is deſigned a particular character, a pedant and ſchool-maſter of our author's time, one John Florio, a teacher of the Italian tongue in London, who has given us a ſmall dictionary of that language under the title of *A World of Words*, which, in his epiſtle dedicatory he tells us, *is of little leſs value than Stephens's Treaſure of the Greek Tongue*, the moſt complete work that was ever yet compiled of its kind. In his preface, he calls thoſe who criticiſed his works, *ſea-dogs or land-critics; monſters of men, if not beaſts rather than men; whoſe teeth are canibals, their toongs adders forks, their lips aſpes poiſon, their eyes baſiliſkes, their breath the breath of a grave, their words like ſwordes of Turks, that ſtrive which ſhall dive deepeſt into a* Chriſtian lying bound before them. Well therefore might the mild Nathaniel deſire Holofernes to *abrogate ſcurrility*. His profeſſion too is the reaſon that Holofernes deals ſo much in Italian ſentences.

There is an edition of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, printed in 1598, and ſaid to be *preſented before her Highneſs this laſt Chriſtmas*, 1597. The next year 1598, comes out our John Florio, with his *World of Words*, recentibus odiis; and in the preface, quoted above, falls upon the comic poet for bringing him on the ſtage. *There is another ſort of leering curs, that rather ſnarle than bite, whereof I could inſtance in one, who lighting on a* good ſonnet *of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted ſo, called the author a Rymer.—Let Ariſtophanes and his comedians make plaies, and ſcoure*

*Hol.* The deer was, as you know, in *ſanguis*,—blood;[1] ripe as a pomewater,[2] who now hangeth

*their mouths on Socrates, thoſe very mouths they make to vilifie, ſhall be the means to amplifie his virtue*, &c. Here Shakſpeare is ſo plainly marked out as not to be miſtaken. As to the *ſonnet of the gentleman his friend*, we may be aſſured it was no other than his own. And without doubt was parodied in the very ſonnet beginning with *The praiſeful princeſs*, &c. in which our author makes Holofernes ſay, *He will ſomething affect the letter, for it argues facility*. And how much John Florio thought this *affectation argued facility*, or quickneſs of wit, we ſee in this preface where he falls upon his enemy, H. S. *His name is H. S. Do not take it for the Roman H. S. unleſs it be as H. S. is twice as much and an half, as half an AS*. With a great deal more to the ſame purpoſe; concluding his preface in theſe words, *The reſolute John Florio*. From the ferocity of this man's temper, it was that Shakſpeare choſe for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant, of Thubal Holoferne.

WARBURTON.

I am not of the learned commentator's opinion, that the ſatire of Shakſpeare is ſo ſeldom perſonal. It is of the nature of perſonal invectives to be ſoon unintelligible; and the author that gratifies private malice, *animam in vulnere ponit*, deſtroys the future efficacy of his own writings, and ſacrifices the eſteem of ſucceeding times to the laughter of a day. It is no wonder, therefore, that the ſarcaſms, which, perhaps, in our author's time, *ſet the* playhouſe *in a roar*, are now loſt among general reflections. Yet whether the character of Holofernes was pointed at any particular man, I do not withſtanding the plauſibility of Dr. Warburton's conjecture, inclined to doubt. Every man adheres as long as he can to his own pre-conceptions. Before I read this note I conſidered the character of Holofernes as borrowed from the *Rhombus* of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in a kind of paſtoral entertainment, exhibited to Queen Elizabeth, has introduced a ſchool-maſter [illegible] peaking *a leaſh of languages at once*, and puzzling himſelf and his auditors with a jargon like that of Holofernes in the preſent play. Sidney himſelf might bring the character from Italy; for as Peacham obſerves, the ſchool-maſter has long been one of the ridiculous perſonages in the farces of that country. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton is certainly right in his ſuppoſition that *Florio* is meant by the character of *Holofernes*. *Florio* had given the firſt affront. "The plaies, ſays he, that they plaie in England

like a jewel in the ear of *cœlo*,[3]—the ſky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab,

are neither *right comedies*, nor *right tragedies*; but repreſentations of *hiſtories* without any decorum."—The ſcraps of Latin and Italian are tranſcribed from his works, particularly the proverb about *Venice*, which has been corrupted ſo much. The *affectation of the letter*, which *argues facilitie*, is likewiſe a copy of his manner. We meet with much of it in the ſonnets to his patrons:

" In Italie your lordſhip well hath ſeene
" Their manners, monuments, magnificence,
" Their language learnt, in ſound, in ſtyle, in ſenſe,
" Prooving by profiting, where you have beene.
" ——To adde to fore-learn'd facultie, *facilitie*."

We ſee, then, the character of the ſchoolmaſter might be written with leſs learning, than Mr. Colman conjectured: nor is the uſe of the word *thraſonical*, [See this play, Act V. ſc. i.] any argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakſpeare's time. Stanyhurſt writes, in a tranſlation of one of Sir Thomas More's *Epigrams*:

" Lynckt was in wedlocke a loftye *thraſonical* huſsnuffe."

It can ſcarcely be neceſſary to animadvert any further upon what Mr. Colman has advanced in the appendix to his *Terence*. If this gentleman, at his leiſure from modern plays, will condeſcend to open a few old ones, he will ſoon be ſatisfied that Shakſpeare was obliged to learn and repeat in the courſe of his profeſſion, ſuch Latin *fragments* as are met with in his works. The formidable one, *ira furor brevis eſt*, which is quoted from *Timon*, may be found, not in plays only, but in every *critical* eſſay from that of King James to that of Dean Swift inclusive. I will only add, that if Mr. Colman had previouſly looked at the panegyric on Cartwright, he could not ſo ſtrangely have miſrepreſented my argument from it: but thus it muſt ever be with the moſt ingenious men, when they talk *without-book*. Let me, however, take this opportunity of acknowledging the very genteel language which he has been pleaſed to uſe on this occaſion.

Mr. Warton informs us in his *Life of Sir Thomas Pope*, that there was an old play of *Holophernes* acted before the Princeſs Elizabeth in the year 1556. FARMER.

The verſes above cited, are prefixed to Florio's *Dict.* 1598. MALONE.

In ſupport of Dr. Farmer's opinion, the following paſſage from

on the face of *terra*, — the ſoil, the land, the earth.

*Orlando Furioſo*, 1594, may be brought: "—Knowing him to be a *Thraſonical* mad cap, they have ſent me a *Gnathonical* companion," &c.

Greene, in the dedication to his *Arcadia*, has the ſame word: "—as of ſome *thraſonical* huffe-ſnuffe."

Florio's firſt work is regiſtered on the books of the Stationers' Company, under the following title: "Aug. 1578. *Florio his Firſt Frute*, being Dialogues in Italian and Engliſh, with certen Inſtructions, &c. to the learning the Italian Tonge." In 1595, he dedicated his Italian and Engliſh Dictionary to the Earl of Southampton. In the year 1600, he publiſhed his tranſlation of *Montaigne*. Florio pointed his ridicule not only at dramatic performances, but even at performers. Thus, in his preface to this work: "—as if an owle ſhould repreſent an eagle, or ſome tara-rag player ſhould act the princely Telephus with a voyce as rag'd as his clothes, a grace as bad as his voyce." STEEVENS.

[1] ——in ſanguis,—*blood*;] The old copies read—*ſanguis, in* blood. The tranſpoſition was propoſed by Mr. Steevens, and is, I think, warranted by the following words, which are arranged in the ſame manner: "—in the ear of *cœlo*, the ſky," &c. The ſame expreſſion occurs in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"If we be Engliſh *deer*, be then *in blood*." MALONE.

[2] ——*ripe as a* pomewater,] A ſpecies of apple formerly much eſteemed. *Malus Carbonaria*. See Gerard's *Herbal*, edit. 1597, p. 1273.

Again, in the old ballad of *Blow Caſp for me*:

"Whoſe cheeks did reſemble two roſting *pomewaters*."
STEEVENS.

In the firſt Act of *The Puritan*, Pyeboard ſays to Nicholas: "The captain loving you ſo dearly, ay, as the *pome-water* of his eye."—Meaning the pupil, or *apple* of it, as it is vulgarly called. M. MASON.

[3] ——*in the ear of* cœlo, &c.] In Florio's Italian Dictionary, *Cielo* is defined "*heaven*, the *skie*, firmament, or *welkin*," and *terra* is explained thus: "The element called *earth*; anie ground, earth, countrie, *land*, *ſoile*," &c. If there was any edition of this Dictionary prior to the appearance of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, this might add ſome little ſtrength to Dr. Warburton's conjecture, though it would by no means be deciſive; but my edition is dated 1598, (poſterior to the exhibition of this play,) and it appears to be the firſt. MALONE.

*Nath.* Truly, maſter Holofernes, the epithets are ſweetly varied, like a ſcholar at the leaſt: But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the firſt head.[4]

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo.*

*Dull.* 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Moſt barbarous intimation! yet a kind of inſinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way, of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or, rather, *oſtentare*, to ſhow, as it were, his inclination,—after his undreſſed, unpoliſhed, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherеſt, unconfirmed faſhion,—to inſert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

*Dull.* I ſaid, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

*Hol.* Twice ſod ſimplicity, *bis coctus!*—O thou monſter ignorance, how deformed doſt thou look!

*Nath.* Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not

[4] —— *But, ſir, I aſſure ye, it was a buck of the* firſt head——
——————— *'twas a* pricket.] In a play called *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, I find the following account of the different appellations of deer, at their different ages:

"*Amoretto.* I cauſed the keeper to ſever the *raſcal deer* from the *bucks of the firſt head*. Now, ſir, a *buck* is the *firſt* year, a *fawn*; the *ſecond* year, a PRICKET; the *third* year, a SORRELL; the *fourth* year, a *foare*; the *fifth*, a *buck of the* FIRST HEAD; the *ſixth* year, a *compleat buck*. Likewiſe your *hart* is the *firſt* year, a *calfe*; the *ſecond* year, a *brocket*; the *third* year, a *ſpade*; the *fourth* year, a *ſtag*; the *ſixth* year, a *hart*. A *roe-buck* is the *firſt* year, a *kid*; the *ſecond* year, a *gird*; the *third* year, a *hemuſe*; and theſe are your ſpecial beaſts for chaſe."

Again, in *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612: "I am but a *pricket*, a mere forell; my head's not harden'd yet."

STEEVENS.

repleniſhed; he is only an animal, only ſenſible in the duller parts;

And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be
(Which we of taſte and feeling are) for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he.[5]
For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool,
So, were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool:[6]

[5] *And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be*
*(Which* we of taſte *and feeling are) for thoſe parts that do fructify in us more than he.*] The length of theſe lines was no novelty on the Engliſh ſtage. The Moralities afford ſcenes of the like meaſure. JOHNSON.

This ſtubborn piece of nonſenſe, as ſomebody has called it, wants only a particle, I think, to make it ſenſe. I would read:

*And ſuch barren plants are ſet before us, that we thankful ſhould be,*
*(Which we* of *taſte and feeling are) for thoſe parts, that fructify in us more than he.*

*Which* in this paſſage has the force of *as*, according to an idiom of our language, not uncommon, though not ſtrictly grammatical. What follows is ſtill more irregular; for I am afraid our poet, for the ſake of his rhyme, has put *he* for *him*, or rather *in him*. If he had been writing proſe, he would have expreſſed his meaning, I believe, more clearly thus—*that do fructify in us more than in him.* TYRWHITT.

The old copies read—"which we taſte and feeling—." &c. I have placed Mr. Tyrwhitt's [illegible] in the text. STEEVENS.

Some examples confirming Dr. Johnſon's obſervation may be found at the end of *The Comedy of Errors*.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's laſt obſervation is fully ſupported by a ſubſequent paſſage:

" ——— and then we,
" Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of *ſhe*."
MALONE.

[6] *For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiſcreet, or a fool,*
*So, were there a patch ſet on learning, to ſee him in a ſchool:*] The meaning is, to be in a ſchool would ill become a *patch*, or low fellow, as folly would become me. JOHNSON.

But, *omne bene*, ſay I; being of an old father's mind,
*Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.*

*Dull.* You two are book-men: Can you tell by your wit,
What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

*Hol.* Dictynna,[7] good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

*Dull.* What is Dictynna?

*Nath.* A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

*Hol.* The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;
And raught not[8] to five weeks, when he came to fiveſcore.
The alluſion holds in the exchange.[9]

*Dull.* 'Tis true indeed; the colluſion holds in the exchange.

*Hol.* God comfort thy capacity! I ſay, the alluſion holds in the exchange.

[7] *Dictynna,*] Old copies—*Dictiſima*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Shakſpeare might have found this uncommon title for Diana, in the ſecond Book of Golding's tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*:

"*Dictynna* garded with her traine, and proud of killing deere."

It occurs alſo in the firſt ſatire of Marſton, 1598, and in the 9th *Thebaid* of Statius, 632. Steevens.

[8] *And* raught *not*—] i. e. *reach'd* not. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"——the fatal fruit
"*Raught* from the golden tree of Proſerpine."

Steevens.

[9] *The alluſion holds in the exchange.*] i. e. the riddle is as good when I uſe the name of Adam, as when I uſe the name of Cain. Warburton.

*Dull.* And I ſay the pollufion holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I ſay beſide, that 'twas a pricket that the princeſs kill'd.

*Hol.* Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have[1] call'd the deer the princeſs kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good maſter Holofernes, *perge*; ſo it ſhall pleaſe you to abrogate ſcurrility.

*Hol.* I will ſomething affect the letter;[2] for it argues facility.

*The praiſeful princeſs*[3] *pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleaſing pricket;*
*Some ſay, a ſore; but not a ſore, till now made ſore with ſhooting.*
*The dogs did yell; put l to ſore, then ſorel jumps from thicket;*
*Or pricket, ſore, or elſe ſorel; the people fall a hooting.*

[1] —— *I have* —] Theſe words were inſerted by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[2] —— affect *the letter*;] That is, I will practice alliteration. M. Mason.

To *affect* is thus uſed by Ben Jonſon in his *Diſcoveries*: "Spenſer in *affecting* the ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, [but] as Virgil read Ennius." Steevens.

[3] *The* praiſeful *princeſs*—] This emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. The quarto 1598, and folio, 1623, read corruptly—*prayful*. Malone.

The ridicule deſigned in this paſſage may not be unhappily illuſtrated by the alliteration in the following lines of Ulpian Fulwell, in his *Commendation of Queen Anne Bullayne*, which makes part of a collection called *The Flower of Fame*, printed, 1575:

"Whoſe princely praiſe hath pearſt the pricke,
"And price of endleſs fame," &c. Steevens.

*If ſore be ſore, then L to ſore makes fifty ſores; O ſore L!*[4]
*Of one ſore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.*

*Nath.* A rare talent!

*Dull.* If a talent be a claw,[5] look how he claws him with a talent.[6]

*Hol.* This is a gift that I have, ſimple, ſimple: a fooliſh extravagant ſpirit, full of forms, figures, ſhapes, objects, ideas, apprehenſions, motions, revolutions: theſe are begot in the ventricle of memory, nouriſhed in the womb of *pia mater*;[7] and deliver'd upon the mellowing of occaſion: But the gift is good in thoſe in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

*Nath.* Sir, I praiſe the Lord for you; and ſo may my pariſhioners; for their ſons are well tutor'd

[4] —— *O ſore L.!*] The old copies read—O *forell.* The neceſſary change was made by Dr. Warburton. The alluſion (as he obſerves) is to L, being the numeral for fifty.

This correction (ſays Mr. Malone,) is confirmed by the rhyme:

" A deer (he adds) during his third year is called a *forell.*"

STEEVENS.

[5] *If a* talent *be a claw*, &c.] In our author's time the *talon* of a bird was frequently written *talent.* Hence the quibble here, and in *Twelfth-Night*: " —let them uſe their *talents.*" So, in *The Firſt Part of the Contention between the Houſes of York and Lancaſter*, 1600:

" Are you the kite, Beaufort? where's your *talents?*"

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamberlaine*, 1590:

" ——and now doth ghaſtly death
" With greedy *tallents* gripe my bleeding heart."

MALONE.

[6] —— claws *him with a talent.*] Honeſt Dull quibbles. One of the ſenſes of to *claw*, is to flatter. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: " —laugh when I am merry, and *claw* no man in his humour." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *pia mater*;] See Vol. V. p. 265. STEEVENS.

by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

HOL. *Mehercle*, if their ſons be ingenious, they ſhall want no inſtruction: if their daughters be capable,[8] I will put it to them: But, *vir ſapit, qui pauca loquitur*: a ſoul feminine ſaluteth us.

*Enter* JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD.

*JAQ.* God give you good morrow, maſter perſon.

*HOL.* Maſter perſon,—*quaſi* perſ-on.[9] And if one ſhould be pierced, which is the one?

[8] —— *if their daughters be* capable, &c.] Of this *double entendre*, deſpicable as it is, Mr. Pope and his coadjutors availed themſelves, in their unſucceſsful comedy called *Three Hours after Marriage*. STEEVENS.

*Capable* is uſed equivocally. One of its ſenſes was *reaſonable*; endowed with a ready capacity to learn. So, in *King Richard III*:

" O 'tis a parlous boy,
" Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*."

The other wants no explanation. MALONE.

[9] —— *quaſi* perſ-on.] So, in Holinſhed, p. 953: " Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garrard was *perſon* of Honie-lane." Again, in *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell*, 1560:

" And ſend ſuch whens home to our *perſon* or vicar."

I believe, however, we ſhould write the word—pers-*one*. The ſame play on the word *pierce* is put into the mouth of *Falſtaff*. STEEVENS.

The words *one* and *on* were, I believe, pronounced nearly alike, at leaſt in ſome counties, in our author's time; the quibble, therefore, that Mr. Steevens has noted, may have been intended as the text now ſtands. In the ſame ſtyle afterwards Moth ſays: " Offer'd by a child to an old man, which is *wit-old*.

*Perſon*, as Sir William Blackſtone obſerves in his *Commentaries*, is the original and proper term; *Perſona* eccleſiæ. MALONE.

*Cost.* Marry, maſter ſchoolmaſter, he that is likeſt to a hogſhead.

*Hol.* Of piercing a hogſhead! a good luſtre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a ſwine: 'tis pretty; it is well.

*Jaq.* Good maſter parſon, be ſo good as read me this letter; it was given me by Coſtard, and ſent me from Don Armatho: I beſeech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauſte, precor gelidâ*[1] *quando pecus omne*
*ſub umbrâ*

[1] Hol. *Fauſte, precor gelidâ*—] Though all the editions concur to give this ſpeech to Sir Nathaniel, yet, as Dr. Thirlby ingeniouſly obſerved to me, it is evident it muſt belong to *Holofernes*. The Curate is employed in reading the letter to himſelf; and while he is doing ſo, that the ſtage may not ſtand ſtill, Holofernes either pulls out a book, or, repeating ſome verſe by heart from Mantuanus, comments upon the character of that poet. Baptiſta Spagnolus [ſirnamed Mantuanus, from the place of his birth) was a writer of poems, who flouriſhed towards the latter end of the 15th century. Theobald.

*Fauſte, precor gelidâ* &c.] A note of La Monnoye's on theſe very words in *Les Contes des Periers*, Nov. 42, will explain the humour of the quotation, and ſhew how well Shakſpeare ſuſtained the character of his pedant.—*Il deſigne le Carme Baptiſte Mantuan, dont au commencement du* 16 *ſiecle on liſoit publiquement à Paris les Poeſies; ſi celebres alors, que, comme dit plaiſamment Farnabe, dans ſa preface ſur Martial, les Pedans ne faiſoient nulle difficulté de preferer à le* Arma virumque cano, *le* Fauſte precor gelida; *c'eſt-à-dire, à l' Eneide de Virgil les Eclogues de Mantuan, la premiere deſquelles commence par,* Fauſte, precor gelidâ. Warburton.

The *Eclogues* of Mantuanus the Carmelite were tranſlated before the time of Shakſpeare, and the Latin printed on the oppoſite ſide of the page, for the uſe of ſchools. In the year 1594 they were alſo verſified by Turberville. Steevens.

From a paſſage in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a ſchool-book in our author's time: "With the firſt and ſecond leafe he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdits *Pierce Pennileſſe* for *a grammar-ſchool wit*; ſaies, his margine

*Ruminat*,—and ſo forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may ſpeak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

——*Vinegia, Vinegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*[2]

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who underſtandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, ſol, la, mi, fa.*[3]—Under pardon, ſir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace ſays in his—What, my ſoul, verſes?

is as deeply learned as *Fauſte precor gelida.*" A tranſlation of Mantuanus by George Turberville was printed in 8vo. in 1567. MALONE.

[2] —— *Vinegia, Vinegia,*
*Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.*] Our author is applying the praiſes of Mantuanus to a common proverbial ſentence, ſaid of Venice. *Vinegia, Vinegia! qui non te vedi, ei non te pregia.* O Venice, Venice, he who has never ſeen thee, has thee not in eſteem. THEOBALD.

The proverb, as I am informed, is this: *He that ſees Venice little, values it much; he that ſees it much, values it little.* But I ſuppoſe Mr. Theobald is right, for the true proverb would not ſerve the ſpeaker's purpoſe. JOHNSON.

The proverb ſtands thus in Howell's *Letters*, B. I. ſect. i. l. 36:

" *Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,*
" *Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto le diſpregia.*"
" Venice, Venice, none thee unſeen can prize;
" Who thee hath ſeen too much, will thee deſpiſe."

The players in their edition, have thus printed the firſt line. *Vemchie, vencha, que non te unde, que non te perreche.*

Mr. Malone obſerves that " the editor of the firſt folio here, as in many other inſtances, implicitly copied the preceding quarto. The text was corrected by Mr. Theobald." STEEVENS.

Our author, I believe, found this Italian proverb in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 4to. 1591, where it ſtands thus:

" Venetia, chi non ti vede, non ti pretia;
" Ma chi ti vede, ben gli coſta." MALONE.

[3] *Ut, re, ſol,* &c.] He hums the notes of the gamut, as Edmund does in *King Lear*, Act I. ſc. ii. where ſee Dr. Burney's note. DOUCE.

*Nath.* Ay, ſir, and very learned.

*Hol.* Let me hear a ſtaff, a ſtanza, a verſe; *Lege, domine.*

*Nath.* If love make me forſworn,[4] how ſhall I
ſwear to love?
Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vowed!
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll faithful
prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like
oſiers bowed.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine
eyes;
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art would
comprehend:
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall
ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee
commend:
All ignorant that ſoul, that ſees thee without
wonder;
(Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts
admire;)
Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which, not to anger bent, is muſick, and ſweet
fire.[5]

[4] *If love make me forſworn,* &c.] Theſe verſes are printed with ſome variations in a book entitled *The Paſſionate Pilgrim,* 8vo. 1599. Malone.

[5] —— *thy* voice *his dreadful* thunder,
*Which, not to anger bent, is* muſick *and ſweet fire.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

Celeſtial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That ſings heaven's praiſe with ſuch an earthly tongue!

*Hol.* You find not the apoſtrophes, and ſo miſs the accent: let me ſuperviſe the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified;[6] but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poeſy, *caret*. Ovidius Naſo was the man: and why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fan-

" ——his *voice* was *propertied*
" As all the *tuned ſpheres*, and that to friends;
" But when he meant to quail, and ſhake the orb,
" He was as ratling *thunder*." MALONE.

[6] *Here are only numbers ratified*;] Though this ſpeech has all along been placed to Sir Nathaniel, I have ventured to join it to the preceding words of Holofernes; and not without reaſon. The ſpeaker here is impeaching the verſes; but Sir Nathaniel, as it appears above, thought them learned ones: beſides, as Dr. Thirlby obſerves, almoſt every word of this ſpeech fathers itſelf on the pedant. So much for the regulation of it: now, a little to the contents.

*And why, indeed, Naſo; but for ſmelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy? the jerks of invention* imitary *is nothing.*

Sagacity with a vengeance! I ſhould be aſhamed to own myſelf a piece of a ſcholar, to pretend to the talk of an editor, and to paſs ſuch ſtuff as this upon the world for genuine. Who ever heard of *invention imitary?* Invention and imitation have ever been accounted two diſtinct things. The ſpeech is by a pedant, who frequently throws in a word of Latin amongſt his Engliſh; and he is here flouriſhing upon the merit of invention, beyond that of imitation, or copying after another. My correction makes the whole ſo plain and intelligible, that, I think, it carries conviction along with it. THEOBALD.

This pedantry appears to have been common in the age of Shakſpeare. The author of *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senſes for Superiority*, 1607, takes particular notice of it:

" I remember about the year 1602, many uſed this ſkew kind of language, which, in my opinion, is not much unlike the man, whom Ptolemy, the ſon of Lagus, king of Egypt, brought for a ſpectacle, half white and half black." STEEVENS.

cy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: ſo doth the hound his maſter, the ape his keeper, the tired horſe[7] his rider. But damoſella virgin, was this directed to you?

*Jaq.* Ay, ſir, from one Monſieur Biron,[8] one of the ſtrange queen's lords.

*Hol.* I will overglance the ſuperſcript. *To the ſnow-white hand of the moſt beauteous Lady Roſaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing[9] to the perſon written unto:

*Your Ladyſhip's in all deſired employment,* Biron.

Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a ſequent of the ſtranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progreſſion, hath miſcarried.—Trip

[7] ——*the* tired *horſe*—] The *tired* horſe was the horſe *adorned with ribbands*,—The famous *Bankes's horſe* ſo often alluded to. Lyly, in his *Mother Bombie*, brings in a Hackneyman and Mr. Halfpenny at croſs-purpoſes with this word: "Why didſt thou boare the horſe through the eares?" —"It was for *tiring*." "He would never *tire*," replies the other. Farmer.

So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, P. II. 1602:

"Slink to thy chamber then and *tyre* thee."

Again, in *What you will*, by Marſton, 1607:

"My love hath *tyred* ſome fidler like Albano."

Malone.

[8] *Ay, ſir, from one Monſieur Biron,*] Shakſpeare forgot himſelf in this paſſage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had ſaid, juſt before, that the letter had been "ſent to her from Don Armatho, and given to her by Coſtard." M. Mason.

[9] ——writing—] Old copies—*written*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. The firſt five lines of this ſpeech were reſtored to the right owner by Mr. Theobald. Inſtead of *Sir Nathaniel* the old copies have—*Sir Holofernes*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

and go, my ſweet;[1] deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

*Jaq.* Good Coſtard go with me.—Sir, God ſave your life!

*Cost.* Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* Cost. *and* Jaq.

*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiouſly; and, as a certain father ſaith——

*Hol.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours.[2] But, to return to the verſes; Did they pleaſe you, ſir Nathaniel?

*Nath.* Marvellous well for the pen.

*Hol.* I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repaſt,[3] it ſhall pleaſe you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foreſaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove thoſe verſes to be very unlearned, neither ſavouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beſeech your ſociety.

*Nath.* And thank you too: for ſociety, (ſaith the text,) is the happineſs of life.

[1] Trip and go, *my ſweet*;] Perhaps originally the burthen of a ſong. So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, by Naſhe, 1600:

"*Trip and go*, heave and hoe,
"Up and down, to and fro—." Malone.

Theſe words are certainly part of an old popular ſong. There is an ancient muſical medley beginning, *Trip and go hey!* Ritson.

[2] —— *colourable colours.*] That is ſpecious, or fair ſeeming appearances. Johnson.

[3] —— before *repaſt*,] Thus the quarto. Folio—*being* repaſt. Malone.

*Hol.* And, certes,[4] the text moſt infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [*To* Dull.] I do invite you too; you ſhall not ſay me, nay: *pauca verba.* Away; the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Another part of the ſame.*

*Enter* Biron, *with a paper.*

*Biron.* The king he is hunting the deer; I am courſing myſelf: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch;[5] pitch that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down, ſorrow! for ſo, they ſay, the fool ſaid, and ſo ſay I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills ſheep; it kills me,[6] I a ſheep: Well proved again on my ſide! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i'faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here

[4] ——certes,] i. e. certainly, in truth. So, in Chaucer's *Wif of Bathes Tale*, v. 6790:

"And *certes*, ſire, though non auctoritee
"Were in no book," &c. Steevens.

[5] ——*I am toiling in a pitch;*] Alluding to lady Roſaline's complexion, who is through the whole play repreſented as a black beauty. Johnson.

[6] ——*this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills ſheep; it kills me,*] This is given as a proverb in Fuller's *Gnomologia*. Ritson.

my melancholy. Well, ſhe hath one o' my ſonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool ſent it, and the lady hath it: ſweet clown, ſweeter fool, ſweeteſt lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in: Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan!

[*Gets up into a tree.*

*Enter the* King, *with a paper.*

KING. Ah me!

BIRON. [*Aſide.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, ſweet Cupid; thou haſt thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap:—I'faith ſecrets.—

KING. [Reads.] *So ſweet a kiſs the golden ſun gives not*
*To thoſe freſh morning drops upon the roſe,*
*As thy eye-beams, when their freſh rays have ſmote*
*The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:*[7]
*Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright*
*Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,*
*As doth thy face through tears*[8] *of mine give light;*
*Thou ſhin'ſt in every tear that I do weep:*

[7] *The night of dew, that on my cheeks down flows;*] This phraſe, however quaint, is the poet's own. He means, *the dew that nightly flows down his cheeks.* Shakſpeare, in one of his other pieces, uſes *night of dew* for *dewy night,* but I cannot at preſent recollect in which. STEEVENS

[8] *Nor ſhines the ſilver moon one half ſo bright,*
*Through the tranſparent boſom of the deep,*
*As doth thy face through tears*—] So, in our poet's *Venus and Adonis:*

" But hers, which *through the chryſtal tears gave light,*
" Shone, *like the moon in water,* ſeen by night."

MALONE.

*No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,*
*So rideſt thou triúmphing in my woe;*
*Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,*
*And they thy glory through thy grief will ſhow:*
*But do not love thyſelf; then thou wilt keep*
*My tears for glaſſes, and ſtill make me weep.*
*O queen of queens, how far doſt thou excel!*
*No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—*

How ſhall ſhe know my griefs? I'll drop the paper;
Sweet leaves, ſhade folly. Who is he comes here?
[*Steps aſide.*

*Enter* LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! liſten, ear.

*BIRON.* Now, in thy likeneſs, one more fool, appear! [*Aſide.*

*LONG.* Ah me! I am forſworn.

*BIRON.* Why, he comes in like a perjure,[9] wearing papers. [*Aſide.*

*KING.* In love, I hope;[1] Sweet fellowſhip in ſhame! [*Aſide.*

*BIRON.* One drunkard loves another of the name. [*Aſide.*

[9] —— *he comes in like a perjure,*] The puniſhment of perjury is to wear on the breaſt a paper expreſſing the crime. JOHNSON.

Thus, Holinſhed, p. 838, ſpeaking of Cardinal Wolſey: "—he ſo puniſhed a perjurie with open puniſhment, and *open papers wearing*, that in his time it was leſs uſed."

Again, in Leiceſter's *Commonwealth*:—"the gentlemen were all taken and caſt into priſon, and afterwards were ſent down to Ludlow, there to *wear papers of perjury*." STEEVENS.

[1] *In love, I hope*; &c.] In the old copy this line is given to Longaville. The preſent regulation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

*Long.* Am I the firſt that have been perjur'd ſo?

Biron. [*Aſide.*] I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:
Thou mak'ſt the triumviry, the corner-cap of ſociety,
The ſhape of love's Tyburn that hangs up ſimplicity.

*Long.* I fear, theſe ſtubborn lines lack power to move:
O ſweet Maria, empreſs of my love!
Theſe numbers will I tear, and write in proſe.

Biron. [*Aſide.*] O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe:
Diſfigure not his ſlop.[2]

*Long.* This ſame ſhall go.—
[*He reads the ſonnet.*

[2] *O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hoſe:*
*Diſfigure not his* ſlop.] The old copies read—*ſhop.*
Steevens.

All the editions happen to concur in this error: but what agreement in ſenſe is there between Cupid's *hoſe* and his *ſhop?* or what relation can thoſe two terms have to one another? or, what, indeed, can be underſtood by Cupid's *ſhop?* It muſt undoubtedly be corrected, as I have reformed the text.

*Slops* are large and wide-knee'd breeches, the garb in faſhion in our author's days, as we may obſerve from old family pictures; but they are now worn only by boors and ſea-faring men: and we have dealers, whoſe ſole buſineſs it is to furniſh the ſailors with ſhirts, jackets, &c. who are called *ſlop-men*, and their ſhops, *ſlop-ſhops.* Theobald.

I ſuppoſe this alludes to the uſual tawdry dreſs of Cupid, when he appeared on the ſtage. In an old tranſlation of Caſa's *Galateo* is this precept: "Thou muſt wear no garments, that be over much daubed with *garding*: that men may not ſay, thou haſt *Ganimedes* hoſen, or *Cupides* doublet." Farmer.

*Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye*
*('Gainſt whom the world cannot hold argument,)*
*Perſuade my heart to this falſe perjury?*
*Vows, for thee broke, deſerve not puniſhment.*
*A woman I forſwore; but, I will prove,*
*Thou being a goddeſs, I forſwore not thee:*
*My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;*
*Thy grace being gain'd, cures all diſgrace in me.*
*Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:*
*Then thou, fair ſun, which on my earth doſt ſhine,*
*Exhal'ſt this vapour vow; in thee it is:*
*If broken then, it is no fault of mine;*
*If by me broke, What fool is not ſo wiſe,*
*To loſe an oath to win a paradiſe?*[3]

BIRON. [*Aſide.*] This is the liver vein,[4] which makes fleſh a deity;
A green gooſe, a goddeſs: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

*Enter* DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

*LONG.* By whom ſhall I ſend this?—Company! ſtay. [*Stepping aſide.*

BIRON. [*Aſide.*] All hid, all hid,[5] an old infant play:

[3] *To* loſe *an oath to win a paradiſe?*] The *Paſſionate Pilgrim*, 1599, in which this ſonnet is alſo found, reads—To *break* an oath. But the oppoſition between *loſe* and *win* is much in our author's manner. MALONE.

[4] ——*the liver vein,*] The liver was anciently ſuppoſed to be the ſeat of love. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"If ever *love* had intereſt in his *liver*." STEEVENS.

[5] *All hid, all hid,*] The children's cry at *hide and ſeek.* MUSGRAVE.

Like a demi-god here ſit I in the ſky,
And wretched fools' ſecrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More ſacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wiſh;
Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a diſh![6]

*Dum.* O moſt divine Kate!

*Biron.* O moſt prophane coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

*Dum.* By heaven, the wonder of a mortal eye!

*Biron.* By earth ſhe is but corporal; there you lie.[7] [*Aſide.*

[6] ——*four* woodcocks *in a diſh!*] See note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. ſc. i. Douce.

[7] *By earth, ſhe is* but *corporal; there you lie.*] Old edition: *By earth, ſhe is* not, corporal, *there you lie.*

Dumain, one of the lovers, in ſpite of his vow to the contrary, thinking himſelf alone here, breaks out into ſhort ſoliloquies of admiration on his miſtreſs; and Biron, who ſtands behind as an eves-dropper, takes pleaſure in contradicting his amorous raptures. But Dumain was a young lord; he had no ſort of poſt in the army: what wit, or alluſion, then, can there be in Biron's calling him *corporal?* I dare warrant, I have reſtored the poet's true meaning, which is this. Dumain calls his miſtreſs divine, and the wonder of a mortal eye; and Biron in flat terms denies theſe hyperbolical praiſes. I ſcarce need hint, that our poet commonly uſes *corporal*, as *corporeal*. Theobald.

I have no doubt that Theobald's emendation is right.

The word *corporal* in Shakſpeare's time, was uſed for *corporeal*. So, in *Macbeth*.—"each *corporal* agent."

Again:

"——and what ſeem'd *corporal*, melted
"As breath into the wind."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"His *corporal* motion govern'd by my ſpirit."

This adjective is found in Bullokar's *Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, but *corporeal* is not.

*Not* is again printed for *but* in the original copy of *The Comedy of Errors*, and in other places. Malone.

*Dum.* Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.[8]

*Biron.* An amber-colour'd raven was well noted. [*Aſide.*

*Dum.* As upright as the cedar.

*Biron.* Stoop, I ſay;
Her ſhoulder is with child. [*Aſide.*

*Dum.* As fair as day.

[8] —— *amber* coted.] To *cote* is to outſtrip, to overpaſs. So, in *Hamlet*:

" —— certain players
" We *coted* on the way."

Again, in Chapman's Homer:

" —— Words her worth had prov'd with deeds,
" Had more ground been allow'd the race, and *coted* far his ſteeds."

The beauty of *amber* conſiſts in its variegated *cloudineſs*, which *Dumain* calls *foulneſs*. The hair of his miſtreſs in varied ſhadows exceeded thoſe of amber. *Foul* may be uſed (as *fair* often is) as a ſubſtantive. Pliny in his *Nat. Hiſt.* B. XXXVII. ch. xi. p. 609, informs us that " Nero Domitius made a ſonnet in the praiſe of the haire of the Empreſſe Poppæa his wife, which he compared to *amber*; and from that time our daintie dames and fine ladies have begun to ſet their mind upon this colour," &c. STEEVENS.

*Quoted* here, I think, ſignifies *marked, written down*. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

" He *quoted* for a moſt perfidious knave."

The word in the old copy is—*coted*: but that (as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved in the laſt ſcene of this play,) is only the old ſpelling of *quoted*, owing to the tranſcriber's truſting to his ear, and following the pronunciation. To *cote*, is elſewhere uſed by our author, with the ſignification of *over-take*, but that will by no means ſuit here. MALONE.

The word here intended, though miſpelled, is *quoted*, which ſignifies *obſerved* or *regarded*, both here and in every place where it occurs in theſe plays; and the meaning is, that *amber itſelf is regarded as foul, when compared with her hair.*

M. MASON.

*Biron.* Ay, as ſome days; but then no ſun muſt ſhine. [*Aſide.*

*Dum.* O that I had my wiſh!

*Long.* And I had mine! [*Aſide.*

*King.* And I mine too, good Lord! [*Aſide.*

*Biron.* Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word? [*Aſide.*

*Dum.* I would forget her; but a fever ſhe
Reigns in my blood,[9] and will remember'd be.

*Biron.* A fever in your blood, why, then inciſion
Would let her out in ſaucers;[1] Sweet miſpriſion! [*Aſide.*

*Dum.* Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

*Biron.* Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. [*Aſide.*

[9] ——— *but a fever ſhe*
*Reigns in my blood,*] So, in *Hamlet:*
" For, like the hectic, in my blood he rages."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *why, then* inciſion
*Would let her out in ſaucers;*] It was the faſhion among the young gallants of that age, to ſtab themſelves in the arms, or elſewhere, in order to drink their miſtreſs's health, or write her name in their blood, as a proof of their paſſion.

Thus, in *The Humorous Lieutenant*, a gentleman gives the following deſcription of him, when in love with the King:

" Thus he begins, though light and life of creatures,
" Angel-ey'd king, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
" And ſo proceeds to *inciſion.*"

But the cuſtom is more particularly deſcribed in Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*, where Phantaſte, deſcribing the different modes of making love, ſays:—" A fourth with *ſtabbing* himſelf, and *drinking healths*, or writing *languiſhing letters in his blood.*"—And in the Palinode, at the end of the play, Amorphus ſays: " From *ſtabbing of arms*, &c. Good Mercury deliver us!"
M. MASON.

DUM. *On a day, (alack the day!)*
*Love, whoſe month is ever May,*
*Spied a bloſſom, paſſing fair,*
*Playing in the wanton air:*
*Through the velvet leaves the wind,*
*All unſeen, 'gan paſſage find;*[2]
*That the lover, ſick to death,*
*Wiſh'd himſelf the heaven's breath.*
*Air,* quoth he, *thy cheeks may blow;*
*Air, would I might triumph ſo!*[3]
*But alack, my hand is ſworn,*[4]
*Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:*[5]
*Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;*
*Youth ſo apt to pluck a ſweet.*
*Do not call it ſin in me,*
*That I am forſworn for thee:*
*Thou for whom even Jove would ſwear,*[6]
*Juno but an Ethiop were;*

[2] ——'gan *paſſage find;*] The quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio, have—*can.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the line next but one, *Wiſh* (the reading of the old copies) was corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] *Air, would I might triumph ſo!*] Perhaps we may better read:
" Ah! *would I might triumph ſo!*" JOHNSON.

[4] —— *my hand* is *ſworn,*] A copy of this ſonnet is printed in England's *Helicon,* 1614, and reads:
" But, alas! my hand *hath* ſworn."
It is likewiſe printed as Shakſpeare's, in Jaggard's *Collection,* 1599. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*from thy* thorn:] So, Mr. Pope. The original copy reads—*throne.* MALONE.

[6] —— even *Jove would ſwear,*] The word *even* has been ſupplied; and the two preceding lines are wanting in the copy publiſhed in England's *Helicon,* 1614. STEEVENS.

*Swear* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. Mr. Pope, not attending to this, reads—*ev'n* Jove, which has been adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

*And deny himſelf for Jove,*
*Turning mortal for thy love.—*

This will I ſend; and ſomething elſe more plain,
That ſhall expreſs my true love's faſting pain.[7]
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

*Long.* Dumain, [*advancing.*] thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief deſir'ſt ſociety:
You may look pale, but I ſhould bluſh, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping ſo.

*King.* Come, ſir, [*advancing.*] you bluſh; as his your caſe is ſuch;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never ſonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving boſom, to keep down his heart.
I have been cloſely ſhrouded in this buſh,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty rhymes, obſerv'd your faſhion;
Saw ſighs reek from you, noted well your paſſion:
Ah me! ſays one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs[8] were gold, cryſtal the other's eyes:

I would willingly abandon the adoption, if I could read the line without it, and perſuade myſelf that I was reading a verſe. But when was *ſwear* ever uſed as a diſſyllable, at the end of a verſe? Steevens.

[7] —— *my true love's* faſting *pain.*] *Faſting* is *longing, hungry, wanting.* Johnson.

[8] One, *her hairs*—] The folio reads—*On* her hairs, &c. I ſome years ago conjectured that we ſhould read—*One,* her hairs were gold, &c. i. e. *the hairs of* one *of the ladies were of*

You would for paradiſe break faith and troth;
[*To* LONG.
And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
[*To* DUMAIN.
What will Birón ſay, when that he ſhall hear
A faith infring'd, which ſuch a zeal did ſwear?[9]
How will he ſcorn? how will he ſpend his wit?
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that ever I did ſee,
I would not have him know ſo much by me.

*Birón.* Now ſtep I forth to whip hypocriſy.—
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me:
[*Deſcends from the tree.*
Good heart, what grace haſt thou, thus to reprove
Theſe worms for loving,[1] that art moſt in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches;[2] in your tears,
There is no certain princeſs that appears:

*the colour of gold, and the eyes of the* other *as clear as cryſtal.* The King is ſpeaking of the panegyricks pronounced by the two lovers on their miſtreſſes. On examining the firſt quarto, 1598, I have found my conjecture confirmed; for ſo it reads. *One* and *on* are frequently confounded in the old copies of our author's plays. See a note on *King John*, Act III. ſc. iii. MALONE.

[9] A *faith infring'd, which ſuch* a *zeal did ſwear?*] The repeated article A (which is wanting in the oldeſt copy) appears to have been judiciouſly reſtored by the editor of the folio 1632. At leaſt, I ſhall adopt his ſupplement, till ſome hardy critick ariſes and declares himſelf ſatisfied with the following line:

" Faith infringed, which ſuch *zeal* did ſwear—"

in which " ze—al" muſt be employed as a diſſyllable. See Mr. Malone's note 6, p. 109. STEEVENS.

[1] *Theſe* worms *for loving,*] So, in *The Tempeſt*, Proſpero addreſſing Miranda, ſays—

" Poor *worm*, thou art infected." STEEVENS.

[2] *Your eyes do make no* coaches;] Alluding to a paſſage in the king's ſonnet:

" No drop but as a *coach* doth carry thee." STEEVENS.

The old copy has—*couches.* Mr. Pope corrected it. MALONE.

You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tuſh, none but minſtrels like of ſonneting.
But are you not aſham'd? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'erſhot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did ſee;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O, what a ſcene of foolery I have ſeen,
Of ſighs, of groans, of ſorrow, and of teen![3]
O me, with what ſtrict patience have I ſat,
To ſee a king transformed to a gnat![4]

[3] —— teen!] i. e. grief. So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" To think o' the *teen* that I have turn'd you to."
STEEVENS.

[4] *To ſee a king transformed to a* gnat!] Mr. Theobald and the ſucceeding editors read—to a *knot*. MALONE.

*Knot* has no ſenſe that can ſuit this place. We may read—*ſot*. The rhymes in this play are ſuch as that *ſat* and *ſot* may be well enough admitted. JOHNSON.

A *knot* is, I believe, a *true lover's knot*, meaning that the king laid—
" —— his wreathed arms athwart
" His loving boſom—"
ſo long; i. e. remained ſo long in the lover's poſture, that he ſeemed actually transformed into a *knot*. The word *ſat* is in ſome counties pronounced *ſot*. This may account for the ſeeming want of exact rhyme.

In the old comedy of *Allumazar*, the ſame thought occurs:
" Why ſhould I twine my arms to *cables*?"
So, in *The Tempeſt*:
" ——— ſitting,
" His arms in this ſad *knot*."
Again, in *Titus Andronicus*:
" Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen *knot*:
" Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
" And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief
" With folded arms."
Again, in *The Raging Turk*, 1631:
" —— as he walk'd,
" Folding his arms up in a penſive *knot*."
The old copy, however, reads—a *gnat*, and Mr. Tollet ſeems to think it contains an alluſion to *St. Matthew*, xxiii. 24, where

To ſee great Hercules whipping a gigg,
And profound Solomon to tune a jigg,
And Neſtor play at puſh-pin with the boys,
And critick Timon[5] laugh at idle toys!

the metaphorical term of *a gnat* means a thing of leaſt importance, or what is proverbially ſmall. The ſmallneſs of a *gnat* is likewiſe mentioned in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

A *knott* is likewiſe a Lincolnſhire bird of the ſnipe kind. It is fooliſh even to a proverb, and it is ſaid to be eaſily enſnared. Ray, in his *Ornithology*, obſerves, that it took its name from Canute, who was particularly fond of it. COLLINS.

So, in *The Alchemiſt*:

" My foot-boy ſhall eat pheaſants, &c.
" *Knotts*, godwits," &c.

Again, in the 25th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" The *knot* that called was Canutus' bird of old,
" Of that great king of Danes his name that ſtill doth hold,
" His appetite to pleaſe that far and near were ſought."

STEEVENS.

*To ſee a king transformed to a* gnat!] Alluding to the ſinging of that inſect, ſuggeſted by the poetry the king had been detected in. HEATH.

The original reading, and Mr. Heath's explanation of it, are confirmed by a paſſage in Spenſer's *Fairy Queene*, B. II. c. ix:

" As when a ſwarme of *gnats* at even-tide
" Out of the fennes of Allan doe ariſe,
" Their *murmuring* ſmall *trompettes ſounden* wide," &c.

MALONE.

*Gnat* is undoubtedly the true reading, and is that, it ſeems, of the old copy. Biron is abuſing the King for his ſonnetting like a minſtrel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which always ſings as it flies. Beſides, the word *gnat* preſerves the rhyme, which is here to be attended to. M. MASON.

[5] ——critick *Timon*—] *Critic* and *critical* are uſed by our author in the ſame ſenſe as *cynic* and *cynical*. Iago, ſpeaking of the fair ſex as harſhly as is ſometimes the practice of Dr. Warburton, declares he is *nothing if not critical*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's obſervation is ſupported by our author's 112th Sonnet:

" ——my adder's ſenſe
" To *critick* and to *flatterer* ſtopped are." MALONE.

Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breaſt:—
A caudle, ho!

*King.* Too bitter is thy jeſt.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

*Biron.* Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honeſt; I, that hold it ſin
To break the vow I am engaged in;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With moon-like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.[6]

[6] *With* moon-*like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy,*] The old copy reads—"*men*-like men." Steevens.

This is a ſtrange ſenſeleſs line, and ſhould be read thus:
*With* vane-*like men, of ſtrange inconſtancy.*
Warburton.

This is well imagined, but the poet perhaps may mean, *with men like* common *men.* Johnson.

The following paſſage in *King Henry VI.* P. III. adds ſome ſupport to Dr. Warburton's conjecture:

"Look, as I blow this *feather* from my face,
"And as the air blows it to me again,
"Obeying with my *wind* when I do blow,
"And yielding to another when it blows,
"Commanded always by the greater guſt;
"*Such is the lightneſs of your common men.*"

*Strange,* which is not in the quarto or firſt folio, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio, and conſequently any other word as well as that may have been the author's; for all the additions in that copy were manifeſtly arbitrary, and are generally injudicious. Malone.

Slight as the authority of the ſecond folio is here repreſented to be, who will venture to diſplace *ſtrange,* and put any other word in its place? Steevens.

I agree with the editors in conſidering this paſſage as erroneous, but not in the amendment propoſed. That which I would ſuggeſt is, to read *moon-like,* inſtead of *men-like,* which is a more poetical expreſſion, and nearer to the old reading than *vane-like.*
M. Mason.

When ſhall you ſee me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for Joan? or ſpend a minute's time
In pruning me?[7] When ſhall you hear that I
Will praiſe a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a ſtate,[8] a brow, a breaſt, a waiſt,
A leg, a limb?—

*King.* Soft; Whither away ſo faſt?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops ſo?

*Biron.* I poſt from love; good lover, let me go.

*Enter* Jaquenetta *and* Costard.

*Jaq.* God bleſs the king!

*King.* What preſent haſt thou there?

*Cost.* Some certain treaſon.

*King.* What makes treaſon here?

I have not ſcrupled to place this happy emendation in the text; remarking at the ſame time that a *vane* is no where ſtyled *inconſtant*, although our author beſtows that epithet on the *moon* in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —— the *inconſtant moon*
" That monthly changes—."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —— now from head to foot
" I am marble-*conſtant*, now the *fleeting moon*
" No planet is of mine." Steevens.

Again, more appoſitely, in *As you like it*: " —being but a *mooniſh* youth, changeable,"—*inconſtant*, &c. Malone.

[7] *In* pruning *me* "] A bird is ſaid to *prune* himſelf when he picks and ſleeks his feathers. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" Which makes him *prune* himſelf, and briſtle up
" The creſt of youth—." Steevens.

[8] —— *a gait, a* ſtate,] *State*, I believe, in the preſent inſtance, is oppoſed to gait (i. e. the motion) and ſignifies the act of *ſtanding*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Her motion and her *ſtation* are as one." Steevens

*Cost.* Nay, it makes nothing, ſir.

*King.* If it mar nothing neither,
The treaſon, and you, go in peace away together.

*Jaq.* I beſeech your grace, let this letter be read;
Our parſon[9] miſdoubts it; 'twas treaſon, he ſaid.

*King.* Biron, read it over.

[*Giving him the letter.*

Where hadſt thou it?

*Jaq.* Of Coſtard.

*King.* Where hadſt thou it?

*Cost.* Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

*King.* How now! what is in you? why doſt thou tear it?

*Biron.* A toy, my liege, a toy; your grace needs not fear it.

*Long.* It did move him to paſſion, and therefore let's hear it.

*Dum.* It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Picks up the pieces.*

*Biron.* Ah, you whoreſon loggerhead, [*To* Costard.] you were born to do me ſhame.—
Guilty, my lord, guilty; I confeſs, I confeſs.

*King.* What?

*Biron.* That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the meſs:
He, he, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purſes in love, and we deſerve to die.

[9] *Our* parſon—] Here, as in a former inſtance, in the authentick copies of this play, this word is ſpelt *perſon*; but there being no reaſon for adhering here to the old ſpelling, the modern is preferred. Malone.

O, diſmiſs this audience, and I ſhall tell you more.

*Dum.* Now the number is even.

*Biron.* True true; we are four:—
Will theſe turtles be gone?

*King.* Hence, ſirs; away.

*Cost.* Walk aſide the true folk, and let the traitors ſtay. [*Exeunt* Cost. *and* Jaquenet.

*Biron.* Sweet lords, ſweet lovers, O let us embrace!
As true we are, as fleſh and blood can be:
The ſea will ebb and flow, heaven ſhow his face;
Young blood will not obey an old decree:
We cannot croſs the cauſe why we were born;
Therefore, of all hands muſt we be forſworn.

*King.* What, did theſe rent lines ſhow ſome love of thine?

*Biron.* Did they, quoth you? Who ſees the heavenly Roſaline,
That, like a rude and ſavage man of Inde,
At the firſt opening of the gorgeous eaſt,[1]
Bows not his vaſſal head; and, ſtrucken blind,
Kiſſes the baſe ground with obedient breaſt?
What peremptory eagle-ſighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majeſty?

*King.* What zeal, what fury hath inſpir'd thee now?
My love, her miſtreſs, is a gracious moon;

[1] ——*the gorgeous eaſt,*] Milton has tranſplanted this into the third line of the ſecond Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:
" Or where *the gorgeous eaſt*—." Steevens.

She, an attending ſtar,[2] ſcarce ſeen a light.

*Biron.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Birón:[3]
O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd ſovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where ſeveral worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itſelf doth ſeek.
Lend me the flouriſh of all gentle tongues,—
Fye, painted rhetorick! O, ſhe needs it not:
To things of ſale a ſeller's praiſe belongs;[4]
She paſſes praiſe; then praiſe too ſhort doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-ſcore winters worn,
Might ſhake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varniſh age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the ſun, that maketh all things ſhine!

*King.* By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

[2] *She, an attending ſtar,*] Something like this is a ſtanza of Sir Henry Wotton, of which the poetical reader will forgive the inſertion:

" You meaner beauties of the night,
" That poorly ſatisfy our eyes,
" More by your number than your light,
" You common people of the ſkies,
" What are you when the ſun ſhall riſe?" Johnson.

" —— Micat inter omnes
" Julium ſidus, velut inter ignes
" Luna minores." *Hor.* Malone.

[3] *My eyes are then no eyes, nor I* Birón:] Here, and indeed throughout this play, the name of Birón is accented on the ſecond ſyllable. In the firſt quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, he is always called *Berowne*. From the line before us it appears, that in our author's time the name was pronounced *Biroon*.
Malone.

[4] *To things of ſale a ſeller's* praiſe *belongs*;] So, in our author's 21ſt Sonnet:

" I will not *praiſe*, that purpoſe not to *ſell*." Malone.

*Biron.* Is ebony like her? O wood divine![5]
A wife of ſuch wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may ſwear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.[6]

*King.* O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of night;[7]
And beauty's creſt becomes the heavens well.[8]

*Biron.* Devils ſooneſt tempt, reſembling ſpirits of light.

[5] *Is ebony like her? O wood divine!*] *Word* is the reading of all the editions that I have ſeen: but both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concurr'd in reading: (as I had likewiſe conjectured)
—— *O* wood *divine!* THEOBALD.

[6] —— *beauty doth beauty lack,*
*If that ſhe learn not of her eye to look:*
*No face is fair, that is not full ſo black.*] So, in our poet's 132d Sonnet:
" ——thoſe two *mourning* eyes become thy face:—
" O, let it then as well beſeem thy heart
" To mourn for me;—
" Then will I ſwear, *beauty herſelf is black,*
" *And all they foul, that thy complexion lack.*"
See alſo his 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

[7] —— Black *is the badge of* hell,
*The hue of dungeons, and the* ſcowl *of night;*] In former editions:
——*the* ſchool *of night.*
*Black* being the *ſchool* of night, is a piece of myſtery above my comprehenſion. I had gueſſed, it ſhould be:
——*the* ſtole *of night:*
but I have preferred the conjecture of my friend Mr. Warburton, who reads:
——*the* ſcowl *of night,*
as it comes nearer in pronunciation to the corrupted reading, as well as agrees better with the other images. THEOBALD.

In our author's 148th Sonnet we have—
" Who art as *black* as *hell,* as *dark* as night."
MALONE.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,
It mourns, that painting, and uſurping hair,[9]
Should raviſh doters with a falſe aſpect;
And therefore is ſhe born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the faſhion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red, that would avoid diſpraiſe,
Paints itſelf black, to imitate her brow.

*And beauty's* creſt *becomes the heavens well.*] *Creſt* is here properly oppoſed to *badge*. *Black*, ſays the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is *the creſt of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful: *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely. JOHNSON.

And beauty's *creſt* becomes the heavens well, i. e. the very *top* the *height* of beauty, or the utmoſt degree of fairneſs, becomes the heavens. So the word *creſt* is explained by the poet himſelf in *King John*:

" —— this is the very *top*
" The *height*, the *creſt*, or *creſt* unto the *creſt*
" Of murder's arms."

In heraldry, a *creſt* is a device placed above a coat of arms. Shakſpeare therefore aſſumes the liberty to uſe it in a ſenſe equivalent to *top* or *utmoſt height*, as he has uſed *ſpire* in *Coriolanus*:

" —— to the *ſpire* and top of praiſes vouch'd."

So, in *Timon of Athens*: " —the *cap* of all the fools alive" is the top of them all, becauſe *cap* was the uppermoſt part of a man's dreſs. TOLLET.

Ben Jonſon, in *Love's Triumph through Calipolis*, a Maſque, ſays:

" To you that are by excellence a queen,
" The *top of beauty*," &c.

Again, in *The Mirror of Knighthood*, P. I. ch. xiv:

" — in the *top and pitch of all beauty*, ſo that theyr matches are not to bee had." STEEVENS.

[9] —— and *uſurping hair*,] *And*, which is wanting in the old copies, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. *Uſurping hair* alludes to the faſhion, which prevailed among ladies in our author's time, of wearing falſe hair, or *periwigs*, as they were then called, before that kind of covering for the head was worn by men. The ſentiments here uttered by Biron, may be found, in nearly the ſame words, in our author's 127th Sonnet. MALONE.

*Dum.* To look like her, are chimney-ſweepers black.

*Long.* And, ſince her time, are colliers counted bright.

*King.* And Ethiops of their ſweet complexion crack.

*Dum.* Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

*Biron.* Your miſtreſſes dare never come in rain,
For fear their colours ſhould be waſh'd away.

*King.* 'Twere good, yours did; for, ſir, to tell you plain,
I'll find a fairer face not waſh'd to-day.

*Biron.* I'll prove her fair, or talk till dooms-day here.

*King.* No devil will fright thee then ſo much as ſhe.

*Dum.* I never knew man hold vile ſtuff ſo dear.

*Long.* Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face ſee. [*Showing his ſhoe.*

*Biron.* O, if the ſtreets were paved with thine eyes,
Her feet were much too dainty for ſuch tread!

*Dum.* O vile! then as ſhe goes, what upward lies
The ſtreet ſhould ſee as ſhe walk'd over head.

*King.* But what of this? Are we not all in love?

*Biron.* O, nothing ſo ſure; and thereby all forſworn.

*King.* Then leave this chat; and, good Birón, now prove
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

*Dum.* Ay, marry, there;—ſome flattery for this evil.

*Long.* O, ſome authority how to proceed;
Some tricks, ſome quillets,[1] how to cheat the devil.

*Dum.* Some ſalve for perjury.

*Biron.* O, tis more than need!
Have at you then, affection's men at arms:[2]
Conſider, what you firſt did ſwear unto;—
To faſt,—to ſtudy,—and to ſee no woman;—
Flat treaſon 'gainſt the kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomachs are too young;
And abſtinence engenders maladies.
And where that you have vow'd to ſtudy, lords,
In that each of you hath forſworn[3] his book:
Can you ſtill dream, and pore, and thereon look?
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,
Have found the ground of ſtudy's excellence,
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive?
They are the ground, the books, the academes,
From whence doth ſpring the true Promethean fire.
Why, univerſal plodding priſons up[4]

[1] ——*ſome* quillets,] *Quillet* is the peculiar word applied to law-chicane. I imagine the original to be this. In the French pleadings, every ſeveral allegation in the plaintiff's charge, and every diſtinct plea in the defendant's anſwer, began with the words *qu'il eſt*:—from whence was formed the word *quillet*, to ſignify a falſe charge or an evaſive anſwer. Warburton.

[2] ——*affection's men at arms:*] *A man at arms*, is a ſoldier armed at all points both offenſively and defenſively. It is no more than, *Ye ſoldiers of affection.* Johnson.

[3] ——hath *forſworn*—] Old copies—*have*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[4] ——priſons *up*—] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—*poiſons* up. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. A paſſage in *King John* may add ſome ſupport to it:

The nimble ſpirits in the arteries;[5]
As motion, and long during-action, tires
The ſinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forſworn the uſe of eyes;
And ſtudy too, the cauſer of your vow:
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beauty as a woman's eye?[6]
Learning is but an adjunct to ourſelf,
And where we are, our learning likewiſe is.
Then, when ourſelves we ſee in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewiſe ſee our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to ſtudy, lords;
And in that vow we have forſworn our books;[7]
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation, have found out
Such fiery numbers,[8] as the prompting eyes

" Or, if that ſurly ſpirit, melancholy,
" Had bak'd thy blood, and made it *heavy, thick*,
" Which eaſe *runs tickling* up and down the veins," &c.
MALONE.

[5] *The nimble ſpirits in the* arteries;] In the old ſyſtem of phyſic they gave the ſame office to the *arteries* as is now given to the nerves; as appears from the name, which is derived from *αειρω τηρειν*. WARBURTON.

[6] *Teach ſuch* beauty *as a woman's eye?*] i. e. a lady's eyes give a fuller notion of beauty than any author. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*our books*;] i. e. our true *books*, from which we derive moſt information;—the *eyes* of women. MALONE.

[8] *In leaden contemplation, have found out*
*Such* fiery numbers,] *Numbers* are, in this paſſage, nothing more than *poetical meaſures*. *Could you*, ſays Biron, *by ſolitary contemplation, have attained ſuch poetical* fire, *ſuch ſprightly numbers, as have been prompted by the eyes of beauty?*
JOHNSON.

*In* leaden *contemplation*.] So, in Milton's *Il Penſeroſo*:
" With a ſad, *leaden*, downward caſt."
Again, in Gray's *Hymn to Adverſity*:
" With *leaden* eye that loves the ground." STEEVENS.

Of beauteous tutors[9] have enrich'd you with?
Other ſlow arts entirely keep the brain;[1]
And therefore finding barren practiſers,
Scarce ſhow a harveſt of their heavy toil:
But love, firſt learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in every power;
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious ſeeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the loweſt ſound,
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopp'd;[2]

[9] *Of* beauteous *tutors*—] Old copies.—*beauty's*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[1] *Other ſlow arts entirely* keep *the brain*;] As we ſay, *keep* the houſe, or *keep* their bed. M. MASON.

[2] —— *the ſuſpicious head of* theft *is ſtopp'd*;] i. e. a lover in purſuit of his miſtreſs has his ſenſe of hearing quicker than a thief (who ſuſpects every ſound he hears) in purſuit of his prey. WARBURTON.

"*The ſuſpicious head of theft* is the *head ſuſpicious* of theft." "He watches like one that fears robbing," ſays Speed, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. This tranſpoſition of the adjective is ſometimes met with. Grimme tells us, in *Damon and Pythias*:

"A *heavy* pouch *with golde* makes a light hart."

FARMER.

The *thief* is as watchful on his part, as the perſon who fears to be robbed, and Biron poetically makes *theft* a perſon. M. MASON.

Mr. M. Maſon might have countenanced his explanation, by a paſſage in *The Third Part of King Henry VI*:

"*Suſpicion* always haunts the guilty mind:
"The *thief* doth fear each buſh an officer:"

and yet my opinion concurs with that of Dr. Farmer; though his explanation is again controverted, by a writer who ſigns himſelf *Lucius* in *The Edinburgh Magazine*, Nov. 1786: "The *ſuſpicious head of theft* (ſays he) is the ſuſpicious head of *the*

Love's feeling is more ſoft, and ſenſible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled[3] ſnails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus groſs in taſte:
For valour, is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Heſperides?[4]
Subtle as ſphinx; as ſweet, and muſical,
As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair;[5]

*thief.* There is no man who liſtens ſo eagerly as a thief, or whoſe ears are ſo acutely upon the ſtretch." STEEVENS.

I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. MALONE.

[3] —— cockled —] i. e. inſhelled, like the fiſh called a *cockle*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Still climbing trees in the* Heſperides?] Our author had heard or read of "the gardens of the Heſperides," and ſeems to have thought that the latter word was the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept; as we ſay, the gardens of the *Tuilleries*, &c.

Our poet's contemporaries, I have lately obſerved, are chargeable with the ſame inaccuracy. So, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Robert Greene, 1598:

"Shew thee the tree, leav'd with refined gold,
"Whereon the fearful dragon held his ſeat,
"That watch'd *the garden*, call'd HESPERIDES."

The word may have been uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, 1597:

"And, like the dragon of the *Heſperides*,
"Shutteth the garden's gate—." MALONE.

[5] *As bright Apollo's lute, ſtrung with his hair*;] This expreſſion, like that other in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of—

"Orpheus' harp was ſtrung with poets' ſinews,"

is extremely beautiful, and highly figurative. Apollo, as the ſun, is repreſented with golden hair; ſo that a lute ſtrung with his hair means no more than ſtrung with gilded wire. WARBURTON.

"——as ſweet and muſical
"As bright Apollo's lute *ſtrung with his hair.*"

The author of the *Reviſal* ſuppoſes this expreſſion to be allegorical, p. 138: "Apollo's lute ſtrung with ſunbeams, which in poetry are called hair." But what idea is conveyed by Apollo's lute *ſtrung with ſunbeams?* Undoubtedly the words are to be taken in their literal ſenſe; and in the ſtyle of Italian imagery, the thought is highly elegant. The very ſame ſort of conception occurs in Lyly's *Mydas*, a play which moſt probably preceded

And, when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowſy with the harmony.[6]

Shakſpeare's. Act IV. ſc. i. Pan tells Apollo: "Had thy lute been of lawrell, and the *ſtrings* of *Daphne's haire*, thy tune might have been compared to my notes." &c. T. WARTON.

Lyly's *Mydas*, quoted by Mr. Warton, was publiſhed in 1..
The ſame thought occurs in *How to chuſe a Good Wife fr Bad*, 1602:

"Hath he not torn thoſe gold wires from thy head,
"Wherewith Apollo would have ſtrung his harp,
"And kept them to play muſick to the gods?"

Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolſey*, a poem, 1599:

"With whoſe hart-ſtrings Amphion's lute is ſtrung,
"And Orpheus' harp hangs warbling at his tongue."

STEEVENS.

[6] *And, when love ſpeaks, the voice of all the gods*
Makes *heaven drowſy with* the *harmony*.] This nonſenſe we ſhould read and point thus:

*And when love ſpeaks the voice of all the gods,*
Mark, *heaven drowſy with the harmony.*

i. e. in the voice of love alone is included the voice of all the gods. Alluding to that ancient theogony, that love was the parent and ſupport of all the gods. Hence, as Suidas tells us, Palæphatus wrote a poem called Ἀφροδίτης καὶ Ἔρωτος φωνὴ καὶ λόγος. *The Voice and Speech of Venus and Love*, which appears to have been a kind of coſmogony, the harmony of which is ſo great, that it calms and allays all kinds of diſorders: alluding again to the ancient uſe of muſic, which was to compoſe monarchs, when, by reaſon of the cares of empire, they uſed to paſs whole nights in reſtleſs inquietude. WARBURTON.

The ancient reading is—
"Make *heaven*————." JOHNSON.

I cannot find any reaſon for Dr. Warburton's emendation, nor do I believe the poet to have been at all acquainted with that ancient theogony mentioned by his critick. The former reading, with the ſlight addition of a ſingle letter, was, perhaps, the true one. *When love ſpeaks*, (ſays Biron) *the aſſembled gods reduce the element of the ſky to a calm, by their harmonious applauſes of this favoured orator.*

Mr. Collins obſerves, that the meaning of the paſſage may be this:—*That the voice of all the gods united, could inſpire only drowſineſs, when compared with the cheerful effects of the voice*

Never durſt poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's ſighs;

*of Love.* That ſenſe is ſufficiently congruous to the reſt of the ſpeech; and much the ſame thought occurs in *The Shepherd Arſileus' Reply to Syrenus' Song*, By Bar. Yong; publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

" Unleſſe mild *Love* poſſeſſe your amorous breaſts,
" If you ſing not to him, your ſongs *do wearie.*"

Dr. Warburton has raiſed the idea of his author, by imputing to him a knowledge, of which, I believe, he was not poſſeſſed; but ſhould either of theſe explanations prove the true one, I ſhall offer no apology for having made him ſtoop from the critick's elevation. I would, however, read:

Makes *heaven drowſy with* its *harmony.*

Though the words *mark!* and *behold!* are alike uſed to beſpeak or ſummon attention, yet the former of them appears ſo harſh in Dr. Warburton's emendation, that I read the line ſeveral times over before I perceived its meaning. To *ſpeak* the *voice* of the gods, appears to me as defective in the ſame way. Dr. Warburton, in a note on *All's well that ends well*, obſerves, that to *ſpeak a ſound* is a *barbariſm.* To *ſpeak a voice* is, I think, no leſs reprehenſible. STEEVENS.

The meaning is, whenever love ſpeaks, all the gods join their voices with his in harmonious concert. HEATH.

Makes *heaven drowſy with the harmony.*] The old copies read —*make.* The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. More correct writers than Shakſpeare often fall into this inaccuracy when a noun of multitude has preceded the verb. In a former part of this ſpeech the ſame error occurs: " —each of you *have* forſworn—."

For *makes*, read *make.* So, in *Twelfth-Night*: " —for every one of theſe *letters are* in my name."

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

" The *venom* of ſuch *looks*, we fairly hope,
" *Have* loſt their quality."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" The *poſture* of your *blows are* yet unknown."

Again, more appoſitely, in *King John*:

" How oft the *ſight* of *means* to do ill deeds
" *Make* ill deeds done."

So, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:

" The *outſide* of her *garments were* of lawn."

O, then his lines would raviſh ſavage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:[7]

See alſo, the ſacred writings: "The *number* of the *n*
gether *were* about an hundred and twenty." *Acts* i. 15
MALONE.

Few paſſages have been more canvaſſed than this. I
it wants no alteration of the words, but only of the poin
*And when love ſpeaks (the voice of all) the gods*
*Make heaven drowſy with thy harmony.*

Love, I apprehend, is called the *voice of all*, as gold, in *Timon*, is ſaid *to ſpeak with every tongue*; and *the gods* (being drowſy themſelves *with the harmony*) are ſuppoſed to make heaven drowſy. If one could poſſibly ſuſpect Shakſpeare of having read Pindar, one ſhould ſay, that the idea of muſic making the hearers drowſy, was borrowed from the firſt Pythian.
TYRWHITT.

Perhaps here is an accidental tranſpoſition. We may read, as I think, ſome one has propoſed before:
*The voice* makes *all the gods*
Of *heaven drowſy with the harmony.* FARMER.

That harmony had the power to make the hearers drowſy, the preſent commentator might infer from the effect it uſually produces on himſelf. In *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613, however, is an inſtance which ſhould weigh more with the reader:

"Howl forth ſome ditty, that vaſt hell may ring
"With charms all potent, earth *aſleep to bring.*"

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

"——muſic call, and ſtrike more dead,
"Than common *ſleep*, of all theſe five the ſenſe."
STEEVENS.

So, alſo, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"——ſoftly pray;,
"Let there be no noiſe made, my gentle friends,
"Unleſs ſome dull and favourable hand
"Will whiſper *muſick* to my wearied ſpirit."

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"——Moſt *heavenly muſick!*
"It nips me into liſtening, and *thick ſlumber*
"Hangs on mine eyes.—Let me reſt." MALONE.

[7] *From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:*] In this ſpeech I ſuſpect a more than common inſtance of the inaccuracy of the firſt publiſhers:

They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire;
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That ſhow, contain, and nouriſh all the world;
Elſe, none at all in aught proves excellent:
Then fools you were theſe women to forſwear;
Or, keeping what is ſworn, you will prove fools.
For wiſdom's ſake, a word that all men love;
Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men;[8]

*From women's eyes this doctrine I derive.*

and ſeveral other lines, are as unneceſſarily repeated. Dr. Warburton was aware of this, and omitted two verſes, which Dr. Johnſon has ſince inſerted. Perhaps the players printed from piece-meal parts, or retained what the author had rejected, as well as what had undergone his reviſal. It is here given according to the regulation of the old copies. STEEVENS.

This and the two following lines, are omitted by Warburton, not from inadvertency, but becauſe they are repeated in a ſubſequent part of the ſpeech. There are alſo ſome other lines repeated in the like manner. But we are not to conclude from thence, that any of theſe lines ought to be ſtruck out. Biron repeats the principal topicks of his argument, as preachers do their text, in order to recall the attention of the auditors to the ſubject of their diſcourſe. M. MASON.

[8] —— *a word that loves all men*;] We ſhould read:
—— *a word all* women *love.*
The following line:
*Or for men's ſake* (*the authors of* theſe *women*;)
which refers to this reading, puts it out of all queſtion.
WARBURTON.

Perhaps we might read thus, tranſpoſing the lines:
*Or for love's ſake, a word that loves all men*;
*For women's ſake, by whom we men are men*;
*Or for men's ſake, the authors of theſe women.*
The antitheſis of *a word that all men love*, and *a word which loves all men*, though in itſelf worth little, has much of the ſpirit of this play. JOHNSON.

There will be no difficulty, if we correct it to, "men's ſakes, the authors of theſe *words*." FARMER.

I think no alteration ſhould be admitted in theſe four lines, that deſtroys the artificial ſtructure of them, in which, as has

Or for men's ſake, the authors[9] of theſe wo
Or women's ſake, by whom we men are me
Let us once loſe our oaths, to find ourſelve
Or elſe we loſe ourſelves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forſworn:
For charity itſelf fulfils the law;
And who can ſever love from charity?

*King.* Saint Cupid, then! and, ſoldiers, to the field!

*Biron.* Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, lords;[1]
Pell-mell, down with them! but be firſt advis'd,
In conflict that you get the ſun of them.[2]

been obſerved by the author of *The Reviſal*, the word which terminates every line is prefixed to the word *ſake* in that immediately following. Tollet.

——*a word that loves all men*;] i. e. that is pleaſing to all men. So, in the language of our author's time:—*it likes me well*, for *it pleaſes me*. Shakſpeare uſes the word thus licentiouſly, merely for the ſake of the antitheſis. *Men* in the following line are with ſufficient propriety ſaid to be authors of women, and theſe again of men, the aid of both being neceſſary to the continuance of human kind. There is ſurely, therefore, no need of any of the alterations that have been propoſed to be made in theſe lines. Malone.

[9] ——*the* authors—] Old copies—*author*. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Dr. Johnſon. Malone.

[1] *Advance your ſtandards, and upon them, lords*;] So, in *King Richard III*:

"Advance our ſtandards, ſet upon our foes—;"

Steevens.

[2] ——*but be firſt advis'd,*
*In conflict that you get the ſun of them.*] In the days of archery, it was of conſequence to have the ſun at the back of the bowmen, and in the face of the enemy. This circumſtance was of great advantage to our Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt.—Our poet, however, I believe, had alſo an equivoque in his thoughts. Malone.

*Long.* Now to plain-dealing; lay theſe glozes by:
Shall we reſolve to woo theſe girls of France?

*King.* And win them too: therefore let us deviſe
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

*Biron.* Firſt, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair miſtreſs: in the afternoon
We will with ſome ſtrange paſtime ſolace them,
Such as the ſhortneſs of the time can ſhape;
For revels, dances, maſks, and merry hours,
Fore-run fair Love,[3] ſtrewing her way with flowers.

*King.* Away, away! no time ſhall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. *Allons! Allons!*—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;[4]
And juſtice always whirls in equal meaſure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forſworn;
If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure.[5]
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Fore-run fair* Love,] i. e. Venus. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Now for the love of *Love*, and *her* ſoft hours—."
MALONE.

[4] ——*ſow'd cockle reap'd no corn;*] This proverbial expreſſion intimates, that beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falſhood. The following lines lead us to the ſenſe.
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's firſt interpretation of this paſſage, which is preſerved in Mr. Theobald's edition,—"if we don't take the proper meaſures for winning theſe ladies, we ſhall never achieve them,"—is undoubtedly the true one. HEATH.

Mr. Edwards, however, approves of Dr. Warburton's ſecond thoughts. MALONE.

[5] *If ſo, our copper buys no better treaſure.*] Here Mr. Theobald ends the third Act. JOHNSON.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Another part of the ſame.*

*Enter* HOLOFERNES, *Sir* NATHANIEL, *and* DULL.

HOL. *Satis quod ſufficit.*[6]

*NATH.* I praiſe God for you, ſir: your reaſons at dinner have been[7] ſharp and ſententious; pleaſant without ſcurrility, witty without affection,[8] audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and ſtrange without hereſy. I did converſe this

[6] *Satis quod ſufficit.*] i. e. Enough's as good as a feaſt. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*your reaſons at dinner have been* &c.] I know not well what degree of reſpect Shakſpeare intends to obtain for his vicar, but he has here put into his mouth a finiſhed repreſentation of colloquial excellence. It is very difficult to add any thing to his character of the ſchoolmaſter's table-talk, and perhaps all the precepts of Caſtiglione will ſcarcely be found to comprehend a rule for converſation ſo juſtly delineated, ſo widely dilated, and ſo nicely limited.

It may be proper juſt to note, that *reaſon* here, and in many other places, ſignifies *diſcourſe*; and that *audacious* is uſed in a good ſenſe for *ſpirited, animated, confident. Opinion* is the ſame with *obſtinacy* or *opiniatreté*. JOHNSON.

So again, in this play:

"Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak *audaciouſly*."

*Audacious* was not always uſed by our ancient writers in a bad ſenſe. It means no more here, and in the following inſtance from Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, than *liberal* or *commendable boldneſs*:

"—ſhe that ſhall be my wife, muſt be accompliſhed with courtly and *audacious* ornaments." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*without* affection,] i. e. without affectation. So, in *Hamlet*: "—No matter that might indite the author of *affection*." Again, in *Twelfth-Night*, Malvolio is called "an *affection'd* aſs." STEEVENS.

*quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

HOL. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his diſcourſe peremptory, his tongue filed,[9] his eye ambitious, his gait majeſtical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraſonical.[1] He is too picked,[2] too ſpruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too perigrinate, as I may call it.

[9] —— *his tongue* filed,] Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenſer, are frequent in the uſe of this phraſe. Ben Jonſon has it likewiſe. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *thraſonical.*] The uſe of the word *thraſonical* is no argument that the author had read Terence. It was introduced to our language long before Shakſpeare's time. FARMER.

It is found in Bullokar's *Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

[2] *He is too* picked,] To have the beard *piqued* or ſhorn ſo as to end in a point, was, in our author's time, a mark of a traveller affecting foreign fathions: ſo ſays the Baſtard in *King John:*

" ——————— I catechiſe
" My *piqued* man of countries." JOHNSON.

See a note on *King John*, Act I. and another on *King Lear*, where the reader will find the epithet *piqued* differently ſpelt and interpreted.

*Piqued* may allude to the length of the ſhoes then worn. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, ſays: " We weare our forked ſhoes almoſt as long again as our feete, not a little to the hindrance of the action of the foote; and not only ſo, but they prove an impediment to reverential devotion, for our bootes and ſhooes are ſo long ſnouted, that we can hardly kneele in God's houſe." STEEVENS.

I believe *picked* (for ſo it ſhould be written) ſignifies *nicely dreſt* in general, without reference to any particular fathion of dreſs. It is a metaphor taken from birds, who dreſs themſelves by *picking out* or *pruning* their broken or ſuperfluous feathers. So Chaucer uſes the word, in his deſcription of Damian dreſſing himſelf, *Canterbury Tales*, v. 9885: " He kembeth him, he *proineth* him and *piketh*." And Shakſpeare, in this very play,

*Nath.* A moſt ſingular and choice epithet.
[*Takes out his table-book.*

*Hol.* He draweth out the thread of his verboſity finer than the ſtaple of his argument. I abhor ſuch fanatical phantaſms,[3] ſuch inſociable and point-deviſe[4] companions; ſuch rackers of orthography, as to ſpeak, dout, fine, when he ſhould ſay, doubt; det, when he ſhould pronounce, debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, *vocatur*, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abhominable,[5] (which he would call

uſes the correſponding word *pruning* for *dreſſing*, Act IV. ſc. iii:

" ——or ſpend a minute's time
" In *pruning* me—."

The ſubſtantive *pickedneſs* is uſed by Ben Jonſon for *nicety in dreſs*. *Diſcoveries*, Vol. VII. Whalley's edit. p. 116: " —too much *pickedneſs* is not manly." Tyrwhitt.

Again, in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593: " —he might have ſhowed a *picked* effeminate carpet knight, under the fictionate perſon of Hermaphroditus." Malone.

[3] ——phantaſms.] See Act IV. ſc. i:
" A *phantaſm*, a Monarcho—." Steevens.

[4] ——*point-deviſe*—] A French expreſſion for the utmoſt, or finical exactneſs. So, in *Twelfth-Night*, Malvolio ſays:
" I will be *point-device*, the very man." Steevens.

[5] *This is abhominable*, &c.] He has here well imitated the language of the moſt redoubtable pedants of that time. On ſuch ſort of occaſions, Joſeph Scaliger uſed to break out: " *Abominor, execror. Affinitas mera eſt, impietas*," &c. and calls his adverſary: " *Lutum ſtercore maceratum, dæmoniacum recrementum Sybillæ, ſterquilinium, ſtercus diaboli, ſcarabæum, larvam, pecus ſycophantum beſtiarum, infame prepudium, καβαρμα.*"
Warburton.

Shakſpeare knew nothing of this language; and the reſemblance which Dr. Warburton finds, if it deſerves that title, is quite accidental. It is far more probable, that he means to ridicule the liſping manner of ſpeaking, and affected pronunciation, introduced at court by Lyly and his imitators.

——*abhominable*,] Thus the word is conſtantly ſpelt in the old

abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie;[6] *Ne intelligis domine?* to make frantick, lunatick.

moralities and other antiquated books. So, in *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

" And then I will bryng in
" *Abhominable* lyving." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*it insinuateth me of* insanie; &c.] In former editions, *it insinuateth me of* infamie: Ne intelligis, domine? *to make frantick, lunatick.*

*Nath.* Laus Deo, *bone* intelligo.

*Hol.* Bome, boon *for* boon Prisician; a little scratch, 'twill serve.] Why should *infamy* be explained by making *frantick, lunatick?* It is plain and obvious that the poet intended the pedant should coin an uncouth affected word here, *insanie*, from *insania* of the Latins. Then, what a piece of unintelligible jargon have these learned criticks given us for Latin? I think, I may venture to affirm, I have restored the passage to its true purity.

Nath. *Laus Deo*, bone, intelligo.

The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says, *bone*, to him, as we frequently in *Terence* find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it:

*Bone?—bone* for *bene*. Priscian *a little scratched: 'twill serve.* Alluding to the common phrase, *Diminuis* Prisciani *caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin. THEOBALD.

There seems yet something wanting to the integrity of this passage, which Mr. Theobald has in the most corrupt and difficult places very happily restored. For *ne intelligis domine? to make frantick, lunatick*, I read (nonne *intelligis, domine?*) to *be mad, frantick, lunatick.* JOHNSON.

*Insanie* appears to have been a word anciently used. In a book entitled, *The Fall and evil Successe of Rebellion from Time to Time*, &c. written in verse by Wilfride Holme, imprinted at London by Henry Bynneman; without date, (though from the concluding stanza, it appears to have been produced in the 8th year of the reign of Henry VIII.) I find the word used:

" In the days of sixth Henry, Jack Cade made a brag,
" With a multitude of people; but in the consequence,
" After a little *insanie* they fled tag and rag,
" For Alexander Iden he did his diligence." STEEVENS.

I should rather read—" it insinuateth *men* of insanie."

FARMER

NATH. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

HOL. *Bone?*——*bone,* for *benè: Priſcian* a little ſcratch'd; 'twill ſerve.

*Enter* ARMADO, MOTH, *and* COSTARD.

NATH. *Videſne quis venit?*

HOL. *Video, & gaudeo.*

*ARM.* Chirra! [*To* MOTH.

HOL. *Quare* Chirra, not ſirrah?

*ARM.* Men of peace, well encounter'd.

*HOL.* Moſt military ſir, ſalutation.

*MOTH.* They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps.[7]

[*To* COSTARD *aſide.*

*COST.* O, they have lived long in the alms-baſket of words![8] I marvel, thy maſter hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not ſo long by the head as

[7] *They have been at a great feaſt of languages, and ſtolen the ſcraps.*] So, in *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem,* by Thomas Naſhe, 1594: "The phraſe of ſermons, as it ought to agree with the ſcripture, ſo heed muſt be taken, that their whole ſermon ſeem not *a banquet of the broken fragments of* ſcripture." MALONE.

[8] —— *the* alms-baſket *of words!*] i. e. the refuſe of words. The refuſe meat of great families was formerly ſent to the priſons. So, in *The Inner Temple Maſque,* 1619, by T. Middleton: "his perpetual lodging in the King's Bench, and his ordinary out of the *baſket.*" Again, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it,* 1612: "He muſt feed on beggary's *baſket.*" STEEVENS.

The refuſe meat of families was put into a *basket* in our author's time, and given to the poor. So, in Florio's *Second Frutes,* 1591: "Take away the table, fould up the cloth, and put all thoſe pieces of broken meat into a *basket* for the *poor.*" MALONE.

*honorificabilitudinitatibus:*[9] thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a flap-dragon.[1]

*Moth.* Peace; the peal begins.

*Arm.* Monſieur, [*To* Hol.] are you not letter'd?

*Moth.* Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book:—
What is a, b, ſpelt backward with a horn on his head?

*Hol.* Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

*Moth.* Ba, moſt ſilly ſheep, with a horn:—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou conſonant?

*Moth.* The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

*Hol.* I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

*Moth.* The ſheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.[2]

[9] —— *honorificabilitudinitatibus:*] This word, whenceſoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longeſt word known. Johnson.

It occurs likewiſe in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604: "His diſcourſe is like the long word *honorificabilitudinitatibus*; a great deal of ſound and no ſenſe." I meet with it likewiſe in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599. Steevens.

[1] —— *a* flap-dragon.] A *flap-dragon* is a ſmall inflammable ſubſtance, which topers ſwallow in a glaſs of wine. See a note on *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. *ult.* Steevens.

[2] Moth. *The third of the five vowels*, &c.] In former editions: *The* laſt *of the five vowels, if you repeat them*; *or the* fifth *if I.*
Hol. *I will repeat them*, a, e, I.—
Moth. *The ſheep: the other two concludes it*; o, u.
Is not the *laſt* and the *fifth* the ſame *vowel?* Though my correction reſtores but a poor conundrum, yet if it reſtores the poet's meaning, it is the duty of an editor to trace him in his loweſt conceits. By O, U, Moth would mean—Oh, you—i. e. You are the ſheep ſtill, either way; no matter which of us repeats them. Theobald.

*Arm.* Now, by the ſalt wave of the Mediterraneum, a ſweet touch, a quick venew of wit:[3] ſnip, ſnap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

*Moth.* Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

*Hol.* What is the figure? what is the figure?

*Moth.* Horns.

*Hol.* Thou diſputeſt like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

*Moth.* Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circùm circà*;[4] A gig of a cuckold's horn!

*Cost.* An I had but one penny in the world, thou

[3] ——*a quick* venew *of wit:*] A *venew* is the technical term for *a bout* at the fencing-ſchool. So, in *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615:

" —— in the fencing-ſchool
" To play a *venew*." Steevens.

A *venue*, as has already been obſerved, is not a *bout* at fencing, but a *hit*. " A ſweet touch of wit, (ſays Armado,) a ſmart *hit*." So, in *The Famous Hiſtorie of Captain Thomas Stukely*, b. l. 1605: " —for forfeits, and *venuyes* given, upon a wager, at the ninth button of your doublet, thirty crowns." Malone.

Notwithſtanding the poſitiveneſs with which my ſenſe of the word *venue* is denied, my quotation ſufficiently eſtabliſhes it; for who ever talked of *playing* a *hit* in a fencing-ſchool?

Steevens.

[4] ——*I will whip about your infamy* circùm circà;] So, as Dr. Farmer obſerves, in Greene's *Quip for an upſtart Courtier:* " He walked not as other men in the common beaten waye, but compaſſing *circum circa*." The old copies read—*unum cita*.

Steevens.

Here again all the editions give us jargon inſtead of Latin. But Moth would certainly mean—*circum circa*; i. e. about and about: though it may be deſigned he ſhould miſtake the terms.

Theobald.

ſhouldſt have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy maſter, thou half-penny purſe of wit, thou pigeon-egg of diſcretion. O, an the heavens were ſo pleaſed, that thou wert but my baſtard! what a joyful father wouldſt thou make me! Go to; thou haſt it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they ſay.

*Hol.* O, I ſmell falſe Latin; dunghill for *unguem*.

*Arm.* Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be ſingled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-houſe[5] on the top of the mountain?

*Hol.* Or, *mons*, the hill.

*Arm.* At your ſweet pleaſure, for the mountain.

*Hol.* I do, ſans queſtion.

*Arm.* Sir, it is the king's moſt ſweet pleaſure and affection, to congratulate the princeſs at her pavilion, in the poſteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

*Hol.* The poſterior of the day, moſt generous ſir, is liable, congruent, and meaſurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, choſe; ſweet and apt, I do aſſure you, ſir, I do aſſure.

*Arm.* Sir, the king is a noble gentleman; and my familiar, I do aſſure you, very good friend:—For what is inward[6] between us, let it paſs:—I do beſeech thee, remember thy courteſy;—I beſeech thee, apparel thy head;[7]—and among other impor-

[5] ——*the* charge-houſe—] I ſuppoſe, is the *free-ſchool*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*inward*—] i. e. confidential. So, in *K. Richard III*: "Who is moſt *inward* with the noble duke?" STEEVENS.

[7] *I do beſeech thee*, remember thy courteſy;—*I beſeech thee, apparel thy head*:] I believe the word *not* was inadvertently omitted by the tranſcriber or compoſitor; and that we ſhould

tunate and moſt ſerious deſigns,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that paſs:—for I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his grace (by the world) ſometime to lean upon my poor ſhoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement,[8] with my muſtachio: but ſweet heart, let that paſs. By the world, I recount no fable; ſome certain ſpecial honours it pleaſeth his greatneſs to impart to Ar-

read—I do beſeech thee, remember *not* thy courteſy—Armado is boaſting of the familiarity with which the King treats him, and intimates ("but let that paſs,") that when he and his Majeſty converſe, the King lays aſide all ſtate, and makes him wear his hat: "*I do beſeech thee,* (will he ſay to me) *remember* not *thy courteſy*; do not obſerve any ceremony with me; *be covered.*" "The putting off the hat at the table (ſays Florio in his *Second Frutes,* 1591,) is a kind of *courteſie* or ceremonie rather to be avoided than otherwiſe."

Theſe words may, however, be addreſſed by Armado to Holofernes, whom we may ſuppoſe to have ſtood uncovered from reſpect to the Spaniard.

If this was the poet's intention, they ought to be included in a parentheſis. To whomſoever the words are ſuppoſed to be addreſſed, the emendation appears to me equally neceſſary. It is confirmed by a paſſage in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:* "Give me your neif, mounſier Muſtardſeed. Pray you, *leave your courteſie,* mounſier."

In *Hamlet,* the prince, when he deſires Oſrick to "put his bonnet to the right uſe," begins his addreſs with the ſame words which Armado uſes: but unluckily is interrupted by the courtier, and prevented (as I believe) from uſing the very word which I ſuppoſe to have been accidentally omitted here:

"Ham. *I beſeech you, remember*—

"*Oſr.* Nay, good my lord, for my eaſe, in good faith."

In the folio copy of this play we find in the next ſcene:

"O, that your face were ſo full of O's—."

inſtead of—were *not* ſo full, &c. MALONE.

By "remember thy courteſy," I ſuppoſe Armado means—*remember that all this time thou art ſtanding with thy hat off.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*dally with my* excrement,] The author calls the beard *valour's excrement* in *The Merchant of Venice.* JOHNSON.

mado, a ſoldier, a man of travel, that hath ſeen the world: but let that paſs.—The very all of all is,—but, ſweet heart, I do implore ſecrecy,—that the king would have me preſent the princeſs, ſweet chuck,[9] with ſome delightful oſtentation, or ſhow, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, underſtanding that the curate and your ſweet ſelf, are good at ſuch eruptions, and ſudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your aſſiſtance.

*Hol.* Sir, you ſhall preſent before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning ſome entertainment of time, ſome ſhow in the poſterior of this day, to be rendered by our aſſiſtance,—the king's command, and this moſt gallant, illuſtrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princeſs; I ſay, none ſo fit as to preſent the nine worthies.

*Nath.* Where will you find men worthy enough to preſent them?

*Hol.* Joſhua, yourſelf; myſelf, or this gallant gentleman,[1] Judas Maccabæus; this ſwain, becauſe of his great limb or joint, ſhall paſs Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

[9] ——*chuck*,] i. e. chicken; an ancient term of endearment. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt *chuck*—."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*myſelf*, or *this gallant gentleman*,] The old copy has —*and* this, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. We ought, I believe, to read in the next line—ſhall paſs *for* Pompey the great. If the text be right, the ſpeaker muſt mean that the ſwain ſhall, in repreſenting Pompey, *ſurpaſs* him, "becauſe of his great limb." MALONE.

"Shall *paſs* Pompey the great," ſeems to mean, ſhall *march* in the proceſſion for him; *walk* as his repreſentative.

STEEVENS.

*Arm.* Pardon, ſir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb: he is not ſo big as the end of his club.

*Hol.* Shall I have audience? he ſhall preſent Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* ſhall be ſtrangling a ſnake; and I will have an apology for that purpoſe.

*Moth.* An excellent device! ſo, if any of the audience hiſs, you may cry: *well done, Hercules! now thou cruſheſt the ſnake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious;[2] though few have the grace to do it.

*Arm.* For the reſt of the worthies?—

*Hol.* I will play three myſelf.

*Moth.* Thrice-worthy gentleman!

*Arm.* Shall I tell you a thing?

*Hol.* We attend.

*Arm.* We will have, if this fadge not,[3] an antick. I beſeech you, follow.

Hol. *Via,*[4] goodman Dull! thou haſt ſpoken no word all this while.

*Dull.* Nor underſtood none neither, ſir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

[2] —— *to make an offence gracious;*] i. e. to convert an offence againſt yourſelves, into a dramatic propriety. Steevens.

[3] —— *if this* fadge *not,*] i. e. ſuit not, go not, paſs not into action. Several inſtances of the uſe of this word are given in *Twelfth-Night.*

Another may be added from Chapman's verſion of the 22d *Iliad:*

" This *fadging* conflict." Steevens.

[4] *Via,*] An Italian exclamation, ſignifying, *Courage! come on!* Steevens.

*Dull.* I'll make one in a dance, or ſo; or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

*Hol.* Moſt dull, honeſt Dull, to our ſport, away. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another part of the ſame. Before the* Princeſs's *Pavilion.*

*Enter the* Princeſs, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

*Prin.* Sweet hearts, we ſhall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

*Ros.* Madam, came nothing elſe along with that?

*Prin.* Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a ſheet of paper,
Writ on both ſides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to ſeal on Cupid's name.

*Ros.* That was the way to make his god-head wax;[5]

[5] —— *to make his god-head* wax;] To *wax* anciently ſignified to *grow*. It is yet ſaid of the moon, that ſhe *waxes* and *wanes*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I:

"I view thoſe wanton brooks that *waxing* ſtill do wane."

Again, in Lyly's *Love's Metamorphoſes*, 1601:

"Men's follies will ever *wax*, and then what reaſon can make them wiſe?"

Again, in the *Polyolbion*, Song V:

"The ſtem ſhall ſtrongly *wax*, as ſtill the trunk doth wither." STEEVENS.

For he hath been five thouſand years a boy.

*Kath.* Ay, and a ſhrewd unhappy gallows too.

*Ros.* You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your ſiſter.

*Kath.* He made her melancholy, ſad, and heavy;
And ſo ſhe died: had ſhe been light, like you,
Of ſuch a merry, nimble, ſtirring ſpirit,
She might have been a grandam ere ſhe died:
And ſo may you; for a light heart lives long.

*Ros.* What's your dark meaning, mouſe,[6] of this light word?

*Kath.* A light condition in a beauty dark.

*Ros.* We need more light to find your meaning out.

*Kath.* You'll mar the light, by taking it in ſnuff;[7]
Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

*Ros.* Look, what you do, you do it ſtill i' the dark.

*Kath.* So do not you; for you are a light wench.

*Ros.* Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

*Kath.* You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

[6] —— mouſe,] This was a term of endearment formerly. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his *mouſe*."

MALONE.

[7] —— *taking it* in ſnuff;] *Snuff* is here uſed equivocally for *anger*, and the *ſnuff of a candle*. See more inſtances of this conceit in *King Henry IV.* P. I. Act I. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

*Ros.* Great reaſon; for, Paſt cure is ſtill paſt care.[8]

*Prin.* Well bandied both; a ſet of wit[9] well play'd.
But Roſaline, you have a favour too:
Who ſent it? and what is it?

*Ros.* I would, you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witneſs this.
Nay, I have verſes too, I thank Birón:
The numbers true; and, were the numb'ring too,
I were the faireſt goddeſs on the ground:
I am compar'd to twenty thouſand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

*Prin.* Any thing like?

*Ros.* Much, in the letters; nothing in the praiſe.

*Prin.* Beauteous as ink; a good concluſion.

*Kath.* Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

[8] ——*for, Paſt* cure *is ſtill paſt* care.] The old copy reads—paſt *care* is ſtill paſt *cure*. The tranſpoſition was propoſed by Dr. Thirlby, and, it muſt be owned, is ſupported by a line in *King Richard II:*

"Things paſt *redreſs* are now with me paſt *care*."

So, alſo, in a pamphlet entitled Holland's *Leaguer*, 4to. 1632: "She had got this adage in her mouth, Things paſt *cure*, paſt *care*."—Yet the following lines in our author's 147th Sonnet ſeem rather in favour of the old reading:

"Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care,
"And frantick mad with evermore unreſt." Malone.

[9] ——*a* ſet *of wit*—] A term from tennis. So, in *King Henry V:*

"——play a *ſet*
"Shall ſtrike his father's crown into the hazard."
Steevens.

*Ros.* 'Ware pencils![1] How? let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter:
O, that your face were not ſo full of O's![2]

*Kath.* A pox of that jeſt! and beſhrew all ſhrows![3]

*Prin.* But what was ſent to you from fair Dumain?[4]

[1] *'Ware* pencils!] The former editions read:
"Were *pencils*——."
Sir T. Hanmer here rightly reſtored:
"'Ware *pencils*——."
Roſaline, a black beauty, reproaches the fair Katharine for painting. JOHNSON.

Johnſon miſtakes the meaning of this ſentence; it is not a reproach, but a cautionary threat. Roſaline ſays that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Katharine compares her to a text B. Roſaline in reply adviſes her to beware of pencils, that is of drawing likeneſſes, leſt ſhe ſhould retaliate; which ſhe afterwards does, by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the ſmall pox ocs. M. MASON.

[2] ——*ſo full of* O's!] Shakſpeare talks of "—fiery *O's* and eyes of light," in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Pox of that jeſt! and beſhrew all ſhrows!*] "*Pox* of that jeſt!" Mr. Theobald is ſcandalized at this language from a princeſs. But there needs no alarm—the *ſmall pox* only is alluded to; with which, it ſeems, Katharine was pitted; or, as it is quaintly expreſſed, "her face was full of O's." Daviſon has a canzonet on his lady's ſickneſſe of the *poxe:* and Dr. Donne writes to his ſiſter: "at my return from Kent, I found *Pegge* had the *Pox*—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her."
FARMER.

*A pox of that jeſt!* &c.] This line, which in the old copies is given to the Princeſs, Mr. Theobald rightly attributed to Katharine. The metre, as well as the mode of expreſſion, ſhew that—"*I* beſhrew," the reading of theſe copies, was a miſtake of the tranſcriber. MALONE.

[4] *But what was ſent to you from* fair *Dumain?*] The old

*Kath.* Madam, this glove.

*Prin.* Did he not ſend you twain?

*Kath.* Yes, madam; and moreover,
Some thouſand verſes of a faithful lover:
A huge tranſlation of hypocriſy.
Vilely compil'd, profound ſimplicity.

*Mar.* This, and theſe pearls, to me ſent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

*Prin.* I think no leſs: Doſt thou not wiſh in heart,
The chain were longer, and the letter ſhort?

*Mar.* Ay, or I would theſe hands might never part.

*Prin.* We are wiſe girls, to mock our lovers ſo.

*Ros.* They are worſe fools to purchaſe mocking ſo.
That ſame Birón I'll torture ere I go.
O, that I knew he were but in by the week![5]
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and ſeek;
And wait the ſeaſon, and obſerve the times,
And ſpend his prodigal wits in bootleſs rhymes;

copies, after *But*, inſert *Katharine*. We ſhould, therefore, read:

"But, Katharine, what was ſent you from Dumain?"

RITSON.

[5] ——*in by the week!*] This I ſuppoſe to be an expreſſion taken from hiring ſervants or artificers; meaning, I wiſh I was as ſure of his ſervice for any time limited, as if I had hired him. The expreſſion was a common one. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"What, are you *in by the week?* So; I will try now whether thy wit be cloſe priſoner." Again, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604:

"Since I am *in by the week*, let me look to the year."

STEEVENS.

And ſhape his ſervice wholly to my beheſts;[6]
And make him proud to make me proud that jeſts![7]
So portent-like[8] would I o'erſway his ſtate,
That he ſhould be my fool, and I his fate.

[6] ——*wholly to my* beheſts;] The quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio, read—to my *device*. The emendation, which the rhyme confirms, was made by the editor of the ſecond folio, and is one of the very few corrections of any value to be found in that copy. MALONE.

Mr. Malone, however, admits three other corrections from the ſecond folio in this very ſheet. STEEVENS.

[7] *And make him proud to make me proud that jeſts!*] The meaning of this obſcure line ſeems to be, *I would make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery.*—Edinburgh Magazine, for Nov. 1786. STEEVENS.

[8] *So* portent-*like* &c.] In former copies:
*So* pertaunt-*like, would I o'er-ſway his ſtate,*
*That he ſhould be my* fool, *and I his* fate.

In old farces, to ſhow the inevitable approaches of death and deſtiny, the *Fool* of the farce is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid Death or *Fate*; which very ſtratagems, as they are ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of *Fate*. To this Shakſpeare alludes again in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" —— merely thou art *Death's Fool*;
" For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
" And yet run'ſt towards him ſtill—."

It is plain from all this, that the nonſenſe of *pertaunt-like*, ſhould be read, *portent-like*, i. e. I would be his fate or deſtiny, and, like a *portent*, hang over, and influence his fortunes. For *portents* were not only thought to *forebode*, but to *influence*. So the Latins called a perſon deſtined to bring miſchief, *fatale portentum*. WARBURTON.

The emendation appeared firſt in the Oxford edition.
MALONE.

Until ſome proof be brought of the exiſtence of ſuch characters as *Death* and the *Fool*, in old farces, (for the mere aſſertion of Dr. Warburton is not to be relied on,) this paſſage muſt be literally underſtood, independently of any particular alluſion. The old reading might probably mean—" ſo *ſcoffingly* would I o'erſway," &c. The initial letter in Stowe, mentioned by Mr. Reed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, here cited, has been altogether

*Prin.* None are so[9] surely caught, when they are
catch'd,
As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

*Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such
excess,
As gravity's revolt to wantonness.[1]

*Mar.* Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

*Enter* Boyet.

*Prin.* Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

*Boyet.* O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's
her grace?

*Prin.* Thy news, Boyet?

*Boyet.* Prepare, madam, prepare!—
Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguis'd,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd:
Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

misunderstood. It is only a copy from an older letter which formed part of a Death's Dance, in which *Death* and the *Fool* were always represented. I have several of these alphabets.
Douce.

[9] *None are so* &c.] These are observations worthy of a man who has surveyed human nature with the closest attention.
Johnson.

[1] ——*to wantonness.*] The quarto, 1598, and the first folio have—to *wantons be.* For this emendation we are likewise indebted to the second folio. Malone.

*Prin.* Saint Dennis to ſaint Cupid![2] What are they,
That charge their breath againſt us? ſay, ſcout, ſay.

*Boyet.* Under the cool ſhade of a ſycamore,
I thought to cloſe mine eyes ſome half an hour:
When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd reſt,
Toward that ſhade I might behold addreſt
The king and his companions: warily
I ſtole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you ſhall overhear;
That, by and by, diſguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knaviſh page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embaſſage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
*Thus muſt thou ſpeak, and thus thy body bear:*
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Preſence majeſtical would put him out;
*For,* quoth the king, *an angel ſhalt thou ſee;*
*Yet fear not thou, but ſpeak audaciouſly.*
The boy reply'd, *An angel is not evil;*
*I ſhould have fear'd her, had ſhe been a devil.*
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the ſhoulder;
Making the bold wag by their praiſes bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus; and fleer'd, and ſwore,
A better ſpeech was never ſpoke before:

[2] *Saint Dennis, to ſaint Cupid!*] The Princeſs of France invokes, with too much levity, the patron of her country, to oppoſe his power to that of Cupid. Johnson.

Johnſon cenſures the Princeſs for invoking with ſo much levity the patron of her country, to oppoſe his power to that of Cupid; but that was not her intention. Being determined to engage the King and his followers, ſhe gives for the word of battle St. Dennis, as the King, when he was determined to attack her, had given for the word of battle *St. Cupid:*

"*Saint Cupid* then, and ſoldiers to the field."

M. Mason.

Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come:*
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well:*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With ſuch a zealous laughter, ſo profound,
That in this ſpleen ridiculous[3] appears,
To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn tears.[4]

*Prin.* But what, but what, come they to viſit us?

*Boyet.* They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians: as I gueſs,[5]

[3] ——*ſpleen ridiculous*—] Is, a ridiculous *fit* of laughter. JOHNSON.

The *ſpleen* was anciently ſuppoſed to be the cauſe of laughter. So, in ſome old Latin verſes already quoted on another occaſion:

"*Splen* ridere facit, cogit amare jecur." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*paſſion's ſolemn tears.*] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"Made mine eyes water, but more merry tears
"The paſſion of loud laughter never ſhed." MALONE.

[5] *Like Muſcovites, or Ruſſians: as I gueſs,*] The ſettling commerce in Ruſſia was, at that time, a matter that much ingroſſed the concern and converſation of the publick. There had been ſeveral embaſſies employed thither on that occaſion; and ſeveral tracts of the manners and ſtate of that nation written: ſo that a maſk of Muſcovites was as good an entertainment to the audience of that time, as a coronation has been ſince. WARBURTON.

A maſk of Muſcovites was no uncommon recreation at court long before our author's time. In the firſt year of King Henry the Eighth, at a banquet made for the foreign embaſſadors in the parliament-chamber at Weſtminſter: "came the lorde Henry, Earle of Wiltſhire, and the lorde Fitzwater, in twoo long gounes of yellowe ſatin travarſed with white ſatin, and in every ben of white was a bend of crimoſen ſatin after the faſhion of Ruſſia or Ruſſlande, with furred hattes of grey on their hedes, either of them havyng an hatchet in their handes, and bootes with pykes turned up." HALL, *Henry VIII.* p. 6. This extract may ſerve

Their purpoſe is, to parle, to court, and dance:
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his ſeveral miſtreſs; which they'll know
By favours ſeveral, which they did beſtow.

*Prin.* And will they ſo? the gallants ſhall be taſk'd:—
For, ladies, we will every one be maſk'd;
And not a man of them ſhall have the grace,
Deſpite of ſuit, to ſee a lady's face.—
Hold, Roſaline, this favour thou ſhalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my ſweet, and give me thine;
So ſhall Birón take me for Roſaline.—
And change you favours too; ſo ſhall your loves
Woo contrary, deceiv'd by theſe removes.

*Ros.* Come on then; wear the favours moſt in ſight.

*Kath.* But, in this changing, what is your intent?

*Prin.* The effect of my intent is, to croſs theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their ſeveral counſels they unboſom ſhall
To loves miſtook; and ſo be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occaſion that we meet,
With viſages diſplay'd, to talk, and greet.

*Ros.* But ſhall we dance, if they deſire us to't?

*Prin.* No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd ſpeech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis ſpoke, each turn away her face.[6]

to convey an idea of the dreſs uſed upon the preſent occaſion by the King and his Lords at the performance of the play. Ritson.

[6] —— her *face*.] The firſt folio, and the quarto, 1598, have —*his* face. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

*Boyet.* Why, that contempt will kill the ſpeaker's heart,
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

*Prin.* Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The reſt will ne'er come in,[7] if he be out.
There's no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So ſhall we ſtay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with ſhame.
[*Trumpets ſound within.*

*Boyet.* The trumpet ſounds; be maſk'd, the maſkers come. [*The ladies maſk.*

*Enter the* King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in Ruſſian habits, and maſked*; Moth, *Muſicians, and Attendants.*

Moth. *All hail, the richeſt beauties on the earth!*

*Boyet.* Beauties no richer than rich taffata.[8]

Moth. *A holy parcel of the faireſt dames,*
[The ladies turn their backs to him.
*That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!*

Biron. *Their eyes,* villain, *their eyes.*

Moth. *That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views! Out—*

[7] ——*will* ne'er *come in,*] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—will *e'er.* The correction was made in the ſecond folio. Malone.

[8] *Beauties no richer than rich taffata.*] i. e. the taffata maſks they wore to conceal themſelves. All the editors concur to give this line to Biron; but, ſurely, very abſurdly: for he's one of the zealous admirers, and hardly would make ſuch an inference. Boyet is ſneering at the parade of their addreſs, is in the ſecret of the ladies' ſtratagem, and makes himſelf ſport at the abſurdity of their procm, in complimenting their beauty, when they were maſk'd. It therefore comes from him with the utmoſt propriety. Theobald.

*Boyet.* True; *out,* indeed.

Moth. *Out of your favours, heavenly ſpirits, vouchſafe*
*Not to behold—*

Biron. *Once to behold,* rogue.

Moth. *Once to behold with your ſun-beamed eyes,*
*——with your ſun-beamed eyes—*

*Boyet.* They will not anſwer to that epithet;
You were beſt call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

*Moth.* They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

*Biron.* Is this your perfectneſs? be gone, you rogue.

*Ros.* What would theſe ſtrangers? know their minds, Boyet:
If they do ſpeak our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plain man recount their purpoſes:
Know what they would.

*Boyet.* What would you with the princeſs?

*Biron.* Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

*Ros.* What would they, ſay they?

*Boyet.* Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.

*Ros.* Why, that they have; and bid them ſo be gone.

*Boyet.* She ſays, you have it, and you may be gone.

*King.* Say to her, we have meaſur'd many miles,
To tread a meaſure with her on this graſs.

*Boyet.* They ſay, that they have meaſur'd many a mile,
To tread a meaſure[9] with you on this graſs.

[9] *To tread a* meaſure—] The meaſures were dances ſolemn and ſlow. They were performed at court, and at public enter-

*Ros.* It is not ſo: aſk them, how many inches
Is in one mile: if they have meaſur'd many,
The meaſure then of one is eaſily told.

*Boyet.* If, to come hither you have meaſur'd miles,
And many miles; the princeſs bids you tell,
How many inches do fill up one mile.

*Biron.* Tell her, we meaſure them by weary ſteps.

*Boyet.* She hears herſelf.

*Ros.* How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

*Biron.* We number nothing that we ſpend for you;

tainments of the ſocieties of law and equity, at their halls, on particular occaſions. It was formerly not deemed inconſiſtent with propriety even for the graveſt perſons to join in them; and accordingly at the revels which were celebrated at the inns of court, it has not been unuſual for the firſt characters in the law to become performers in *treading the meaſures*. See Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*. Sir John Davies, in his poem called *Orcheſtra*, 1622, deſcribes them in this manner:

" But, after theſe, as men more civil grew,
" He did more *grave and ſolemn meaſures frame:*
" With ſuch fair order and proportion true,
" And correſpondence ev'ry way the ſame,
" That no fault-finding eye did ever blame,
" For every eye was moved at the ſight,
" With ſober wond'ring and with ſweet delight.
" Not thoſe young ſtudents of the heavenly book,
" Atlas the great, Prometheus the wiſe,
" Which on the ſtars did all their life-time look,
" Could ever find ſuch meaſure in the ſkies,
" So full of change, and rare varieties;
" *Yet all the feet whereon theſe meaſures go,*
" *Are only ſpondees, ſolemn, grave, and ſlow.*" REED.

See Beatrice's deſcription of this dance in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Vol. VI. p. 38. MALONE.

Our duty is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may do it ſtill without accompt.
Vouchſafe to ſhow the ſunſhine of your face,
That we, like ſavages, may worſhip it.

*Ros.* My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

*King.* Bleſſed are clouds, to do as ſuch clouds do!
Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars,[1] to ſhine
(Thoſe clouds remov'd,) upon our wat'ry eyne.

*Ros.* O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;
Thou now requeſt'ſt but moonſhine in the water.

*King.* Then, in our meaſure do but vouchſafe one change:
Thou bid'ſt me beg; this begging is not ſtrange.

*Ros.* Play, muſick, then: nay, you muſt do it ſoon. [*Muſick plays.*
Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

*King.* Will you not dance? How come you thus eſtrang'd?

*Ros.* You took the moon at full; but now ſhe's chang'd.

*King.* Yet ſtill ſhe is the moon, and I the man.[2]
The muſick plays; vouchſafe ſome motion to it.

*Ros.* Our ears vouchſafe it.

*King.* But your legs ſhould do it.

[1] *Vouchſafe, bright moon, and theſe thy ſtars,*] When Queen Elizabeth aſked an embaſſador, how he liked her ladies, *It is hard,* ſaid he, *to judge of ſtars in the preſence of the ſun.* JOHNSON.

[2] —— *the man.*] I ſuſpect, that a line which rhymed with this, has been loſt. MALONE.

*Ros.* Since you are ſtrangers, and come here by chance,
We'll not be nice: take hands;—we will not dance.

*King.* Why take we hands then?

*Ros.* Only to part friends:—
Court'ſy, ſweet hearts;[3] and ſo the meaſure ends.

*King.* More meaſure of this meaſure; be not nice.

*Ros.* We can afford no more at ſuch a price.

*King.* Prize you yourſelves; What buys your company?

*Ros.* Your abſence only.

*King.* That can never be.

*Ros.* Then cannot we be bought: and ſo adieu;
Twice to your viſor, and half once to you!

*King.* If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

*Ros.* In private then.

*King.* I am beſt pleas'd with that.
[*They converſe apart.*

*Biron.* White-handed miſtreſs, one ſweet word with thee.

*Prin.* Honey, and milk, and ſugar; there is three.

*Biron.* Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow ſo nice,)
Metheglin, wort, and malmſey;—Well run, dice!
There's half a dozen ſweets.

*Prin.* Seventh ſweet, adieu!
Since you can cog,[4] I'll play no more with you.

[3] Court'ſy, *ſweet hearts*;] See *Tempeſt*, Vol. IV. p. 43: "*Court'ſied* when you have, and kiſs'd—." Malone.

[4] *Since you can* cog,] To *cog*, ſignifies *to falſify the dice*, and *to falſify a narrative*, or *to lye*. Johnson.

*Biron.* One word in ſecret.

*Prin.* Let it not be ſweet.

*Biron.* Thou griev'ſt my gall.

*Prin.* Gall? bitter.

*Biron.* Therefore meet.

[*They converſe apart.*

*Dum.* Will you vouchſafe with me to change a word?

*Mar.* Name it.

*Dum.* Fair lady,—

*Mar.* Say you ſo? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

*Dum.* Pleaſe it you,
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converſe apart.*

*Kath.* What, was your viſor made without a tongue?

*Long.* I know the reaſon, lady, why you aſk.

*Kath.* O, for your reaſon! quickly, ſir; I long.

*Long.* You have a double tongue within your maſk,
And would afford my ſpeechleſs viſor half.

*Kath.* Veal, quoth the Dutchman;[4]—Is not veal a calf?

*Long.* A calf, fair lady?

*Kath.* No, a fair lord calf.

*Long.* Let's part the word.

*Kath.* No, I'll not be your half:

[4] Veal, *quoth the Dutchman*;] I ſuppoſe by *veal*, ſhe means *well*, founded as foreigners uſually pronounce that word; and introduced merely for the ſake of the ſubſequent queſtion.

MALONE.

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

*Long.* Look, how you butt yourſelf in theſe ſharp mocks!
Will you give horns, chaſte lady? do not ſo.

*Kath.* Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

*Long.* One word in private with you, ere I die.

*Kath.* Bleat ſoftly then, the butcher hears you cry.
[*They converſe apart.*

*Boyet.* The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen
As is the razor's edge inviſible,
Cutting a ſmaller hair than may be ſeen;
Above the ſenſe of ſenſe: ſo ſenſible
Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, ſwifter things.[6]

*Ros.* Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

*Biron.* By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure ſcoff!

*King.* Farewell, mad wenches; you have ſimple wits.

[*Exeunt* King, Lords, Moth, *Muſick, and Attendants.*

*Prin.* Twenty adieus, my frozen Muſcovites.—
Are theſe the breed of wits ſo wonder'd at?

*Boyet.* Tapers they are, with your ſweet breaths puff'd out.

[6] *Fleeter than arrows,* bullets, *wind, thought, ſwifter things.*] Mr. Ritſon obſerves, that, for the ſake of meaſure, the word *bullets* ſhould be omitted. Steevens.

*Ros.* Well-liking wits[7] they have; groſs, groſs; fat, fat.

*Prin.* O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themſelves to night?
Or ever, but in viſors, ſhow their faces?
This pert Birón was out of countenance quite.

*Ros.* O! they were all[8] in lamentable caſes!
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

*Prin.* Birón did ſwear himſelf out of all ſuit.

*Mar.* Dumain was at my ſervice, and his ſword:
No *point*, quoth I;[9] my ſervant ſtraight was mute.

*Kath.* Lord Longaville ſaid, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you, what he call'd me?

*Prin.* Qualm, perhaps.

*Kath.* Yes, in good faith.

*Prin.* Go, ſickneſs as thou art!

[7] Well-liking *wits*—] *Well-liking* is the ſame as *embonpoint*. So, in *Job*, xxxix. 4: "—Their young ones are in *good liking*. STEEVENS.

[8] O! *they were all* &c.] *O*, which is not found in the firſt quarto or folio, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] *No* point, *quoth I*;] *Point* in French is an adverb of negation; but, if properly ſpoken, is not founded like the point of a ſword. A quibble, however, is intended. From this and the other paſſages it appears, that either our author was not well acquainted with the pronunciation of the French language, or it was different formerly from what it is at preſent.

The former ſuppoſition appears to me much the more probable of the two.

In *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606, Philomuſus ſays—"Tit, tit, tit, *non poynte; non debet fieri*," &c. See alſo Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598, in v. "Punto.—never a whit;—*no point*, as the Frenchmen ſay." MALONE.

*Ros.* Well, better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.[1]

[1] —— *better wits have worn plain ſtatute-caps.*] This line is not univerſally underſtood, becauſe every reader does not know that a ſtatute-cap is part of the academical habit. Lady Roſaline declares that her expectation was diſappointed by theſe courtly ſtudents, and that *better wits* might be found in the common places of education. JOHNSON.

*Woollen caps* were enjoined by act of parliament, in the year 1571, the 13th of Queen Elizabeth. "Beſides the bills paſſed into acts this parliament, there was one which I judge not amiſs to be taken notice of—it concerned the Queen's care for employment for her poor ſort of ſubjects. It was for continuance of making and wearing woollen caps, in behalf of the trade of cappers; providing, that all above the age of ſix years, (except the nobility and ſome others,) ſhould on *ſabbath days* and *holy days*, wear caps of wool, knit, thicked, and dreſt in England, upon penalty of ten groats." Strype's *Annals of Queen Elizabeth*, Vol. II. p. 74. GREY.

This act may account for the diſtinguiſhing mark of Mother *Red-cap*. I have obſerved that mention is made of this ſign by ſome of our ancient pamphleteers and playwriters, as far back as the date of the act referred to by Dr. Grey. *If that your cap be wool*—became a proverbial ſaying. So, in *Hans Beerpot*, a comedy, 1618:

"You ſhall not flinch; *if that your cap be wool*,
"You ſhall along." STEEVENS.

I think my own interpretation of this paſſage is right.
JOHNSON.

Probably the meaning is—*better wits may be found among the citizens*, who are not in general remarkable for ſallies of imagination. In Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, Mrs. Mulligrub ſays: "—though my huſband be a citizen, and his *cap's made of wool*, yet I have wit." Again, in *The Family of Love*, 1608: "'Tis a law enacted by the common-council of *ſtatute-caps*."

Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606:

"—— in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a *ſhop-keeper*."

That theſe ſumptuary laws, which dictated the form and materials of caps, the dimenſions of ruffs, and the length of ſwords, were executed with great exactneſs but little diſcretion,

But will you hear? the king is my love ſw

*Prin.* And quick Birón hath plighted f

*Kath.* And Longaville was for my ſer

*Mar.* Dumain is mine, as ſure as bark

*Boyet.* Madam, and pretty miſtreſſes,
Immediately they will again be here
In their own ſhapes; for it can never be,
They will digeſt this harſh indignity.

*Prin.* Will they return?

*Boyet.* They will, they will, God knows;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:
Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,
Blow like ſweet roſes in this ſummer air.

*Prin.* How blow? how blow? ſpeak to be underſtood.

*Boyet.* Fair ladies, maſk'd, are roſes in their bud:

by a ſet of people placed at the principal avenues of the city, may be known from the following curious paſſage in a letter from Lord Talbot to the Earl of Shrewſbury, June, 1580: "The French Imbaſidore, Mounſwer Mouiſer, [Mauviſiere, or, rather, Malvoiſier,] ridinge to take the ayer, in his returne cam thowrowe Smithfield; and ther, at the bars, was ſteayed by thos officers that ſitteth to cut ſourds, by reaſon *his raper was longer than the ſtatute*: He was in a great feaurie, and dreawe his raper. In the meane ſeaſon my Lord Henry Seamore cam, and ſo ſteayed the matt.r Hir Maiie is greatlie ofended wth the ofiſers, in that they wanted jugement." See Lodge's *Illuſtrations of Britiſh Hiſtory*, Vol. II. p. 228. STEEVENS.

The ſtatute mentioned by Dr. Grey was repealed in the year 1597. The epithet by which theſe ſtatute caps are deſcribed, "*plain* ſtatute caps," induces me to believe the interpretation given in the preceding note by Mr. Steevens, the true one. The king and his lords probably wore *hats* adorned with feathers. So they are repreſented in the print prefixed to this play in Mr. Rowe's edition, probably from ſome ſtage tradition. MALONE.

Diſh aſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roſes blown.[2]

[2] "*Fair ladies, maſk'd, are roſes in their bud:*
*Diſmaſk'd, their damaſk ſweet commixture ſhown,*
*Are* angels vailing *clouds, or roſes blown.*] This ſtrange nonſenſe, made worſe by the jumbling together and tranſpoſing the lines, I directed Mr. Theobald to read thus:

*Fair ladies mask'd are roſes in their bud:*
*Or* angels veil'd in *clouds: are roſes blown,*
*Diſmask'd, their damask ſweet commixture ſhown.*

But he, willing to ſhow how well he could improve a thought, would print it:

*Or* angel-veiling *clouds*——

i. e. clouds which veil angels: and by this means gave us, as the old proverb ſays, *a cloud for a Juno.* It was Shakſpeare's *purpoſe* to compare a fine lady to an angel; it was Mr Theobald's *chance* to compare her to a *cloud:* and perhaps the ill-bred reader will ſay a lucky one. However, I ſuppoſed the poet could never be ſo nonſenſical as to compare *a masked lady* to a cloud, though he might compare her *mask* to one. The Oxford editor, who had the advantage both of this emendation and criticiſm, is a great deal more ſubtile and refined, and ſays it ſhould not be——

—— *angels* veil'd in *clouds.*

but

—— *angels* vailing *clouds,*

i. e. *capping* the ſun as they go by him, juſt as a man vails his bonnet. WARBURTON.

I know not why Sir T. Hanmer's explanation ſhould be treated with ſo much contempt, or why *vailing clouds* ſhould be *capping the ſun. Ladies unmask'd,* ſays Boyet, *are* like *angels vailing clouds,* or letting thoſe clouds which obſcured their brightneſs, ſink from before them. What is there in this abſurd or contemptible? JOHNSON.

Holinſhed's *Hiſtory of Scotland,* p. 91, ſays: "The Britains began to *avale* the hills where they had lodged." i. e. they began to deſcend the hills, or come down from them to meet their enemies. If Shakſpeare uſes the word *vailing* in this ſenſe, the meaning is—Angels deſcending from clouds which concealed their beauties; but Dr. Johnſon's expoſition may be better.

TOLLET.

To *avale* comes from the Fr. *aval* [Terme de batelier] Down, downward, down the ſtream. So, in the French *Romant de la Roſe,* v. 1415:

*Prin.* Avaunt, perplexity! What sh
If they return in their own shapes to w

*Ros.* Good madam, if by me you'll be
Let's mock them still, as well known, a
Let us complain to them what fools we
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless g
And wonder, what they were; and to
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

*Boyet.* Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

*Prin.* Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.
[*Exeunt* Princess,[4] Ros. Kath. *and* Maria.

*Enter the* King, Biron, Longaville, *and* Dumain, *in their proper habits.*

*King.* Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

*Boyet.* Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

*King.* That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

*Boyet.* I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
[*Exit.*

" Leaue aloit *aval* enfaisant
" Son melodieux et plaisant."

Again, in Laneham's *Narrative of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, 1575: " —as on a sea-shore when the water is *avail'd*." Steevens.

[3] ——shapeless *gear*;] *Shapeless*, for uncouth, or what Shakspeare elsewhere calls *diffused*. Warburton.

[4] *Exeunt Princess*, &c.] Mr. Theobald ends the fourth Act here. Johnson.

*Biron.* This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas;[5]
And utters it again when God doth pleaſe:
He is wit's pedler; and retails his wares
At wakes, and waſſels,[6] meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that ſell by groſs, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with ſuch ſhow.
This gallant pins the wenches on his ſleeve;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:
He can carve too, and liſp:[7] Why, this is he,
That kiſs'd away his hand in courteſy;

[5] ——pecks *up wit*, as pigeons peas;] This expreſſion is proverbial:

"Children pick up words *as pigeons peas*,
"And utter them again as God ſhall pleaſe."

See Ray's *Collection*. STEEVENS.

*Pecks* is the reading of the firſt quarto. The folio has—*picks*. That *pecks* is the true reading, is aſcertained by one of Naſhe's tracts; *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, 1594: "The ſower ſcattered ſome ſeede by the highway ſide, which the foules of the ayre *peck'd up*." MALONE.

[6] ——*waſſels*,] *Waſſels* were meetings of ruſtic mirth and intemperance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"————Antony,
"Leave thy laſcivious *waſſels*"——

See note on *Macbeth*, Act I. ſc. vii. STEEVENS.

*Waes heal*, that is, be of health, was a ſalutation firſt uſed by the Lady Rowena to King Vortiger. Afterwards it became a cuſtom in villages, on new year's eve and twelfth-night, to carry a *waſſel* or *waſſail* bowl from houſe to houſe, which was preſented with the Saxon words above mentioned. Hence in proceſs of time *waſſel* ſignified intemperance in drinking, and alſo a meeting for the purpoſe of feſtivity. MALONE.

[7] *He can* carve *too, and* liſp:] The character of Boyet, as drawn by Biron, repreſents an accompliſhed ſquire of the days of chivalry, particularly in the inſtances here noted.—"Le jeune Ecuyer apprenoit long-temps dans le ſilence cet art de *bien parler*, lorſqu'en qualité d' *Ecuyer* TRANCHANT, il étoit debout dans les repas & dans les feſtins, occupé à *couper les viandes* avec la propreté, l'addreſſe & l'elegance convenables, et à les faire diſtribuer

This is the ape of form, monſieur th
That, when he plays at tables, chide
In honourable terms; nay, he can ſi
A mean moſt meanly;[8] and, in uſhe
Mend him who can: the ladies call
The ſtairs, as he treads on them, ki
This is the flower that ſmiles on every one,
To ſhow his teeth as white as whales bone:[9]

aux nobles convives dont il étoiet environné. Joinville, dans ſa jeuneſſe, avoit rempli à la cour de Saint Louis *cet office*, qui, dans les maiſons des Souverains, étoit quelquefois exercé par leurs propres enfans." *Memoires ſur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, Tom. I. p. 16. HENLEY.

"I cannot cog, (ſays Falſtaff in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*,) and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe *liſping* hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel—." On the ſubject of *carving* ſee Vol. V. p. 40, n. 2. MALONE.

[8] *A* mean *moſt meanly*; &c.] The *mean*, in muſick, is the tenor. So, Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air ſo ſharp, as it returneth too ſwift to make the ſound equal; and therefore a *mean* or *tenor* is the ſweeteſt."

Again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"Thus ſing we deſcant on one plain-ſong, kill;
"Four parts in one; the *mean* excluded quite."

Again, in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*. Cant. iii:

"The baſe and treble married to the *mean*."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*as white as* whales *bone*:] *As white as whales bone* is a proverbial compariſon in the old poets. In *The Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. i. ſt. 15:

"Whoſe face did ſeem as clear as chryſtal ſtone,
"And eke, through feare, *as white as whales bone*."

And in L. Surrey, fol. 14, edit. 1567:

"I might perceive a wolf, *as white as whales bone*,
"A fairer beaſt of freſher hue, beheld I never none."

Skelton joins the *whales bone* with the brighteſt precious ſtones in deſcribing the poſition of Pallas:

"A hundred ſteppes mounting to the halle,
"One of jaſper, another of *whales bone*;
"Of diamantes, pointed by the rokky walle."
*Crowne of Lawrell*, p. 24, edit. 1736. T. WARTON.

And conſciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

*King.* A bliſter on his ſweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

*Enter the* Princeſs, *uſher'd by* Boyet; Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, *and Attendants.*

*Biron.* See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man ſhow'd thee? and what art thou now?[1]

——*as* whales *bone:*] The Saxon genitive caſe. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"Swifter than the *moones* ſphere."

It ſhould be remember'd that ſome of our ancient writers ſuppoſed *ivory* to be part of the *bones of a whale.* The ſame ſimile occurs in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys,* no date:

"The erle had no chylde but one,
"A mayden *as white as whales bone.*"

Again, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Iſenbras,* bl. l. no date:

"His wyfe *as white as whales bone.*"

Again, in *The Squyr of Low Degree,* bl. l. no date:

"Lady *as white as whales bone.*"

Again, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff,* &c. 1599:

"——his herrings which were *as white as whales bone,*" &c. Steevens.

This *white whale his bone,* now ſuperſeded by ivory, was the tooth of the *Horſe-whale,* Morſe, or Walrus, as appears by King Alfred's preface to his Saxon tranſlation of *Oroſius.*

Holt White.

[1] ——*Behaviour, what wert thou,*
*Till this man ſhow'd thee? and what art thou now?*] Theſe are two wonderfully fine lines, intimating that what courts call *manners,* and value themſelves ſo much upon teaching, as a thing no where elſe to be learnt, is a modeſt ſilent accompliſhment under the direction of nature and common ſenſe, which does its office in promoting ſocial life without being taken notice of. But

*King.* All hail, ſweet madam, and fair day!

*Prin.* Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I e[illegible]

*King.* Conſtrue my ſpeeches better, if

*Prin.* Then wiſh me better, I will give

*King.* We came to viſit you; and purpoſ
To lead you to our court: vouchſafe it then.

*Prin.* This field ſhall hold me; and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
The virtue of your eye muſt break my oath.[2]

*Prin.* You nick-name virtue: vice you ſhould have ſpoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unſullied lily, I proteſt,
A world of torments though I ſhould endure,
I would not yield to be your houſe's gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking-cauſe to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

that when it degenerates into ſhow and parade, it becomes an unmanly contemptible quality. WARBURTON.

What is told in this note is undoubtedly true, but is not comprized in the quotation. JOHNSON.

*Till this man ſhow'd thee?*] The old copies read—"Till this *mad* man," &c. STEEVENS.

An error of the preſs. The word *mad* muſt be ſtruck out. M. MASON.

[2] *The virtue of your eye* muſt *break my oath.*] I beli[illegible] author means that the *virtue*, in which word *goodneſs* and [illegible] are both compriſed, *muſt diſſolve* the obligation of the oat[illegible] Princeſs, in her anſwer, takes the moſt invidious part of t[illegible] biguity. JOHNSON.

*King.* O, you have liv'd in deſolation here,
Unſeen, unviſited, much to our ſhame.

*Prin.* Not ſo, my lord; it is not ſo, I ſwear;
We have had paſtimes here, and pleaſant game;
A meſs of Ruſſians left us but of late.

*King.* How, madam? Ruſſians?

*Prin.* Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtſhip, and of ſtate.

*Ros.* Madam, ſpeak true:—It is not ſo my lord;
My lady, (to the manner of the days,)
In courteſy, gives undeſerving praiſe.[3]
We four, indeed, confronted here with four
In Ruſſian habit: here they ſtay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bleſs us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirſty, fools would fain have drink.

*Biron.* This jeſt is dry to me.—Fair, gentle ſweet,[4]
Your wit makes wiſe things fooliſh; when we greet[5]

[3] *My lady, (to the manner of the days,)*
*In courteſy, gives undeſerving praiſe.*] *To the manner* of the days, means according to the manner of the times.—*Gives undeſerving praiſe,* means praiſe to what does not deſerve it.
M. Mason.

[4] Fair, *gentle ſweet,*] The word *fair,* which is wanting in the two elder copies, was reſtored by the ſecond folio. Mr. Malone reads—"*My* gentle ſweet."
"My *fair, ſweet* honey monarch" occurs in this very ſcene, p. 182. Steevens.

*Sweet* is generally uſed as a ſubſtantive by our author, in his addreſſes to ladies. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"—— When you ſpeak, *ſweet,*
"I'd have you do it ever."
Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"And now, good *ſweet,* ſay thy opinion."

With eyes beſt ſeeing heaven's fiery eye,
By light we loſe light: Your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore
Wiſe things ſeem fooliſh, and rich things but [illegible]

*Ros.* This proves you wiſe and rich; for [illegible] eye,—

*Biron.* I am a fool, and full of poverty.

*Ros.* But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.

*Biron.* O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſs.

*Ros.* All the fool mine?

*Biron.* I cannot give you leſs.

*Ros.* Which of the viſors was it, that you wore?

*Biron.* Where? when? what viſor? why demand you this?

*Ros.* There, then, that viſor; that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhow'd the better face.

*King.* We are deſcried: they'll mock us now downright.

*Dum.* Let us confeſs, and turn it to a jeſt.

*Prin.* Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highneſs ſad?

*Ros.* Help, hold his brows! he'll ſwoon! Why look you pale?—
Sea-ſick, I think, coming from Muſcovy.

Again, in *Othello*:

"——O, *my ſweet*,
"I prattle out of tune."

The editor of the ſecond folio, with leſs probability, (as it appears to me,) reads—*fair*, gentle ſweet. Malone.

[5] ——*when we greet* &c.] This is a very lofty and elegant compliment. Johnson.

*Biron.* Thus pour the ſtars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of braſs hold longer out?—
Here ſtand I, lady; dart thy ſkill at me;
Bruiſe me with ſcorn, confound me with a flout;
Thruſt thy ſharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wiſh thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Ruſſian habit wait.
O! never will I truſt to ſpeeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a ſchool-boy's tongue;
Nor never come in viſor to my friend;[6]
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's ſong:
Taffata phraſes, ſilken terms preciſe,
Three-pil'd hyperboles,[7] ſpruce affectation,[8]
Figures pedantical; theſe ſummer-flies
Have blown me full of maggot oſtentation:
I do forſwear them: and I here proteſt,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind ſhall be expreſs'd
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſey noes:

[6] —— *my* friend;] i. e. miſtreſs. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" —— he hath got his *friend* with child." STEVENS.

[7] Three-pil'd *hyperboles,*] A metaphor from the *pile* of velvet. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Autolycus ſays:
" I have worn *three-pile*." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſpruce* affectation,] The old copies read—*affection*. STEEVENS.

The modern editors read—*affectation*. There is no need of change. We already in this play have had *affection for affectation*; " —witty without *affection*." The word was uſed by our author and his contemporaries, as a quadriſyllable; and the rhyme ſuch as they thought ſufficient. MALONE.

In *The Merry Wives of Windſor* the word *affectation* occurs, and was moſt certainly deſigned to occur again in the preſent inſtance. No ear can be ſatisfied with ſuch rhymes as *affection* and *oſtentation*. STEEVENS.

And, to begin wench,—ſo God help me, la!—
My love to thee is ſound, ſans crack or flaw.

Ros. *Sans* SANS, I pray you.[9]

*Biron.* Yet I have a trick
Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am ſick;
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us ſee;—
Write, *Lord have mercy on us*,[1] on thoſe three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies;
They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

[9] Sans SANS, *I pray you.*] It is ſcarce worth remarking, that the conceit here is obſcured by the punctuation. It ſhould be written *Sans* SANS, i. e. *without* SANS; without French words: an affectation of which Biron had been guilty in the laſt line of his ſpeech, though juſt before he had *forſworn* all *affectation* in phraſes, terms, &c. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Write, Lord have mercy on us.*] This was the inſcription put upon the door of the houſes infected with the plague, to which Biron compares the love of himſelf and his companions; and purſuing the metaphor finds the *tokens* likewiſe on the ladies. The *tokens* of the plague are the firſt ſpots or diſcolorations, by which the infection is known to be received. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610:

"It is as dangerous to read his name on a play-door, as a *printed bill* on a plague-door."

Again, in *The Whore of Babylon*, 1607:

"Have *tokens* ſtamp'd on them to make them known,
"More dreadful than the *bills* that preach the plague."

Again, in *More Fools yet*, a collection of Epigrams by R. S. 1610:

"To declare the *infection* for his ſin,
"A *croſſe* is ſet without, there's none within."

Again, *ibid:*

"But by the way he ſaw and much reſpected
"A doore belonging to a houſe infected,
"Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the cuſtom ſtill)
"*The Lord have mercy on us:* this ſad bill
"The ſot perus'd——." STEEVENS.

So, in *Sir Thomas Overbury's Characters*, 1632:

"*Lord have mercy on us* may well ſtand over their doors debt is a moſt dangerous city *peſtilence.*" MALONE.

Theſe lords are viſited; you are not free,
For the Lord's tokens on you do I ſee.

*Prin.* No, they are free, that gave theſe tokens to us.

*Biron.* Our ſtates are forfeit, ſeek not to undo us.

*Ros.* It is not ſo; For how can this be true,
That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that ſue?[2]

*Biron.* Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

*Ros.* Nor ſhall not, if I do as I intend.

*Biron.* Speak for yourſelves, my wit is at an end.

*King.* Teach us, ſweet madam, for our rude tranſgreſſion
Some fair excuſe.

*Prin.* The faireſt is confeſſion.
Were you not here, but even now, diſguis'd?

*King.* Madam, I was.

*Prin.* And were you well advis'd?[3]

*King.* I was, fair madam.

*Prin.* When you then were here,
What did you whiſper in your lady's ear?

*King.* That more than all the world I did reſpect her.

*Prin.* When ſhe ſhall challenge this, you will reject her.

[2] —— *how can this be true,*
*That you ſtand forfeit, being thoſe that* ſue?] That is, how can thoſe be liable to forfeiture that begin the proceſs. The jeſt lies in the ambiguity of *ſue*, which ſignifies *to proſecute by law*, or to *offer a petition*. Johnson.

[3] —— *well* advis'd?] i. e. acting with ſufficient deliberation. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
"My liege I am *advis'd* in what I ſay." Stevens.

*King.* Upon mine honour, no.

*Prin.* Peace, peace, forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forſwear.[4]

*King.* Deſpiſe me, when I break this oath of mine.

*Prin.* I will; and therefore keep it:—Roſaline,
What did the Ruſſian whiſper in your ear?

*Ros.* Madam, he ſwore, that he did hold me dear
As precious eye-ſight; and did value me
Above this world: adding thereto, moreover,
That he would wed me, or elſe die my lover.

*Prin.* God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Moſt honourably doth uphold his word.

*King.* What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never ſwore this lady ſuch an oath.

*Ros.* By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, ſir, again.

*King.* My faith, and this, the princeſs I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her ſleeve.

*Prin.* Pardon me, ſir, this jewel did ſhe wear;
And lord Birón, I thank him, is my dear:—
What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

*Biron.* Neither of either;[5] I remit both twain.—

[4] ——*you* force *not to forſwear.*] *You force not* is the ſame with *you make no difficulty.* This is a very juſt obſervation. The crime which has been once committed, is committed again with leſs reluctance. Johnson.

So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. X. ch. 59:

" ——he *forced* not to hide how he did err."

Steevens.

[5] *Neither of either*;] This ſeems to have been a common expreſſion in our author's time. It occurs in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, and other comedies. Malone.

I ſee the trick on't;—Here was a conſent,[6]
(Knowing aforehand of our merriment,)
To daſh it like a Chriſtmas comedy:
Some carry-tale, ſome pleaſe-man, ſome ſlight zany,[7]
Some mumble-news, ſome trencher-knight,[8] ſome Dick,—
That ſmiles his cheek in years;[9] and knows the trick

[6] ——*a* conſent,] i. e. *a conſpiracy*. So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part I:

" ——— the ſtars
" That have *conſented* to king Henry's death."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*zany*,] A zany is a buffoon, a merry Andrew, a groſs mimick. So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

——— ſung ———
" To every ſeuerall *zanie's* inſtrument."

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

" Laughs them to ſcorn, as man doth buſy apes,
" When they will *zany* men." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſome* trencher-knight,] See page 177:

" And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire,
" Holding a *trencher*,"— &c. MALONE.

[9] ——*ſome* Dick,—
*That ſmiles his cheek in* years;] Mr. Theobald ſays, he *cannot for his heart, comprehend the meaning of this phraſe*. It was not his heart but his head that ſtood in the way. *In years*, ſignifies, into wrinkles. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" With mirth and *laughter* let old *wrinkles* come."

See the note on that line—But the Oxford editor was in the ſame caſe, and ſo alters it to *ſlyers*. WARBURTON.

Webſter, in his *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, makes Caſtruchio declare of his lady: " She cannot endure merry company, for ſhe ſays much *laughing* fills her too full of the *wrinckle*." FARMER.

Again, in *Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607:

" That light and quick, with *wrinkled laughter* painted."

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*: " —he doth *ſmile his cheek* into more lines than are in the new map," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copies read—in *yeeres*. *Jeers*, the preſent emendation, which I propoſed ſome time ago, I have ſince obſerved, was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton endeavours to ſupport the old reading, by explaining *years* to mean *wrinkles*,

To make my lady laugh, when ſhe's diſpos'd,—
Told our intents before: which once diſclos'd,
The ladies did change favours; and then we,
Following the ſigns, woo'd but the ſign of ſhe.

which belong alike to laughter and old age. But allowing the word to be uſed in that licentious ſenſe, ſurely our author would have written, not *in*, but *into*, years—i. e. *into* wrinkles, as in a paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Twelfth-Night*: "— it does *ſmile his cheek into* more *lines* than are in the new map," &c. The change being only that of a ſingle letter for another nearly reſembling it, I have placed *jeers* (formerly ſpelt *jeeres*) in my text. The words—*jeer*, *flout*, and *mock*, were much more in uſe in our author's time than at preſent. In *Othello*, 1622, the former word is uſed exactly as here:

"And mark the *jeers*, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
"That dwell in every region of his *face*."

Out-roaring DICK was a celebrated ſinger, who, with William Wimbars, is ſaid by Henry Chettle, in his KIND HARTS DREAME, to have got twenty ſhillings a day by ſinging at Braintree fair, in Eſſex. Perhaps this itinerant droll was here in our author's thoughts. This circumſtance adds ſome ſupport to the emendation now made. From the following paſſage in *Sir John Old-caſtle*, 1600, it ſeems to have been a common term for a noiſy ſwaggerer:

"O he, ſir, he's a deſperate *Dick* indeed;
"Bar him your houſe."

Again, in Kemp's *Nine daies wonder*, &c. 4to. 1600:

"A boy arm'd with a poking ſtick
"Will dare to challenge *cutting Dick*."

Again, in *The Epiſtle Dedicatorie* to Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596: "—nor Dick Swaſh, or *Deſperate Dick*, that's ſuch a terrible cutter at a chine of beef, and devoures more meat at ordinaries in diſcourſing of his fraies, and deep acting of his ſlaſhing and hewing, than would ſerve half a dozen brewers draymen." MALONE.

As the aptitude of my quotation from *Twelfth-Night* is queſtioned, I ſhall defend it, and without much effort; for Mr. Malone himſelf muſt, on recollection, allow that *in*, throughout the plays of Shakſpeare, is often uſed for *into*. Thus, in *King Richard III*:

"But firſt, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grace."

I really conceived this uſage of the prepoſition *in*, to have been too frequent to need exemplification. STEEVENS.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
We are again forſworn; in will, and error.
Much upon this it is:—And might not you,[1]
[*To* BOYET.
Foreſtal our ſport, to make us thus untrue?
Do not you know my lady's foot by the ſquire,[2]
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
And ſtand between her back, ſir, and the fire,
Holding a trencher, jeſting merrily?
You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;[3]
Die when you will, a ſmock ſhall be your ſhrowd.
You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,
Wounds like a leaden ſword.

[1] ——*in will, and error.*
*Much upon this it is:—And might not you,*] I believe this paſſage ſhould be read thus:
——*in will and error.*
Boyet. *Much upon this it is.*
Biron. *And might not you,* &c. JOHNSON.

*In will, and error.*] i. e. firſt in will, and afterwards in error. MUSGRAVE.

[2] ——*by the* ſquire,] From *eſquierre,* French, a *rule,* or *ſquare.* The ſenſe is nearly the ſame as that of the proverbial expreſſion in our own language, *he hath got the length of her foot*; i. e. he hath humoured her ſo long that he can perſuade her to what he pleaſes. HEATH.

*Squire* in our author's time was the common term for a *rule.* See Minſheu's *Dict.* in v. The word occurs again in *The Winter's Tale.* MALONE.

So, in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the ſeventh Book of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory,* ch. 56: "As for the rule and *ſquire,* &c. Theodorus Samius deviſed them." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*Go, you are* allow'd;] i. e. you may ſay what you will; you are a licenſed fool, a common jeſter. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:
"There is no ſlander in an *allow'd* fool." WARBURTON.

*Boyet.* Full merrily
Hath this brave manage,[4] this career, been run.

*Biron.* Lo, he is tilting ſtraight! Peace; I have done.

*Enter* Costard.

Welcome, pure wit! thou parteſt a fair fray.

*Cost.* O Lord, ſir, they would know,
Whether the three worthies ſhall come in, or no.

*Biron.* What, are there but three?

*Cost.* No, ſir; but it is vara fine,
For every one purſents three.

*Biron.* And three times thrice is nine.

*Cost.* Not ſo, ſir; under correction, ſir; I hope, it is not ſo:
You cannot beg us,[5] ſir, I can aſſure you, ſir; we know what we know:
I hope, ſir, three times thrice, ſir,—

*Biron.* Is not nine.

[4] *Hath this brave* manage,] The old copy has *manager*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

[5] *You cannot* beg *us*,] That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot *beg* the wardſhip of our perſons and fortunes. One of the legal teſts of a *natural* is to try whether he can number. Johnson.

It is the wardſhip of *Lunaticks* not *Ideots* that devolves upon the next relations. Shakſpeare, perhaps, as well as Dr. Johnſon, was not aware of the diſtinction. Douce.

It was not the *next relation* only who begg'd the wardſhip of an ideot. "A rich fool was begg'd by a lord of the king; and the lord coming to another nobleman's houſe, the fool ſaw the picture of a fool in the hangings, which he cut out; and being chidden for it, anſwered, you have more cauſe to love me for it; for if my lord had ſeen the picture of the fool in the hangings,

*Cost.* Under correction, ſir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

*Biron.* By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Cost.* O Lord, ſir, it were pity you ſhould get your living by reckoning, ſir.

*Biron.* How much is it?

*Cost.* O Lord, ſir, the parties themſelves, the actors, ſir, will ſhow whereuntil it doth amount: for my own part, I am, as they ſay, but to parfect one man,—e'en one poor man;[6] Pompion the great, ſir.

*Biron.* Art thou one of the worthies?

*Cost.* It pleaſed them, to think me worthy of Pompion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to ſtand for him.[7]

*Biron.* Go, bid them prepare.

*Cost.* We will turn it finely off, ſir; we will take ſome care. [*Exit* Costard.

*King.* Birón, they will ſhame us, let them not approach.

*Biron.* We are ſhame-proof, my lord: and 'tis ſome policy

he would certainly have begg'd them of the king, as he did my lands." *Cabinet of Mirth*, 1674. Ritson.

[6] ——*one man*,—e'en *one poor man*;] The old copies read—*in* one poor man. For the emendation I am anſwerable. The ſame miſtake has happened in ſeveral places in our author's plays. See my note in *All's well that ends well*, Act I. ſc. iii:—"You are ſhallow, madam," &c. Malone.

[7] ——*I know not the degree of the worthy*; &c.] This is a ſtroke of ſatire which, to this hour, has loſt nothing of its force. Few performers are ſolicitous about the hiſtory of the character they are to repreſent. Steevens.

To have one ſhow worſe than the king's and his company.

*King.* I ſay, they ſhall not come.

*Prin.* Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;

That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how:
Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents
Die in the zeal of them which it preſents,
Their form confounded makes moſt form in mirth;[8]
When great things labouring periſh in their birth.[9]

[8] *That ſport beſt pleaſes, that doth leaſt know how:*
*Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the contents*
Die *in the zeal of* them *which* it *preſents,*
*Their form* &c.] The old copies read—of *that* which it preſents. Steevens.

The third line may be read better thus:

——— *the contents*
*Die in the zeal of* him *which* them *preſents.*

This ſentiment of the Princeſs is very natural, but leſs generous than that of the Amazonian Queen, who ſays, on a like occaſion, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" I love not to ſee wretchedneſs o'ercharg'd,
" Nor duty in his ſervice periſhing." Johnson.

This paſſage, as it ſtands, is unintelligible.—Johnſon's amendment makes it grammatical, but does not make it ſenſe. What does he mean by the contents which die in the zeal of him who preſents them? The word *content,* when ſignifying an affection of the mind, has no plural. Perhaps we ſhould read thus:

*Where zeal ſtrives to content, and the content*
*Lies* in the zeal of *thoſe* which it preſent—

A ſimilar ſentiment, and on a ſimilar occaſion, occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream,* when Philoſtrate ſays of the play they were about to exhibit:

" ——— It is nothing,
" Unleſs you can find ſport in their intents
" Extremely ſtretch'd, and conn'd with cruel pain,
" To do you ſervice." M. Mason.

The quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623, read—of *that* which it preſents. The context, I think, clearly ſhows that *them* (which, as the paſſage is unintelligible in its original form, I have

*Biron.* A right deſcription of our ſport, my lord.

ventured to ſubſtitute,) was the poet's word. *Which* for *who* is common in our author. So, (to give one inſtance out of many,) in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" ——— a civil doctor,
" *Which* did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me."

and ym and yt were eaſily confounded: nor is the falſe concord introduced by this reading [of them who preſents it,] any objection to it; for every page of theſe plays furniſhes us with examples of the ſame kind. So *dies* in the preſent line, for thus the old copy reads; though here, and in almoſt every other paſſage, where a ſimilar corruption occurs, I have followed the example of my predeceſſors, and corrected the error. Where rhymes or metre, however, are concerned, it is impoſſible. Thus we muſt ſtill read in *Cymbeline, lies,* as in the line before us, *preſents:*

" And Phœbus 'gins to *riſe.*
" His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
" On chalic'd flowers that *lies,*"

Again, in the play before us:

" That in this ſpleen ridiculous *appears,*
" To check their folly, paſſion's ſolemn *tears.*"

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Whoſe own hard *dealings teaches* them ſuſpect."

Dr. Johnſon would read:

Die *in the zeal of* him *which* them *preſents.*

But *him* was not, I believe, abbreviated in old MSS. and therefore not likely to have been confounded with *that.*

The word *it,* I believe, refers to *ſport. That ſport,* ſays the Princeſs, *pleaſes beſt, where the actors are leaſt ſkilful; where zeal ſtrives to pleaſe, and the contents,* or, (as theſe exhibitions are immediately afterwards called) great things, *great attempts, periſh in the very act of being produced, from the ardent zeal* of thoſe who preſent *the ſportive entertainment.* To " *preſent* a play" is ſtill the phraſe of the theatre. *It,* however, may refer to *contents,* and that word may mean the moſt material part of the exhibition. Malone.

[9] ——labouring *periſh in their birth.*] *Labouring* here means, *in the act* of parturition. So, Roſcommon:

" The mountains *labour'd,* and a mouſe was born."

Malone.

*Enter* ARMADO.[1]

*ARM.* Anointed, I implore ſo much expence of thy royal ſweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[ARMADO *converſes with the* King, *and delivers him a paper.*]

*PRIN.* Doth this man ſerve God?

*BIRON.* Why aſk you?

*PRIN.* He ſpeaks not like a man of God's making.

*ARM.* That's all one, my fair, ſweet, honey monarch: for, I proteſt, the ſchool-maſter is exceeding fantaſtical; too, too vain; too, too vain: But we will put it, as they ſay, to *fortuna della guerra.* I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal couplement![2] [*Exit* ARMADO.

*KING.* Here is like to be a good preſence of worthies: He preſents Hector of Troy; the ſwain, Pompey the great; the pariſh curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Machabæus.
And if theſe four worthies[3] in their firſt ſhow thrive,
Theſe four will change habits, and preſent the other five.

[1] *Enter* Armado.] The old copies read—Enter *Braggart.* STEEVENS.

[2] *I wiſh you the peace of mind, moſt royal* couplement!] This ſingular word is again uſed by our author in his 21ſt Sonnet:
" Making a *couplement* of proud compare—" MALONE.

[3] *And if theſe four worthies* &c.] Theſe two lines might have been deſigned as a ridicule on the concluſion of *Selimus,* a tragedy, 1594:

*Biron.* There is five in the firſt ſhow.

*King.* You are deceiv'd, 'tis not ſo.

*Biron.* The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-prieſt, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate a throw at novum;[4] and the whole world again,
Cannot prick out five ſuch, take each one in his vein.[5]

*King.* The ſhip is under ſail, and here ſhe comes amain.

[*Seats brought for the* King, Princeſs, &c.

" If this firſt part, gentles, do like you well,
" The ſecond part ſhall greater murders tell."

STEEVENS.

I rather think Shakſpeare alludes to the ſhifts to which the actors were reduced in the old theatres, one perſon often performing two or three parts. MALONE.

[4] Abate *a throw at* novum;] *Novum* (or *novem*) appears from the following paſſage in Green's *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612, to have been ſome game at dice: "The principal uſe of them (the dice) is at *novum*," &c. Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640: "The principal uſe of langrets, is at *novum*; for ſo long as a payre of bard cater treas be walking, ſo long can you caſt neither 5 nor 9—for without cater treay, 5 or 9, you can never come." Again, in *A Woman never vex'd*: "What ware deal you in? cards, dice, bowls, or pigeon-holes; ſort them yourſelves, either paſſage, *novum*, or mum-chance."

STEEVENS.

*Abate* throw—is the reading of the original and authentick copies; the quarto, 1598, and the folio, 1623.

A *bare* throw, &c. was an arbitrary alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio. I have added only the article, which ſeems to have been inadvertently omitted. I ſuppoſe the meaning is, Except or put the chance of the dice out of the queſtion, and the world cannot produce five ſuch as theſe. *Abate*, from the Fr. *abatre*, is uſed again by our author, in the ſame ſenſe, in *All's well that ends well*:

" —— thoſe *'bated*, that inherit but the fall
" Of the laſt monarchy."

" A *bare* throw at novum" is to me unintelligible. MALONE

[5] *Cannot* prick *out* &c.] Dr. Grey propoſes to read—*pick* out.

*Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*[6]

*Enter* COSTARD *arm'd, for* Pompey.

COST. *I Pompey am,*——
*BOYET.* You lie, you are not he,
COST. *I Pompey am,*——
*BOYET.* With libbard's head on knee.[7]

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "Could the world *pick* thee out three ſuch enemies again?" The old reading, however, may be right. To *prick out,* is a phraſe ſtill in uſe among gardeners. To *prick* may likewiſe have reference to *vein.* STEEVENS.

*Pick* is the reading of the quarto, 1598: Cannot *prick* out,—that of the folio, 1623. Our author uſes the ſame phraſe in his 20th Sonnet, in the ſame ſenſe:—*cannot point out by a puncture or mark.* Again, in *Julius Cæſar:*

"Will you be *prick'd* in number of our friends?"

MALONE.

To *prick* out, means to chooſe out, or to mark as choſen. The word, in this ſenſe, frequently occurs in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* where Falſtaff receives his recruits from Juſtice Shallow:

"Here's Wart—Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?
"A woman's tailor, Sir—ſhall I *prick* him?
"Shadow will ſerve for ſummer. *Prick* him."

M. MASON.

[6] *Pageant of the Nine Worthies.*] In MS. Harl. 2057, p. 31, is "The order of a ſhowe intended to be made Aug. 1, 1621."

"Firſt, 2 woodmen, &c.

"St. George fighting with the dragon.

"The 9 worthies in compleat armor with crownes of gould on their heads, every one having his eſquires to beare before him his ſhield and penon of armes, dreſſed according as theſe lords were accuſtomed to be: 3 Aſſaralits, 3 Infidels, 3 Chriſtians.

"After them, a Fame, to declare the rare virtues and noble deedes of the 9 worthye women."

Such a pageant as this, we may ſuppoſe it was the deſign of Shakſpeare to ridicule. STEEVENS.

"This ſort of proceſſion was the uſual recreation of our an-

*Biron.* Well ſaid, old mocker; I muſt needs be friends with thee.

Cost. *I Pompey am, Pompey ſurnam'd the big,—*

*Dum.* The great.

*Cost.* It is great, ſir;—*Pompey ſurnam'd the great;*
*That oft in field, with targe and ſhield, did make my foe to ſweat:*

ceſtors at Chriſtmas and other feſtive ſeaſons. Such things, being chiefly plotted and compoſed by ignorant people, were ſeldom committed to writing, at leaſt with the view of preſervation, and are of courſe rarely diſcovered in the reſearches of even the moſt induſtrious antiquaries. And it is certain that nothing of the kind (except the ſpeeches in this ſcene, which were intended to burleſque them) ever appeared in print." This obſervation belongs to Mr. Ritſon, who has printed a genuine ſpecimen of the poetry and manner of this rude and ancient drama, from an original manuſcript of Edward the Fourth's time. (Tanner's MSS. 407.) Reed.

[7] *With* libbard's *head on knee.*] This alludes to the old heroic habits, which on the knees and ſhoulders had uſually by way of ornament, the reſemblance of a leopard's or lion's head.
Warburton.

In the church of Weſtley Waterleſs, Cambridgeſhire, the braſs figure of Sir John de Creke, has *libbards* faces at the joints of his ſhoulders and elbows.

The *libbard* as ſome of the old Engliſh gloſſaries inform us, is the *male* of the *panther*.

This ornament is mentioned in *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

"—poſſet cuppes carved with *libbard's* faces, and lyon's heads with ſpouts in their mouths, to let out the poſſet-ale moſt artificially."

Again, in the metrical Chronicle of *Robert de Brunne:*

"Upon his ſhoulders a ſhelde of ſtele,
"With the 4 *libbards* painted wele." Steevens.

See *Maſquine* in Cotgrave's *Dictionary:* "The repreſentation of a lyon's head, &c. upon the elbow, or knee of ſome old faſhioned garments." Tollet.

*And, travelling along this coaſt, I here am come by chance;*
*And lay my arms before the legs of this ſweet laſs of France.*
If your ladyſhip would ſay, *Thanks, Pompey,* I had done.

*Prin.* Great thanks, great Pompey.

*Cost.* 'Tis not ſo much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, *great.*

*Biron.* My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the beſt worthy.

*Enter* Nathaniel *arm'd, for* Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*
*By eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth, I ſpread my conquering might:*
*My 'ſcutcheon plain declares, that I am Aliſander.*

*Boyet.* Your noſe ſays, no, you are not; for it ſtands too right.[8]

*Biron.* Your noſe ſmells, no, in this, moſt tender-ſmelling knight.

*Prin.* The conqueror is diſmay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. *When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;*—

*Boyet.* Moſt true, 'tis right; you were ſo, Aliſander.

[8] —— *it ſtands* too right.] It ſhould be remembered, to reliſh this joke, that the head of Alexander was obliquely placed on his ſhoulders. Steevens.

*Biron.* Pompey the great,——

*Cost.* Your ſervant, and Coſtard.

*Biron.* Take away the conqueror, take away Aliſander.

*Cost.* O, ſir, [*To* Nath.] you have overthrown Aliſander the conqueror! You will be ſcraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool,[9] will be given to A-jax:[1] he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to ſpeak! run away for ſhame, Aliſander, [Nath. *retires.*] There, an't ſhall pleaſe you; a

[9] —— *lion, that holds his poll-ax ſitting on a cloſe-ſtool,*] This alludes to the arms given in the old hiſtory of *The Nine Worthies*, to "Alexander, the which did beare geules, a lion or, *ſeiante in a chayer*, holding a battle-ax argent." Leigh's *Accidence of Armory*, 1597, p. 23. Tollet.

[1] —— *A-jax:*] There is a conceit of *Ajax* and *a jakes*. Johnson.

This conceit, paltry as it is, was uſed by Ben Jonſon, and Camden the antiquary. Ben, among his *Epigrams*, has theſe two lines:

"And I could wiſh, for their eternis'd ſakes,
"My muſe had plough'd with his that ſung *A-jax*."

So, Camden, in his *Remains*, having mentioned the French word *pet*, ſays, "Enquire, if you underſtand it not, of Cloacina's chaplains, or ſuch as are well read in *A-jax*."

Again, in *The Maſtive*, &c. a collection of epigrams and ſatires, no date:

"To thee, brave John, my book I dedicate,
"That wilt from *A-jax* with thy force defend it."

See alſo Sir John Harrington's *New Diſcourſe of a ſtale Subject, called, the Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, 1596; his *Anatomie of the Metamorphoſed Ajax*, no date; and *Ulyſſes upon Ajax*, 1596. All theſe performances are founded on the ſame conceit of *Ajax* and *A jakes*. To the firſt of them a licenſe was refuſed, and the author was forbid the court for writing it. His own copy of it, with MSS. notes and illuſtrations, and a MS. dedication to Thomas Markham, Eſq. is now before me. Stevens.

See alſo Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. IX. p. 133, edition 1780. Reed.

fooliſh mild man; an honeſt man, look you, and ſoon daſh'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, inſooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Aliſander, alas, you ſee, how 'tis;—a little o'erparted:[2] —But there are worthies a coming will ſpeak their mind in ſome other ſort.

*Prin.* Stand aſide, good Pompey.

*Enter* Holofernes *arm'd, for* Judas, *and* Moth *arm'd, for* Hercules.

Hol. *Great Hercules is preſented by this imp,*
*Whoſe club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed* canus;
*And, when he was a babe, a child, a ſhrimp,*
*Thus did he ſtrangle ſerpents in his* manus:
Quoniam, *he ſeemeth in minority;*
Ergo, *I come with this apology.*—
Keep ſome ſtate in thy *exit*, and vaniſh.
[*Exit* Moth.

Hol. *Judas I am,*—

*Dum.* A Judas!

*Hol.* Not Iſcariot, ſir.—
*Judas I am, ycleped Machabæus.*

*Dum.* Judas Machabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

*Biron.* A kiſſing traitor:—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. *Judas I am,*—

*Dum.* The more ſhame for you, Judas.

*Hol.* What mean you, ſir?

*Boyet.* To make Judas hang himſelf.

*Hol.* Begin, ſir; you are my elder.

[2] ——*a little o'er*-parted:] That is, the *part* or character allotted to him in this piece is too conſiderable. Malone.

*Biron.* Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.

*Hol.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Biron.* Becauſe thou haſt no face.

*Hol.* What is this?

*Boyet.* A cittern head.[3]

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Biron.* A death's face in a ring.

*Long.* The face of an old Roman coin, ſcarce ſeen.

*Boyet.* The pummel of Cæſar's faulchion.

*Dum.* The carv'd-bone face on a flaſk.[4]

*Biron.* St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.[5]

*Dum.* Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

*Biron.* Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer: And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

*Hol.* You have put me out of countenance.

[3] *A* cittern head.] So, in *Fancies Chaſte and Noble*, 1638: "——A cittern-headed gew-gaw." Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: "Fiddling on a *cittern* with a man's broken *head* at it." Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629: "I hope the chronicles will rear me one day for a head-piece——"

"Of woodcock without brains in it; barbers ſhall wear thee on their *citterns*," &c. Steevens.

[4] ——*on a* flaſk.] i. e. a ſoldier's powder-horn. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——like powder in a ſkilleſs ſoldier's *flaſk*,
"Is fet on fire."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Keep a light match in cock; wear *flask* and touch-box."
Steevens.

[5] *St. George's half-cheek in a* brooch.] A *brooch* is an ornamental buckle, for faſtening hat-bands, girdles, mantles, &c. See a figure and deſcription of a fine one, in Pennant's *Tour in Scotland*, Vol. III. p. 14. Harris.

*Biron.* Falſe; we have given thee faces.

*Hol.* But you have out-fac'd them all.

*Biron.* An thou wert a lion, we would do ſo.

*Boyet.* Therefore, as he is, an aſs, let him go. And ſo adieu, ſweet Jude! nay, why doſt thou ſtay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Biron.* For the aſs to the Jude; give it him:—Jud-as, away.

*Hol.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boyet.* A light for monſieur Judas: it grows dark, he may ſtumble.

*Prin.* Alas, poor Machabæus, how hath he been baited!

*Enter* Armado *arm'd, for* Hector.

*Biron.* Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.

*Dum.* Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.

*King.* Hector was but a Trojan[5] in reſpect of this.

*Boyet.* But is this Hector?

*Dum.* I think, Hector was not ſo clean-timber'd.

*Long.* His leg is too big for Hector.

*Dum.* More calf, certain.

*Boyet.* No; he is beſt indued in the ſmall.

*Biron.* This cannot be Hector.

[5] *Hector was but a* Trojan—] A *Trojan*, I believe, was, in the time of Shakſpeare, a cant term for a *thief*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "Tut there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'ſt not of," &c. Again, in this ſcene: "unleſs you play the *honeſt* Trojan," &c. Steevens.

*Dum.* He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Arm. *The armipotent Mars, of lances*[6] *the almighty,*
*Gave Hector a gift,—*

*Dum.* A gilt nutmeg.

*Biron.* A lemon.

*Long.* Stuck with cloves.[7]

*Dum.* No, cloven.

*Arm.* Peace!
*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,*
*Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;*
*A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight, yea*[8]
*From morn till night, out of his pavilion.*
*I am that flower,—*

[6] ——*of* lances—] i. e. of lance-men. So, in *King Lear*: "And turn our impreſt *lances* in our eyes." Steevens.

[7] *Stuck with cloves.*] An orange *ſtuck with cloves* appears to have been a common new-year's gift. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *Chriſtmas Maſque*: "he has an *orange* and roſemary, but not a *clove* to ſtick in it." A *gilt nutmeg* is mentioned in the ſame piece, and on the ſame occaſion.

The uſe, however, of an *orange*, &c. may be aſcertained from *The Second Booke of Notable Things*, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l: "Wyne wyll be pleaſant in taſte and ſavour, if an *orenge* or a *Lymon* (ſtickt round about with *Cloaves*) be hanged within the veſſell that it touche not the wyne. And ſo the wyne wyll be preſerved from *tayſtines* and evyll ſavor." Steevens.

The quarto, 1598, reads—A *gift* nutmeg; and if a *gilt* nutmeg had not been mentioned by Ben Jonſon, I ſhould have thought it right. So we ſay, a *gift*-horſe, &c. Malone.

[8] ——*he would fight*, yea,] Thus all the old copies. Theobald very plauſibly reads—he would *fight ye*; a common vulgariſm. Steevens.

I ſhould read:

——*that certain he would fight* ye,

which I think improves both the ſenſe and the rhyme.—He would run *you* five miles in an hour—he would ride *you* from morning till night, is a mode of expreſſion ſtill in uſe. M. Mason.

*Dum.* That mint.

*Long.* That columbine.

*Arm.* Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.

*Long.* I muſt rather give it the rein; for it runs againſt Hector.

*Dum.* Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

*Arm.* The ſweet war-man is dead and rotten; ſweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried: when he breath'd, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, [*to the* Princeſs.] beſtow on me the ſenſe of hearing.

[Biron *whiſpers* Costard.

*Prin.* Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.

*Arm.* I do adore thy ſweet grace's ſlipper.

*Boyet.* Loves her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

Arm. *This Hector far ſurmounted Hannibal,—*

*Cost.* The party is gone, fellow Hector, ſhe is gone; ſhe is two months on her way.

*Arm.* What meaneſt thou?

*Cost.* Faith, unleſs you play the honeſt Trojan, the poor wench is caſt away: ſhe's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.

*Arm.* Doſt thou infamonize me among potentates? thou ſhalt die.

*Cost.* Then ſhall Hector be whipp'd, for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.

*Dum.* Moſt rare Pompey!

*Boyet.* Renowned Pompey!

*Biron.* Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!

*Dum.* Hector trembles.

*Biron.* Pompey is mov'd:—More Ates, more Ates;[9] ſtir them on! ſtir them on!

*Dum.* Hector will challenge him.

*Biron.* Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will ſup a flea.

*Arm.* By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

*Cost.* I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man;[1] I'll ſlath; I'll do it by the ſword:—I pray you, let me borrow my arms[2] again.

*Dum.* Room for the incenſed worthies.

*Cost.* I'll do it in my ſhirt.

*Dum.* Moſt reſolute Pompey!

*Moth.* Maſter, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not ſee, Pompey is uncaſing for the combat? What mean you? you will loſe your reputation.

*Arm.* Gentlemen, and ſoldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my ſhirt.

*Dum.* You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

*Arm.* Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

[9] ——*more* Ates;] That is, more inſtigation. Ate was the miſchievous goddeſs that incited bloodſhed. Johnson.

So, in *King John*:

"An *Ate*, ſtirring him to war and ſtrife." Stevens.

[1] ——*like a northern man*:] *Vir Borealis*, a clown. See Gloſſary to Urry's Chaucer. Farmer.

[2] ——*my* arms—] The weapons and armour which he wore in the character of Pompey. Johnson

*Biron.* What reaſon have you for't?

*Arm.* The naked truth of it is, I have no ſhirt; I go woolward for penance.

*Boyet.* True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen:[3] ſince when, I'll be ſworn, he

[3] ——*it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen:* &c.] This may poſſibly allude to a ſtory well known in our author's time, to this effect. A Spaniard at Rome falling in a duel, as he lay expiring, an intimate friend, by chance, came by, and offered him his beſt ſervices. The dying man told him he had but one requeſt to make him, but conjured him, by the memory of their paſt friendſhip, punctually to comply with it; which was not to ſuffer him to be ſtript, but to bury him as he lay, in the habit he then had on. When this was promiſed, the Spaniard cloſed his eyes, and expired with great compoſure and reſignation. But his friend's curioſity prevailing over his good faith, he had him ſtript, and found, to his great ſurpriſe, that he was without a ſhirt. Warburton.

Boyet. *True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen:* &c.] This is a plain reference to the following ſtory in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98, (in the time of Edward the Confeſſor:) "Next after this (king Edward's firſt cure of the king's evil,) mine authors affirm, that a certain man, named Vifunius Spileorne, the ſon of Ulmore of Nutgarſhall, who, when he hewed timber in the wood of Brutheullena, laying him down to ſleep after his ſore labour, the blood and humours of his head ſo congealed about his eyes, that he was thereof blind, for the ſpace of nineteen years; but then (as he had been moved in his ſleep) he *went woolward* and bare-footed to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindneſs." Dr. Grey.

The ſame cuſtom is alluded to in an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c.

"And when his ſhirt's a waſhing, then he muſt
"Go *woolward* for the time; he ſcorns it, he,
"That worth two ſhirts his laundreſs ſhould him ſee."

Again, in *A Merry Geſte of Robyn Hood*, bl. l. no date:

"Barefoot, *woolward* have I hight,
"Thether for to go."

Again, in Powell's *Hiſtory of Wales*, 1584: "The Angles and Saxons ſlew 1000 prieſts and monks of Bangor, with a great number of lay brethren, &c. who were come bare-footed and *woolward* to crave mercy," &c. Steevens.

wore none, but a diſh-clout of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596, we have the character of a *ſwaſhbuckler*: "His common courſe is to go always untruſt; except when his *ſhirt is a waſhing*, and then he goes *woolward*."
FARMER.

*Woolward*—] "I have no ſhirt: I go *woolward* for penance." The learned Dr. Grey, whoſe accurate knowledge of our old hiſtorians has often thrown much light on Shakſpeare, ſuppoſes that this paſſage is a *plain reference* to a ſtory in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 98. But where is the connection or reſemblance between this monkiſh tale and the paſſage before us? There is nothing in the ſtory, as here related by Stowe, that would even put us in mind of this dialogue between Boyet and Armado, except the ſingular expreſſion *go woolward*; which, at the ſame time is not explained by the annotator, nor illuſtrated by his quotation. To *go woolward*, I believe, was a phraſe appropriated to pilgrims and penitentiaries. In this ſenſe it ſeems to be uſed in *Pierce Plowman's Viſions*, Paſſ. xviii. fol. 96, b. edit. 1550:

"*Wolward* and wetſhod *went* I forth after
"As a rechleſs reuke, that of no wo retcheth,
"And yedeforth like a lorell," &c.

Skinner derives *woolward* from the Saxon wol, *plague*, ſecondarily *any great diſtreſs*, and weard, *toward*. Thus, ſays he, it ſignifies, "*in magno diſcrimine & expectatione magni mali conſtitutus*." I rather think it ſhould be written *woolward*, and that it means *clothed in wool*, and *not in linen*. This appears, not only from Shakſpeare's context, but more particularly from an hiſtorian who relates the legend before cited, and whoſe words Stowe has evidently tranſlated. This is Ailred, abbot of Rievaulx, who ſays, that our blind man was admoniſhed: "Eccleſias numero octoginta *nudis pedibus* et *abſque linteis* circumire." *Dec. Scriptor*, 302, 50. The ſame ſtory is told by William of Malmſbury, *Geſt. Reg. Angl.* Lib. II. p. 91, edit. 1601. And in Caxton's *Legenda Aurea*, fol. 307, edit. 1493. By the way it appears, that Stowe's Vitunius Spilcorne, ſon of Ulmore of Nutgrſhall, ought to be Wulwin, ſurnamed de Spillicote, ſon of Wulmar de Lutegarſhelle, now Ludgerſhall: and the wood of Brutheullena is the foreſt of Bruelle, now called Brill, in Buckinghamſhire. T. WARTON.

To this ſpeech in the old copy, *Boy* is prefixed, by which deſignation moſt of Moth's ſpeeches are marked. The name of *Boyet* is generally printed at length. It ſeems better ſuited to

*Enter* MERCADE.

*MER.* God save you, madam!

*PRIN.* Welcome, Mercade;
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

*MER.* I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

*PRIN.* Dead, for my life.

*MER.* Even so; my tale is told.

*BIRON.* Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

*ARM.* For mine own part, I breathe free breath: I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion,[4] and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*

Armado's page than to Boyet, to whom it has been given in the modern editions. MALONE.

[4] *I have seen the day of* wrong *through the little hole of discretion,*] This has no meaning. We should read, *the day of* right; i. e. I have seen that a day will come when I shall have justice done me, and therefore I prudently reserve myself for that time. WARBURTON.

I believe it rather means, *I have hitherto looked on the indignities I have received, with the eyes of discretion,* (i. e. not been too forward to resent them,) *and shall insist on such satisfaction as will not disgrace my character, which is that of a soldier.* To have decided the quarrel in the manner proposed by his antagonist, would have been at once a derogation from the honour of a soldier, and the pride of a Spaniard.

"*One may see day at a little hole,*" is a proverb in Ray's Collection: "Day-light will peep through a little hole," in Kelly's Again, in Churchyard's *Charge*, 1580, p. 9:

"At *little hoales* the *day* is *seen*." STEEVENS.

The passage is faulty; but Warburton has mistaken the meaning of it, and the place in which the error lies.

Armado means to say, in his affected style, that "he had discovered that he was wronged, and was determined to right himself

*King.* How fares your majeſty?

*Prin.* Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

*King.* Madam, not ſo; I do beſeech you, ſtay.

*Prin.* Prepare, I ſay.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-ſad ſoul, that you vouchſafe
In your rich wiſdom, to excuſe, or hide,
The liberal[5] oppoſition of our ſpirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourſelves
In the converſe of breath,[6] your gentleneſs
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue:[7]

as a ſoldier;" and this meaning will be clearly expreſſed if we read it thus, with a very ſlight alteration:—"I have ſeen the *day* of wrong, through the little hole of diſcretion." M. Mason.

[5] ——*liberal*—] *Free to exceſs.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice.*

"——there they ſhow
"Something too *liberal*." Steevens.

[6] *In the* converſe *of breath,*] Perhaps *converſe* may, in this line, mean *interchange.* Johnson.

*Converſe of breath* means no more than converſation "made up of breath," as our author expreſſes himſelf in *Othello.* Thus alſo, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Therefore I ſcant this *breathing courteſy*."

Steevens.

[7] *A heavy heart bears not an* humble *tongue:*] Thus all the editions; but, ſurely, without either ſenſe or truth. None are more *humble* in ſpeech, than they who labour under any oppreſſion. The Princeſs is deſiring her grief may apologize for her not expreſſing her obligations at large; and my correction is conformable to that ſentiment. Beſides, there is an antitheſis between *heavy* and *nimble*; but between *heavy* and *humble,* there is none. Theobald.

The following paſſage in *King John,* inclines me to diſpute the propriety of Mr. Theobald's emendation:

"——*grief* is proud, and makes his owner *ſtout.*"

By *humble,* the Princeſs ſeems to mean *obſequiouſly thankful.* Steevens.

Excuſe me ſo, coming ſo ſhort of thanks
For my great ſuit ſo eaſily obtain'd.

*King.* The extreme parts of time extremely form
All cauſes to the purpoſe of his ſpeed;
And often, at his very looſe, decides[8]
That which long proceſs could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the ſmiling courteſy of love,
The holy ſuit which fain it would convince;[9]
Yet, ſince love's argument was firſt on foot,

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key
" With 'bated breath, and whiſpering *humbleneſs*," &c.

A heavy heart, ſays the Princeſs, does not admit of that verbal obeiſance which is paid by the humble to thoſe whom they addreſs. Farewell therefore at once. Malone.

[8] *And often,* at his very looſe, *decides* &c.] *At his very looſe,* may mean, *at the moment of his parting,* i. e. of his *getting looſe,* or away from us.

So, in ſome ancient poem, of which I forgot to preſerve either the date or title:

" Envy diſcharging all her pois'nous darts,
" The valiant mind is temper'd with that fire,
" At her fierce *looſe* that weakly never parts,
" But in deſpight doth force her to retire."

Steevens.

[9] —— *which fain* it would *convince*;] We muſt read:

" —— *which fain* would it *convince*;

that is, the entreaties of love which would fain *over-power* grief. So Lady Macbeth declares: " That ſhe will *convince* the chamberlains with wine." Johnson.

If Johnſon was right with reſpect to the meaning of this paſſage, I ſhould think that the words, as they now ſtand, would expreſs it without the tranſpoſition which he propoſes to make. Place a comma after the word *it,* and *fain it would convince* will ſignify the ſame as *fain would convince it.*—In reading it is certain that a proper emphaſis will ſupply the place of that tranſpoſition. But I believe that the words *which fain it would convince,* mean only what it would wiſh to ſucceed in obtaining. To *convince* is to *overcome*; and to prevail in a ſuit which was ſtrongly denied, is a kind of conqueſt. M. Mason.

Let not the cloud of ſorrow juſtle it
From what it purpos'd; ſince, to wail friends loſt,
Is not by much ſo wholeſome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

*Prin.* I underſtand you not; my griefs are double.[1]

*Biron.* Honeſt plain words[2] beſt pierce the ear of grief;—
And by theſe badges underſtand the king.

[1] *I underſtand you not; my griefs are* double.] I ſuppoſe, ſhe means, 1. on account of the death of her father; 2. on account of not underſtanding the king's meaning.—A modern editor, [Mr. Capell,] inſtead of *double*, reads *deaf*; but the former is not at all likely to have been miſtaken, either by the eye or the ear, for the latter. Malone.

[2] *Honeſt plain words* &c.] As it ſeems not very proper for Biron to court the Princeſs for the King in the king's preſence at this critical moment, I believe the ſpeech is given to a wrong perſon. I read thus:

Prin. *I underſtand you not, my griefs are double:*
*Honeſt plain words beſt pierce the ear of grief.*
King. *And by theſe badges* &c. Johnson.

Too many authors ſacrifice propriety to the conſequence of their principal character, into whoſe mouth they are willing to put more than juſtly belongs to him, or at leaſt the beſt things they have to ſay. The original actor of Biron, however, like *Bottom* in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream*, might have wreſted this ſpeech from an inferior performer. I have been aſſured, that Mercutio's rhapſody concerning the tricks of Queen Mab, was put into the mouth of Romeo by the late Mr. Sheridan, as often as he himſelf performed that character in Ireland. Steevens.

I think Johnſon judges ill in wiſhing to give this ſpeech to the King, it is an apology not for him alone, but for all the competitors in oaths, and Biron is generally their ſpokeſman.

M. Mason.

In a former part of this ſcene Biron ſpeaks for the King and the other lords, and being at length exhauſted, tells them, they muſt woo for themſelves. I believe, therefore, the old copies are right in this reſpect; but think with Dr. Johnſon that the line "Honeſt," &c. belongs to the Princeſs. Malone.

For your fair ſakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty, ladies
Hath much deform'd us, faſhioning our humours
Even to the oppoſed end of our intents:
And what in us hath ſeem'd ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbefitting ſtrains;
All wanton as a child, ſkipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye
Full of ſtrange ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,[3]
Varying in ſubjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance:
Which party-coated preſence of looſe love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have miſbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
Thoſe heavenly eyes, that look into theſe faults,
Suggeſted us[4] to make: Therefore, ladies,

[3] *Full of* ſtrange *ſhapes, of habits, and of forms,*] The old copies read—Full of *ſtraying* ſhapes. Both the ſenſe and the metre appear to me to require the emendation which I ſuggeſted ſome time ago: "*ſtrange* ſhapes" might have been eaſily confounded by the ear with the words that have been ſubſtituted in their room. In *Coriolanus* we meet with a corruption of the ſame kind, which could only have ariſen in this way:

" ——— Better to ſtarve
" Than crave the *higher* [hire] which firſt we do deſerve."

The following paſſages of our author will, I apprehend, fully ſupport the correction that has been made:

" In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
" Applied to cautels, all *ſtrange forms* receives."
*Lover's Complaint.*

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" —— the *impreſſion* of *ſtrange* kinds
" Is *form'd* in them, by force, by fraud, or ſkill."

In *King Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we have—*Forraging* blood of French nobility, inſtead of *Torrage in* blood, &c. Mr. Capell, I find, has made the ſame emendation. MALONE.

[4] Suggeſted *us*—] That is, *tempted* us. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" Knowing that tender youth is ſoon *ſuggeſted.*"
STEEVENS.

Our love being yours, the error that love makes
Is likewiſe yours: we to ourſelves prove falſe,
By being once falſe for ever to be true
To thoſe that make us both,—fair ladies, you:
And even that falſehood, in itſelf a ſin
Thus purifies itſelf, and turns to grace.

*Prin.* We have receiv'd your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the embaſſadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,
As bombaſt, and as lining to the time:[3]

[3] *As bombaſt, and as lining to the time:*] This line is obſcure. *Bombaſt* was a kind of looſe texture not unlike what is now called *wadding*, uſed to give the dreſſes of that time bulk and protuberance, without much increaſe of weight; whence the ſame name is given to a tumour of words unſupported by ſolid ſentiment. The Princeſs, therefore, ſays, that they conſidered this courtſhip as but *bombaſt*, as ſomething to fill out life, which not being cloſely united with it, might be thrown away at pleaſure. JOHNSON.

Prince Henry calls Falſtaff, "—my ſweet creature of *bombaſt*." STEEVENS.

*We have receiv'd your letters full of love;*
*Your favours the embaſſadors of love;*
*And in our maiden council rated them*
*At courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy,*
*As bombaſt, and as lining to the time:*
*But more devout than* thoſe in our *reſpects,*
*Have we not* been, *and therefore met your loves*
*In their own faſhion, like a merriment.*

The ſixth verſe being evidently corrupted, Dr. Warburton propoſes to read:

*But more devout than* this (ſave *our reſpects*)
*Have we not* been;—

Dr. Johnſon prefers the conjecture of Sir T. Hanmer:

*But more devout than* this, in *our reſpects.*

I would read, with leſs violence, I think, to the text, though with the alteration of two words:

*But more devout than thoſe are* your *reſpects*
*Have we not* ſeen,— TYRWHITT.

But more devout than this, in our reſpects,
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own faſhion, like a merriment.

*Dum.* Our letters, madam, ſhow'd much more than jeſt.

*Long.* So did our looks.

*Ros.* We did not quote them ſo.[6]

*King.* Now, at the lateſt minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

*Prin.* A time, methinks, too ſhort
To make a world-without-end bargain in:[7]

The difficulty, I believe, ariſes only from Shakſpeare's remarkable poſition of his words, which may be thus conſtrued.—*But we have not been more devout,* or made a more ſerious matter of your letters and favours than theſe *our reſpects,* or conſiderations and reckonings of them, are, and as we have juſt before ſaid, *we rated them in our maiden council at courtſhip, pleaſant jeſt, and courteſy.* TOLLET.

The quarto, 1598, reads:

*But more devout than* this *our reſpects.*

There can be no doubt, therefore, that Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture is right. The word *in,* which the compoſitor inadvertently omitted, completes both the ſenſe and metre. MALONE.

[6] *We did not* quote *them ſo.*] The old copies read—*coat.* STEEVENS.

We ſhould read—*quote,* eſteem, reckon; though our old writers ſpelling by the ear, probably wrote—*cote,* as it was pronounced. JOHNSON.

*Cote* is only the old ſpelling of *quote.* So, again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece,* 1594:

"Yea, the illiterate—
"Will *cote* my loathed treſpaſs in my looks." MALONE.

We did not *quote* 'em ſo, is, *we did not regard them as ſuch.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"I'm ſorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." See Act II. ſc. i.

STEE

[7] *To make a* world-without-end *bargain in:*] This ſing

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltineſs; and, therefore this,—
If for my love (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do aught, this ſhall you do for me:
Your oath I will not truſt; but go with ſpeed
To ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world;
There ſtay, until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning:
If this auſtere inſociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If froſts, and faſts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,[8]
Nip not the gaudy bloſſoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and laſt love;[9]
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge, challenge me[1] by theſe deſerts,
And, by this virgin palm, now kiſſing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that inſtant, ſhut
My woeful ſelf up in a mourning houſe;
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part;

phraſe, which Shakſpeare borrowed probably from our liturgy, occurs again in his 57th Sonnet:

"Nor dare I chide the *world-without-end* hour."

MALONE.

[8] ——*and thin* weeds,] i. e. clothing. MALONE.

[9] ——*and laſt* love;] I ſuſpect that the compoſitor caught this word from the preceding line, and that Shakſpeare wrote—laſt *ſtill*. If the preſent reading be right, it muſt mean—"if it continue ſtill to deſerve the name of love." MALONE.

*Laſt* is a verb. If it *laſt* love, means, if it *continue* to be love. STEEVENS.

[1] *Come challenge, challenge me*—] The old copies read (probably by the compoſitor's eye glancing on a wrong part of the line,) Come challenge *me*, challenge me, &c. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

Neither intitled in the other's heart.[2]

*King.* If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up theſe powers of mine with reſt,[3]
The ſudden hand of death cloſe up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breaſt.

*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?

*Ros.* You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank;[4]

[2] *Neither* intitled *in the other's heart.*] The quarto, 1598, reads—Neither *intiled*;—which may be right, neither of us having a *dwelling* in the heart of the other.

Our author has the ſame kind of imagery in many other places. Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Shall *love* in *building* grow ſo ruinate?"

Again, in his *Lover's Complaint:*

"*Love* lack'd a *dwelling*, and made him her place."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"O thou, that doſt *inhabit in my breaſt*,
"Leave not the *manſion* ſo long tenantleſs,
"Leſt growing ruinous the *building* fall." Malone.

We may certainly ſpeak, in general terms, of *building a manſion* for Love to dwell in, or, of that manſion when it is become a *Ruin*, without departure from elegance; but when we deſcend to ſuch particulars as *tiling-in* Love, a ſuſpicion will ariſe, that the technicals of the bricklayer have debaſed the imagery of the poet. I hope, therefore, that the ſecond *t* in the word intitled was an undeſigned omiſſion in the quarto, 1598, and, conſequently, that *intiled* was not the original reading. Steevens.

[3] *To* flatter up *theſe* powers of mine *with reſt*,] Dr. Warburton would read *fetter*, but *flatter* or *ſooth* is, in my opinion, more appoſite to the king's purpoſe than *fetter*. Perhaps we may read:

*To flatter on theſe* hours of time *with reſt*;

That is, I would not deny to live in the hermitage I make the year of delay paſs in quiet. Johnson.

[4] ——*are* rank:] The folio and quarto, 1598, *rack'd*. Steevens.

——*your ſins are* rack'd;] i. e. *extended* "to the bent." So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,
But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.[5]

*Dum.* But what to me, my love? but what to me?

*Kath.* A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honeſty;

With three-fold love I wiſh you all theſe three.

*Dum.* O, ſhall I ſay, I thank you, gentle wife?

*Kath.* Not ſo, my lord;—a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that ſmooth-fac'd wooers ſay:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you ſome.

"Why, then we *rack* the value."
Mr. Rowe and the ſubſequent editors read—are *rank*.
MALONE.

Rowe's emendation is every way juſtifiable. Things *rank* (not thoſe which are *racked*) need *purging*. Beſides, Shakſpeare has uſed the ſame epithet on the ſame occaſion in *Hamlet*:

"O! my *offence* is *rank*, it ſmells to heaven."
STEEVENS.

5. Biron. *And what to me, my love? and what to me?*
Roſ. *You muſt be purged too, your ſins are rank;*
*You are attaint with faults and perjury:*
*Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,*
*A twelvemonth ſhall you ſpend, and never reſt,*
*But ſeek the weary beds of people ſick.*] Theſe ſix verſes both Dr. Thirlby and Mr. Warburton concur to think ſhould be expunged; and therefore I have put them between crotchets: not that they were an interpolation, but as the author's draught, which he afterwards rejected, and executed the ſame thought a little lower with much more ſpirit and elegance. Shakſpeare is not to anſwer for the preſent abſurd repetition, but his actor-editors; who, thinking Roſaline's ſpeech too long in the ſecond plan, had abridg'd it to the lines above quoted: but, in publiſhing the play, ſtupidly printed both the original ſpeech of Shakſpeare, and their own abridgement of it. THEOBALD.

*Dum.* I'll ſerve thee true and faithfully till then.

*Kath.* Yet ſwear not, leſt you be forſworn again.

*Long.* What ſays Maria?

*Mar.* At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

*Long.* I'll ſtay with patience; but the time is long.

*Mar.* The liker you; few taller are ſo young.

*Biron.* Studies my lady? miſtreſs look on me,
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble ſuit attends thy anſwer there;
Impoſe ſome ſervice on me for thy love.

*Ros.* Oft have I heard of you, my lord Birón,
Before I ſaw you: and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of compariſons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all eſtates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain;
And, therewithal, to win me, if you pleaſe,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You ſhall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Viſit the ſpeechleſs ſick, and ſtill converſe
With groaning wretches; and your taſk ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeavour[6] of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to ſmile.

*Biron.* To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impoſſible:
Mirth cannot move a ſoul in agony.

[6] ——fierce *endeavour*——] *Fierce* is *vehem* in *King John*:

"——*fierce* extremes of ſickneſs." Steevens

*Ros.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing ſpirit,
Whoſe influence is begot of that looſe grace,
Which ſhallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jeſt's proſperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if ſickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,[7]
Will hear your idle ſcorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that ſpirit,
And I ſhall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

*Biron.* A twelvemonth? well, befal what will befal,
I'll jeſt a twelvemonth in an hoſpital.[8]

*Prin.* Ay, ſweet my lord; and ſo I take my leave. [*To the* King.

*King.* No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

*Biron.* Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: theſe ladies' courteſy
Might well have made our ſport a comedy.

[7] ——dear *groans,*] *Dear* ſhould here, as in many other places, be *dere,* ſad, odious. Johnson.

I believe *dear* in this place, as in many others, means only *immediate, conſequential.* So, already in this ſcene:

"——full of *dear* guiltineſs." Steevens.

[8] The characters of *Biron* and *Roſaline* ſuffer much by compariſon with thoſe of *Benedick* and *Beatrice.* We know that *Love's Labour's Loſt* was the elder performance; and as our author grew more experienced in dramatic writing, he might have ſeen how much he could improve on his own originals. To this circumſtance, perhaps, we are indebted for the more perfect comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing.* Steevens.

*King.* Come, ſir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.

*Biron.* That's too long for a play.

*Enter* Armado.

*Arm.* Sweet majeſty, vouchſafe me,—

*Prin.* Was not that Hector?

*Dum.* The worthy knight of 'Troy.

*Arm.* I will kiſs thy royal finger, and take leave: I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her ſweet love three years. But, moſt eſteemed greatneſs, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled, in praiſe of the owl and the cuckoo? it ſhould have followed in the end of our ſhow.

*King.* Call them forth quickly, we will do ſo.

*Arm.* Holla! approach.

*Enter* Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, *and others.*

This ſide is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the ſpring; the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

## SONG.

Spring. *When daiſies pied,*[9] *and violets blue,*
*And lady-ſmocks all ſilver-white,*
*And cuckoo-buds*[1] *of yellow hue,*
*Do paint the meadows with delight,*
*The cuckoo then, on every tree,*
*Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,*
*Cuckoo;*
*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,*
*Unpleaſing to a married ear!*

[9] *When daiſies pied,* &c.] The firſt lines of this ſong that were tranſpoſed, have been replaced by Mr. Theobald. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*cuckoo-buds*—] Gerard, in his *Herbal*, 1597, ſays, that the *flos cuculi cardamine*, &c. are called "in Engliſh *cuckoo-flowers*, in Norfolk *Canterbury-bells*, and at *Namptwich* in Cheſhire *ladie-ſmocks*." Shakſpeare, however, might not have been ſufficiently ſkilled in botany to be aware of this particular.

Mr. Tollet has obſerved, that Lyte in his *Herbal*, 1578 and 1579, remarks, that *cowſlips* are in French, of ſome called *coquu*, prime vere, and brayes de *coquu*. This, he thinks, will ſufficiently account for our author's *cuckoo-buds*, by which he ſuppoſes *cowſlip-buds* to be meant; and further directs the reader to Cotgrave's Dictionary, under the articles—*Cocu*, and *herbe a coqu*. STEEVENS.

*Cuckoo-buds* muſt be wrong. I believe *cowſlip-buds*, the true reading. FARMER.

Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of Ben Jonſon's works, many years ago propoſed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckoo-flower, he obſerved, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himſelf no mean botaniſt, has diſtinguiſhed it:

"*Albaque* cardamine," &c. MALONE.

Crocus *buds* is a phraſe unknown to naturaliſts and gardeners. STEEVENS.

II.

*When ſhepherds pipe on oaten ſtraws,*
*And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,*
*When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,*
*And maidens bleach their ſummer ſmocks,*
*The cuckoo then, on every tree,*
*Mocks married men, for thus ſings he,*
*Cuckoo;*
*Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,*
*Unpleaſing to a married ear!*

III.

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*[2]
*And* Dick *the ſhepherd blows his nail,*[3]
*And* Tom *bears logs into the hall,*
*And milk comes frozen home in pail,*

[2] *When icicles hang* by the wall,] i. e. from the eaves of the thatch or other roofing, from which in the morning icicles are found depending in great abundance, after a night of froſt. So, in *King Henry IV:*

" Let us not *hang* like roping *icicles,*
" Upon our *houſes' thatch.*"

Our author (whoſe images are all taken from nature) has alluded in *The Tempeſt,* to the drops of water that after rain flow from ſuch coverings, in their natural unfrozen ſtate:

" His tears run down his beard, like *winter's drops*
" *From eaves of reeds.*" MALONE.

[3] *And Dick the* ſhepherd blows his nail,] So, in *K. Henry VI.* Part III:

" What time *the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,*
" Can neither call it perfect day or night." MALONE.

*When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,*
*Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,*
*To-who;*
*Tu-whit, to-who,*[2] *a merry note,*
*While greaſy* Joan *doth keel the pot.*[3]

——*nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,*
*To-who; tu-whit, to-who,*] So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*:
" *To-whit, to-whoo, the owle* does cry."
HOLT WHITE.

*Tu-whit, to-who,*] Theſe terms were employed alſo to denote the muſick of birds in general. Thus, in the ſong of Spring, in Summer's *Laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:
" Cold doth not ſting, the pretty birds doe ſing,
" Cuckow, jugge, jugge, pu we, *to witta woo.*"
But, in Sidney's verſes at the end of the *Arcadia*, they are confined to the owl:
" Their angel-voice ſurpriz'd me now;
" But Mopſa her *too-whit, to-hoo,*
" Deſcending through her hoboy noſe,
" Did that diſtemper ſoon compoſe:
" And, therefore, O thou precious *owl,*" &c. TODD.

[3] ——*doth* keel *the pot.*] This word is yet uſed in Ireland, and ſignifies *to ſcum the pot.* GOLDSMITH.

So, in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607:—" Faith, Doricus, thy brain boils, *keel* it, *keel* it, or all the fat's in the fire."
STEEVENS.

To *keel the pot* is certainly to *cool it*, but in a particular manner: it is to ſtir the pottage with the ladle to prevent the *boiling over.* FARMER.

——*keel the pot.*] i. e. cool the pot: " The thing is, they mix their thicking of oatmeal and water, which they call *blending the litting* [or *lithing,*] and put it in the pot, when they ſet on, becauſe when the meat, pudding and turnips are all in, they cannot ſo well mix it, but 'tis apt to go into lumps; yet this method of theirs renders the pot liable to boil over at the firſt riſing, and every ſubſequent increaſe of the fire; to prevent which it becomes neceſſary for one to attend to cool it occaſionally, by lading it up frequently with a ladle, which they call *keeling the pot*, and is indeed a greaſy office." *Gent. Mag.* 1760. This account ſeems to be accurate. RITSON.

To *keel* ſignifies to *cool* in general, without any reference to

## IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,*
*And coughing drowns the parſon's ſaw,*[6]
*And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,*
*And* Marian's *noſe looks red and raw,*

the kitchen. So, in the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, MS. p. 80:

" That alle men ſhall take hede
" What deth traytours ſhall fele,
" That aſſente to ſuch falſhede,
" Howe the wynde theyr bodyes ſhal *kele*."

Again, in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 121, b:

" The cote he found, and eke he feleth
" The mace, and then his herte *keleth*
" That there durſt he not abide."

Again, fol. 131, b:

" With water on his finger ende
" Thyne hote tonge to *kele*."

Mr. Lambe obſerves, in his notes on the ancient metrical Hiſtory of *The Battle of Floddon*, that it is a common thing in the North " for a maid ſervant to take out of a boiling pot a *wheen*, i. e. a ſmall quantity, viz. a porringer or two of broth, and then to fill up the pot with cold water. The broth thus taken out, is called the *keeling wheen*. In this manner greaſy Joan keeled the pot."

" Gie me beer, and gie me grots,
" And lumps of beef to ſwim wheen;
" And ilka time that I fill the pot,
" He's hae frae me the *keeling wheen*." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *the parſon's ſaw.*] *Saw* ſeems anciently to have meant, not as at preſent, a proverb, a ſentence, but the whole tenor of any inſtructive diſcourſe. So, in the fourth chapter of the firſt Book of *The Tragedies of John Bochas*, tranſlated by Lidgate:

" Theſe old poetes in their *ſawes* ſwete
" Full covertly in their verſes do fayne." STEEVENS.

Yet in *As you like it*, our author uſes this word in the ſenſe of a ſentence, or maxim: " Dead ſhepherd, now I find thy *ſaw* of might," &c. It is, I believe, ſo uſed here. MALONE.

*When roaſted crabs hiſs in the bowl,*[7]
*Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,*
*To-who;*
*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,*
*While greaſy* Joan *doth keel the pot.*

*Arm.* The words of Mercury are harſh after the ſongs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.
[*Exeunt.*[8]

[7] *When roaſted* crabs &c.] i. e. the wild apples ſo called. Thus, in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" And ſometimes lurk I *in a goſſip's bowl,*
" In very likeneſs of *a roaſted crab.*"

Again, in *Like Will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier,* 1587:

" Now *a crab* in the fire were worth a good groat:
" That I might quaffe with my captain Tom Toſs-pot."

Again, in *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament,* 1600:

" Sitting in a corner, turning *crabs,*
" Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale."

*When roaſted crabs* hiſs *in the bowl,*] Hence, perhaps, the following paſſage in Milton's *Epitaphium Damonis:*

" —— grato cum *ſibilat* igni
" Molle pyrum,—" Steevens.

The bowl muſt be ſuppoſed to be filled with ale; a toaſt and ſome ſpice and ſugar being added, what is called *lamb's wool* is produced. So, in *King Henry V.* 1598 (not our author's play):

" Yet we will have in ſtore a *crab in the fire,*
" With nut-brown ale, that is full ſtale," &c. Malone.

[8] In this play, which all the editors have concurred to cenſure, and ſome have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it muſt be confeſſed that there are many paſſages mean, childiſh, and vulgar; and ſome which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden Queen. But there are ſcattered through the whole many ſparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of Shakſpeare. Johnson.

ACT I. SCENE I. Page 16.

*This* child of fancy, *that Armado hight*, &c.] This, as I have ſhown in the note in its place, relates to the ſtories in the books of chivalry. A few words, therefore, concerning their origin and nature, may not be unacceptable to the reader. As I don't know of any writer, who has given any tolerable account of this matter: and eſpecially as Monſieur Huet, the biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatiſe of *The Origin of Romances*, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe in that ſuperficial work. For having brought down the account of Romances to the later Greeks, and entered upon thoſe compoſed by the barbarous weſtern writers, which have now the name of Romances almoſt appropriated to them, he puts the change upon his reader, and inſtead of giving us an account of theſe books of chivalry, one of the moſt curious and intereſting parts of the ſubject he promiſed to treat of, he contents himſelf with a long account of the poems of the Provincial writers, called likewiſe Romances; and ſo, under the *equivoque* of a common term, drops his proper ſubject, and entertains us with another, that had no relation to it more than in the name.

The Spaniards were of all others the fondeſt of theſe fables, as ſuiting beſt their extravagant turn to gallantry and bravery; which in time grew ſo exceſſive, as to need all the efficacy of Cervantes's incomparable Satire to bring them back to their ſenſes. The French ſuffered an eaſier cure from their doctor Rabelais, who enough diſcredited the books of chivalry, by only uſing the extravagant ſtories of its giants, &c. as a cover for another kind of ſatire againſt the *refined politicks* of his countrymen; of which they were as much poſſeſſed as the Spaniards of their *romantick bravery*: a *bravery* our Shakſpeare [illegible] their characteriſtic in this deſcription of a Spaniſh gentleman:

*A man of complements, whom right and wrong*
Have choſe as umpire of their mutiny:
*This* child of fancy, *that Armado hight*,
*For interim to our ſtudies, ſhall relate*,
*In* high-born words, *the worth of many a knight*,
*From* tawny *Spain*, loſt in the world's debate.*

* *From tawny Spain*, &c.] This paſſage may, as Dr. Warburton imagines, be in alluſion to the Spaniſh Romances, of which ſeveral were extant in Engliſh, and very popular at the time this play was written. Such, for inſtance, as *Amadis de Gaule*, *Don Bellianis*, *Palmerin d'Oliva*, *Palmerin of England*, the *Mirrour of Knighthood*, &c. But he is egregiouſly miſtaken in aſſerting that "the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country,"

The ſenſe of which is to this effect: *This gentleman,* ſays the ſpeaker, *ſhall relate to us the celebrated ſtories recorded in the romances, and in their very ſtyle.* Why he ſays *from tawny Spain,* is, becauſe theſe romances, being of the Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country. He ſays, *loſt in the world's debate,* becauſe the ſubjects of thoſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.

Indeed, the wars of the Chriſtians againſt the Pagans were the general ſubject of the romances of chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians: the one, who under the name of Turpin, Archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote *The Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers*; to whom, inſtead of his father, they aſſigned the talk of driving the Saracens out of France and the ſouth parts of Spain: the other, our Geoffry of Monmouth.

Two of thoſe peers, whom the old romances have rendered moſt famous, were Oliver and Rowland. Hence Shakſpeare makes Alençon, in *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* ſay: "Froyſſard, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, during the time Edward the Third did reign." In the Spaniſh romance of *Bernardo del Carpio,* and in that of *Roncefvalles,* the feats of Roland are recorded under the name of *Roldan en encantador*; and in that of *Palmerin de Oliva,** or ſimply *Oliva,* thoſe of Oliver: for *Oliva* is the ſame in Spaniſh as *Olivier* is in French. The account of their exploits is in the higheſt degree monſtrous and extravagant, as appears from the judgment paſſed upon them by the prieſt in *Don Quixote,* when he delivers the knight's library to the ſecular arm of the houſekeeper: "Excetuando à un Bernardo del Carpio que anda por ay, y à otro llamado Roncefvalles; que eſtos en llegando a mis

which, in fact, (except in an inſtance or two, nothing at all to the preſent purpoſe,) is never the caſe. If the words *loſt in the world's debate* will bear the editor's conſtruction, there are certainly many books of chivalry on the ſubject. I cannot, however, think that Shakſpeare was particularly converſant in works of this deſcription: but indeed, the alternately rhyming parts, at leaſt, of the preſent play, are apparently by an inferior hand; the remains, no doubt, of the *old platform.* RITSON.

* Dr. Warburton is quite miſtaken in deriving Oliver from (Palmerin de) Oliva, which is utterly incompatible with the genius of the Spaniſh language. The old romance, of which Oliver was the hero, is entitled in Spaniſh, "Hiſtorias de los nobles Cavalleros Oliveros de Caſtilla, y Artus de Algarbe, in fol. en Valladolid, 1501, in fol. en Sevilla, 1507;" and in French thus: "Hiſtoire d'Olivier de Caſtille, & Artus d'Algarbe ſon loyal compagnon, & de Heleine, Fille au Roy d'Angleterre, &c. tranſlatée du Latin par Phil. Camus, in fol. Gothique." It has alſo appeared in Engliſh. See Ames's *Typograph.* p. 94, 47. PERCY.

manos, an de eſtar en las de la ama, y dellas en las del fuego ſin remiſſion alguna."* And of Oliver he ſays: "eſſa Oliva ſe haga luego raxas, y ſe queme, que aun no queden della las cenizas."† The reaſonableneſs of this ſentence may be partly ſeen from one ſtory in the *Bernardo del Carpio*, which tells us, that the cleft called Roldan, to be ſeen in the ſummit of an high mountain in the kingdom of Valencia, near the town of Alicant, was made with a ſingle back-ſtroke of that hero's broad-ſword. Hence came the proverbial expreſſion of *our* plain and ſenſible anceſtors, who were much cooler readers of theſe extravagancies than the Spaniards, of *giving one a Rowland for his Oliver*, that is of matching one impoſſible lye with another: as, in French, *faire le Roland* means, *to ſwagger*. This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder romances. And the firſt that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*, of which the inquiſitor prieſt ſays: "ſegun he oydo dezir, eſte libro fué el primero de Cavallerias qui ſe imprimiò en Eſpana, y todos los demás an tomado principio y origen deſte;"‡ and for which he humorouſly condemns it to the fire, *coma à Dogmatazador de una ſecta tan mala*. When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts, by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into Greece and Aſia, to ſupport the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the *ſecond* race or claſs. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter. Hence it is, we find, that Trebizonde is as celebrated in theſe romances as Roncevalles is in the other. It may be worth obſerving, that the two famous Italian epic poets, Arioſto and Taſſo, have borrowed, from each of theſe claſſes of old romances, the ſcenes and ſubjects of their ſeveral ſtories: Arioſto chooſing the firſt, *the Saracens in France and Spain*; and Taſſo, the latter, *the Croiſade againſt them in Aſia*: Arioſto's hero being Orlando, or the French *Roland*: for as the Spaniards, by one way of tranſpoſing the letters, had made it *Roldan*, ſo the Italians, by another make it *Orland*.

The main ſubject of their fooleries, as we have ſaid, had its original in Turpin's *famous Hiſtory of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers*. Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the

* B. I. c. 6. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the travels of Sir John Maundeville, whoſe exceſſive ſuperſtition and credulity, together with an impudent monkiſh addition to his genuine work, have made his veracity thought much worſe of than it deſerved. This voyager, ſpeaking of the iſle of Cos in the Archipelago, tells the following ſtory of an enchanted dragon. "And alſo a zonge man, that wiſt not of the dragoun, went out of the ſchipp, and went through the ile, till that he cam to the caſteile, and cam into the cave; and went ſo longe till that he fond a chambre, and there he ſaughe a damyſelle, that kembed hire hede, and lokede in a myrour: and ſche hadde moche treſoure abouten hire: and he trowed that ſche hadde ben a comoun woman, that dwelled there to receive men to folye. And he abode till the damyſelle ſaughe the ſchadowe of him in the myrour. And ſche turned hire toward him, and aſked him what he wolde. And he ſeyde, he wolde ben hire limman or paramour. And ſche aſked him, if that he were a knyghte. And he ſayde, nay. And then ſche ſayde, that he might not ben hire limman. But ſche bad him gon azen unto his ſelowes, and make him knyghte, and come azen upon the morwe, and ſche ſcholde come out of her cave before him; and thanne come and kyſſe hire on the mowth and have no drede. For I ſchalle do the no maner harm, alle be it that thou ſee me in lykeneſs of a dragoun. For thoughe thou ſee me hideous and horrible to loken onne, I do the to wytene that it is made be enchauntement. For withouten doubte, I am none other than thou ſeeſt now, a woman; and herefore drede the noughte. And zyf thou kyſſe me, thou ſchalt have all this treſoure, and be my lord, and lord alſo of all that iſle. And he departed," &c. p. 29, 30, ed. 1725. Here we ſee the very ſpirit of a romance adventure. This honeſt traveller believed it all, and ſo, it ſeems, did the people of the iſle. "And ſome men ſeyne (ſays he) that in the iſle of Lango is zit the doughtre of Ypocras in forme and lykeneſſe of a gret dragoun, that is an hundred fadme in lengthe, as men ſeyn: for I have not ſeen hire. And they of the iſles callen hire, lady of the land." We are not to think then, theſe kind of ſtories, believed by pilgrims and travellers, would have leſs credit either with the writers or readers of romances: which humour of the times, therefore, may well account for their birth and favourable reception in the world.

The other monkiſh hiſtorian, who ſupplied the romancers with materials, was our Geoffry of Monmouth. For it is not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe *children of fancy* (as Shakſpeare in the place quoted above, finely calls them, inſinuating that *fancy* hath its

*infancy* as well as *manhood*,) ſhould ſtop* in the midſt of ſo extraordinary a career, or confine themſelves within the liſts of the *terra firma*. From *him*, therefore, the Spaniſh romances took the ſtory of the Britiſh Arthur, and the knights of his round table, his wife Gueniver, and his conjurer Merlin. But ſtill it was the ſame ſubject, (eſſential to books of chivalry,) the wars of Chriſtians againſt Infidels. And, whether it was by blunder or deſign, they changed the Saxons into Saracens. I ſuſpect by deſign; for chivalry without a Saracen was ſo very lame and imperfect a thing, that even the wooden image, which turned round on an axis, and ſerved the knights to try their ſwords, and break their lances upon, was called by the Italians and Spaniards, *Saracino* and *Sarazino*; ſo cloſely were theſe two ideas connected.

In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles. The firſt romance of Launcelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called *The Hiſtory of Saint Greaal*. This ſaint Greaal was the famous relick of the holy blood pretended to be collected into a veſſel by Joſeph of Arimathea. So another is called *Kyrie Eleiſon of Montaul'an*. For in thoſe days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men. And as they made ſaints of the knights-errant, ſo they made knights-errant of their tutelary ſaints; and each nation advanced its own into the order of chivalry. Thus every thing in thoſe times being e'ther a ſaint or a devil, they never wanted for the *marvellous*. In the old romance of Launcelot of the Lake, we have the doctrine and diſcipline of the church as formally delivered as in Bellarmine himſelf: "Là confeſſion (ſays the preacher) ne vaut rien ſi le cœur n'eſt repentant; et ſi tu es moult & eloigné de l'amour de noſtre Seigneur, tu ne peus eſtre recordé ſi non par trois choſes: premierement par la confeſſion de bouche; ſecondement par une contrition de cœur; tiercement par [illegible] de cœur, & par oeuvre d'aumône & charité. Telle eſt la droite voye d'aimer Dieu. Or va & ſi te confeſſe en cette maniere & recois la diſcipline des mains de tes confeſſeurs, car c'eſt le ſigne de merite.—Or mande le roy ſes eveſques, dont grande partie avoit en l'oſt, & vinrent tous en ſa chapelle. Le roy vint devant eux tout nud en pleurant,

* "For it not to be ſuppoſed, that theſe Children of Fancy, as Shakſpeare calls them, *insinuating thereby that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood*, ſhould ſtop" &c.] I cannot conceive how Shakſpeare, by calling Armado the Child of Fancy, inſinuates that fancy hath its infancy as well as manhood. The ſhowing that a woman had a child, would be a ſtrange way of proving her in her infancy.—By calling Armado the Child of Fancy, Shakſpeare means only to deſcribe him as fantaſtical. M. MASON.

& tenant ſon plein point de vint menuës verges, ſi les jetta devant eux, & leur dit en ſoupirant, qu'ils priſſent de luy vengeance, car je ſuis le plus vil pecheur, &c.—Apres prinſt diſcipline & d'eux & moult doucement la receut." Hence we find the divinity lectures of Don Quixote, and the penance of his 'ſquire, are both of them in the ritual of chivalry. Laſtly, we find the knight-errant, after much turmoil to himſelf. and diſturbance to the world, frequently ended his courſe, like Charles V. of Spain, in a monaſtery; or turned Hermit, and became a ſaint in good earneſt. And this again will let us into the ſpirit of thoſe dialogues between Sancho and his maſter, where it is gravely debated whether he ſhould not turn ſaint or archbiſhop.

There were ſeveral cauſes of this ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion. As firſt, the nature of the ſubject, which was a religious war or cruſade; ſecondly, the quality of the firſt writers, who were religious men; and thirdly, the end of writing many of them, which was to carry on a religious purpoſe. We learn, that Clement V. interdicted juſts and tournaments, becauſe he underſtood they had much hindered the cruſade decreed in the council of Vienna. "Torneamenta ipſa & haſtiludia ſive juxtas in regnis Franciæ, Angliæ, & Almanniæ, & aliis nonnullis provinciis, in quibus ea conſuevere frequentiùs exerceri, ſpecialiter interdixit." *Extrav. de Torneamentis C. unic. temp. Ed. I.* Religious men, I conceive, therefore, might think to forward the deſign of the cruſades by turning the fondneſs for tilts and tournaments into that channel. Hence we ſee the books of knight-errantry ſo full of ſolemn juſts and torneaments held at Trebizonde, Bizance, Tripoly, &c. Which wiſe project, I apprehend, it was Cervantes's intention to ridicule, where he makes his knight purpoſe it as the beſt means of ſubduing the Turk, to aſſemble all the knights-errant together by proclamation.*

WARBURTON.

It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at leaſt, very much miſplaced. There is not a ſingle paſſage in the character of *Armado*, that has the leaſt relation to *any ſtory in any romance of chivalry*. With what propriety, therefore, a diſſertation on the *origin and nature of thoſe romances* is here introduced, I cannot ſee; and I ſhould humbly adviſe the next editor of Shakſpeare to omit it. That he may have the leſs ſcruple upon that head, I ſhall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be ſufficient to ſhow, that the learned writer's hypotheſis was formed upon a very haſty and imperfect view of the ſubject.

* See Part II. l. 5, c. 4.

At ſetting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly,—that "Monſieur Huet, the Biſhop of Avranches, who wrote a formal treatiſe of the Origin of Romances, has ſaid little or nothing of theſe [*books of chivalry*] in that ſuperficial work."—The fact is true, that Monſieur Huet has ſaid very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. proceeds to load him, of—"*putting the change upon his reader*," and "*droping his proper ſubject*" for another, "*that had no relation to it more than in the name*," is unfounded.

It appears plainly from Huet's introductory addreſs to *De Segrais*, that his object was to give ſome account of thoſe romances which were then popular in France, ſuch as the *Aſtrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi*, &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be *fictions des avantures amoureuſes*; and he excludes epic poems from the number, becauſe—"Enfin les poëmes ont pour ſujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occaſion; les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour ſujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans réguliers; car la plûpart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Eſpagnols ſont bien moins amoureux que militaires." After this declaration, ſurely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to ſtigmatiſe his work as ſuperficial, upon account of that omiſſion. I ſhall have occaſion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *ſuperficial work*, (as he is pleaſed to call it,) ſeems to have ſhut his eyes againſt every ray of good ſenſe and juſt obſervation, has condeſcended to borrow from it a very groſs miſtake.

Dr. W.'s own poſitions, to the ſupport of which his ſubſequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two: 1. *That Romances of Chivalry being of Spaniſh original, the heroes and the ſcene were generally of that country*; 2. *That the ſubject of theſe Romances were the Cruſades of the European Chriſtians againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa.* The firſt poſition, being complicated, ſhould be divided into the two following: 1. *That Romances of Chivalry were of Spaniſh original*; 2. *That the heroes and the ſcene of them were generally of that country.*

Here are therefore three poſitions, to which I ſhall ſay a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premiſe a ſort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry: if Dr. W. had done the ſame, he muſt have ſeen the hazard of ſyſtematizing in a ſubject of ſuch extent, upon a curſory peruſal of a few modern books,

which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the diſcuſſion of a queſtion of antiquity.

A Romance of Chivalry, therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verſe or proſe, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themſelves in their ſeveral ſituations and adventures, agreeably to the inſtitutions and cuſtoms of Chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether hiſtorical or fictitious, and in whatever country, or age, the ſcene of the action may be laid, if the actors are repreſented as knights, I ſhould call ſuch a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehenſive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever ſo much; let any other be ſubſtituted in its room; Dr. W.'s *firſt* poſition, *that Romances of Chivalry were of Spaniſh original*, cannot be maintained. Monſieur Huet would have taught him better. He ſays very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spaniſh romances, "*ſont poſterieurs à nos* Triſtans *et à nos* Lancelots, *de quelques centaines d'années.*" Indeed the fact is indiſputable. Cervantes, in a paſſage quoted by Dr. W. ſpeaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the firſt four books) as the *firſt book of chivalry printed in Spain.* Though he ſays only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written.* And indeed there is no good reaſon to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unneceſſary to enlarge upon a ſyſtem, which places the original of Romances of Chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s *ſecond* poſition, *that the heroes and the ſcene of theſe romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the ſecond volume of Du Freſnoy's *Bibliotheque des Romans*, and look over his liſts of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will ſee that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With reſpect to the general ſcene of ſuch irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were uſed, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am ſenſible of the impropriety of aſſerting any thing poſitively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to aſſert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the ſcene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in thoſe few romances which treat expreſsly of the affair at Roncevalles.

His *laſt* poſition, *that the ſubject of theſe romances were the cruſades of the European Chriſtians, againſt the Saracens of Aſia and Africa*, might be admitted with a ſmall amendment. If it ſtood thus: *the ſubject of* ſome, *or a* few, *of theſe romances were the cruſades*, &c. the poſition would have been incontrover-

tible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to ſupport a ſyſtem.

After this ſtate of Dr. W.'s hypotheſis, one muſt be curious to ſee what he himſelf has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two firſt* poſitions he ſays not one word: I ſuppoſe he intended that they ſhould be received as axioms. He begins his illuſtrations of his *third* poſition, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reaſon which will appear.) "*Indeed* the wars *of the Chriſtians againſt* the Pagans *were the general ſubject of the Romances of Chivalry. They all ſeem to have had their groundwork in two fabulous monkiſh hiſtorians, the one, who, under the name of* Turpin, *Archbiſhop of Rheims, wrote* The Hiſtory and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers;—*the other, our* Geoffry *of Monmouth.*" Here we ſee the reaſon for changing the terms of *cruſades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*; for, though the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pſeudo-Turpin, might be called a cruſade againſt the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a cruſade, nor a ſingle Saracen in his whole hiſtory; which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I muſt obſerve too, that the ſpeaking of Turpin's hiſtory under the title of "*The Hiſtory of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers,*" is inaccurate and unſcholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that hiſtory.

However, the ground-work of the Romances of Chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect ſome account of the firſt builders and their edifices; but inſtead of that we have a digreſſion upon Oliver and Roland, in which an attempt is made to ſay ſomething of thoſe two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakſpeare, and Don Quixote, and ſome modern Spaniſh romances. My learned friend, the Dean of Carliſle, has taken notice of the ſtrange miſtake of Dr. W. in ſuppoſing that the feats of Oliver were recorded under the name of Palmerin de Oliva; a miſtake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the firſt page of the book. And I very much ſuſpect that there is a miſtake, though of leſs magnitude, in the aſſertion, that "in the Spaniſh romance of *Bernardo del Carpio*, and in that of *Ronceſvalles*, the feats of *Roland* are recorded under the name of *Roldan el Encantador*." Dr. W.'s authority for this aſſertion was, I apprehend, the following paſſage of *Cervantes*, in the firſt chapter of *Don Quixote*: "Mejor eſtava con *Bernardo del Carpio* porque en Ronceſvalles avia muerto à *Roldan el Encantado*, valiendoſe de la induſtria de Hercules, quando ahogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los braços." Where it is obſervable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to ſpeak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el en-*

*cantado*, and not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be underſtood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expreſſing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment*.

But this is a ſmall matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the preſs for *encantado*. From this digreſſion Dr. W. returns to the ſubject of the old romances in the following manner. "This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder romances. And the firſt that was printed in Spain was the famous *Amadis de Gaula*." According to all common rules of conſtruction, I think the latter ſentence muſt be underſtood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was one of the elder romances, and that the ſubject of it was the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain; whereas, for the reaſons already given, *Amadis*, in compariſon with many other romances, muſt be conſidered as *a very modern one*; and the ſubject of it has not the leaſt connection with *any driving of the Saracens whatſoever*.—But what follows is ſtill more extraordinary. "When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts; by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into Greece and Aſia, to ſupport the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the ſecond race or claſs. And as *Amadis de Gaula* was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject, *Amadis de Græcia* was at the head of the latter."—It is impoſſible, I apprehend, to refer *this ſubject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph laſt quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain*. So that, according to one part of the hypotheſis here laid down, the ſubject *of the driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*, was well exhauſted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) *before the Cruſades*; the firſt of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the Cruſades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a ſpace of twenty, thirty, or at moſt fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by Du Freſnoy. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his *ſecond race or claſs* of romances, I cannot gueſs. The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in *ſupporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy ſepulchre*, than *Amadis de Gaula* in *driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*. And a ſtill more pleaſant circumſtance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*,

through more than nine-tenths of his hiſtory, is himſelf a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he ſuppoſes to have had their ground-work in Turpin's hiſtory. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground-work in our *Geoffry*, he interpoſes a curious ſolution of a puzzling queſtion concerning the origin of lying in romances. —"*Nor were the monſtrous embelliſhments of enchantments, &c. the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eaſtern tales, brought thence by travellers from their cruſades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a caſt peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eaſtern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundevile.*"—He then gives us a ſtory of an enchanted dragon in the iſle of Cos, from Sir J. Maundevile, who wrote his Travels in 1356; by way of *proof*, that the tales of enchantments, &c. which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the Eaſt! The proof is certainly not concluſive. On the other hand, I believe it would be eaſy to ſhow, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very ſufficient ſtock of lies of her own growth, to furniſh materials for every variety of *monſtrous embelliſhment*. At moſt times, I conceive, and in moſt countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than neceſſity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he diſpatches very ſhortly, becauſe, as has been obſerved before, it is impoſſible to find any thing in him to the purpoſe of *cruſades*, or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spaniſh romances, it muſt be quite unneceſſary to ſay much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the Britiſh Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of ſo late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*Whether it was by blunder or deſign that they changed the Saxons to Saracens*," I ſhould wiſh to poſtpone the conſideration of it, till we have ſome Spaniſh romance before us, in which King *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war againſt *Saracens*.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the ſeveral facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in ſupport of his *third* poſition. In ſupport of his *two firſt* poſitions, as I have obſerved already, he has ſaid nothing; and, indeed, nothing can be ſaid. The remainder of his note contains another hypotheſis concerning *the ſtrange jumble of nonſenſe and religion in the old romances*, which I ſhall not examine. The reader, I preſume, by this time is well aware that Dr. W.'s information upon this ſub-

ject is to be received with caution. I ſhall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he ſets out.—" *In theſe old romances there was much religious ſuperſtition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles.* The firſt romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the Hiſtory of* Saint Graal.—*So another is called* Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban. *For in thoſe days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were ſuppoſed to be the names of holy men.*—I believe no one, who has ever looked into the common romance of king *Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Graal* was the *firſt* romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights.* And as to the other ſuppoſed to be called *Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban*, there is no reaſon to believe that any romance with that title ever exiſted. This is the miſtake, which, as was hinted above, Dr. W. appears to have borrowed from Huet. The reader will judge. Huet is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber ſaved from the flames.—" *Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d'etre gardez ſont* les quatre livres d'Amadis de Gaule,—Palmerin d'Angleterre,—Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie éleiſon de Montauban (*car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie éleiſon et Paralipomenon etoient les noms de quelques ſaints*) où les ſubtilitez *de la Damoiſelle Plaiſir-de-ma-vie*, et les tromperies *de la Veuve reposée*, ſont fort loüées."—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he ſays of *Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban*, as well as the witticiſm in his laſt ſentence, from this paſſage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *ſaint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is ſtill more evident (from the paſſage of Cervantes, which is quoted below,*) that Huet was miſtaken in ſuppoſing *Kyrie éleiſon de Montauban* to be the name of a ſeparate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiſelle Plaiſir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve reposée*, the names of ſeparate romances. All three are merely characters in the romance of

* Don Quixote, Lib. I. c. vi. " Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui eſtá *Tirante el Blanco!* Dadmele acà, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en èl un teſoro de contento, y una mina de paſſatiempos. *Aqui eſtà Don Quirieleyson de Montalvan*, valeroſo Cavallero, y ſu hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonſeca, con la batalla que el valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante] hizo con el alano, *y las aſtuzas de la Donzella Plazer de mi vida, con los amores y embustes de la viuda Reposada*, y la Senora Emperatriz, enamorado de Hippolito ſu eſcudero."

*Aqui eſtà Don Quirieleyson*, &c. HERE, i. e. *in the romance of Tirante el Blanco, is Don Quirieleyson*, &c.

*Tirante le Blanc.*—And ſo much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry. TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakſpeare will, I believe, readily conſent to omit the diſſertation here examined, though it certainly has no more relation to the play before us, than to any other of our author's dramas. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious obſervations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and, I think, I may venture to foretell, that Dr. Warburton's futile performance, like the piſmire which Martial tells us was accidentally incruſted with amber, will be ever preſerved, for the ſake of the admirable comment in which it is now *enſhrined*.

" ——quæ fuerat vitâ contempta manente,
" Funeribus facta eſt nunc pretioſa ſuis." MALONE.

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.*

* The Merchant of Venice.] The reader will find a distinct epitome of the novels from which the ſtory of this play is ſuppoſed to be taken, at the concluſion of the notes. It ſhould, however, be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian noveliſts, it muſt have been through the medium of ſome old tranſlation, which has hitherto eſcaped the reſearches of his moſt induſtrious editors.

It appears from a paſſage in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, &c. 1579, that a play, comprehending the diſtinct plots of Shakſpeare's *Merchant of Venice*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew ſhown at the Bull, repreſenting the greedineſs of worldly chooſers, and the bloody minds of uſurers."—"Theſe plays," ſays Goſſon, (for he mentions others with it) "are goode and ſweete plays," &c. It is therefore not improbable that Shakſpeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop ſilently into oblivion.

This play of Shakſpeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treaſury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the ſame year. It could not have been printed earlier, becauſe it was not yet licenſed. The old ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is publiſhed by Dr. Percy in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*: and the ballad intituled, *The murtherous Lyfe and terrible Death of the rich Jewe of Malta*; and the tragedy on the ſame ſubject, were both entered on the Stationers' books, May, 1594. Steevens.

The ſtory was taken from an old tranſlation of *The Geſta Romanorum*, firſt printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The book was very popular, and Shakſpeare has cloſely copied ſome of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading. *Three veſſels* are exhibited to a lady for her *choice*—The firſt was made of pure *gold*, well beſet with precious ſtones *without*, and *within* full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that he deſerveth.* The ſecond veſſel was made of fine *ſilver*, filled with earth and worms; the ſuperſcription was thus: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that his nature deſireth.* The third veſſel was made of *lead*, full within of precious ſtones, and thereupon was inſculpt this poſie: *Whoſo chuſeth me, ſhall find that God hath diſpoſed for him.*——The lady, after a comment upon each, chuſes the *leaden veſſel*.

In a MS. of Lidgate, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. Aſkew, I find a *Tale of Two Merchants of Egipt* and of

*Baldad, ex Geſtis Romanorum.* Leland, therefore, could not be the original author, as Biſhop Tanner ſuſpected. He lived a century after Lidgate. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found ſeparately in a collection of odd ſtories, which were very popular, at leaſt five hundred years ago, under the title of *Geſta Romanorum*. The firſt, *Of the Bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy which I chuſe to refer to, as the completeſt of any which I have yet ſeen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting *all his fleſh* for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge, *the knight's miſtreſs*, diſguiſed, *in forma viri & veſtimentis pretioſis induta*, comes into court, and, by permiſſion of the judge, endeavours to molliſy the merchant. She firſt offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his anſwer is—"*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—Puella, cum hoc audiſſet, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi judex, da rectum judicium ſuper his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos ſcitis quod miles nunquam ſe obligabat ad aliud per literam niſi quod mercator habeat poteſtatem carnes ab oſſibus ſcindere, *ſine ſanguinis effuſione*, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; ſi vero ſanguinem effuderit, *Rex contra eum actionem habet.* Mercator, cum hoc audiſſet, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut ſanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns ſe confuſum abſceſſit; & ſic vita militis ſalvata eſt, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, *of the caſkets*, is in ch. xcix. of the ſame collection. A king of Apulia ſends his daughter to be married to the ſon of an emperor of Rome. After ſome adventures, (which are nothing to the preſent purpoſe,) ſhe is brought before the emperor; who ſays to her, "Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adverſa ſuſtinuiſti. Tamen ſi digna fueris ut uxor ejus ſis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vaſa. PRIMUM fuit *de auro puriſſimo* & lapidibus pretioſis interius ex omni parte, & plenum *oſſibus mortuorum*: & exterius erat ſubſcriptio; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit.* SECUNDUM vas erat *de argento* puro & gemmis pretioſis, plenum *terra*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas *de plumbo* plenum *lapidibus pretioſis interius & gemmis nobiliſſimis*; & exterius erat ſubſcriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod deus diſpoſuit.* Iſta tria oſtendit puellæ, & dixit, ſi unum ex iſtis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum eſt, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis eſt commodum, ipſum non habebis." The young lady,

after mature conſideration of the veſſels and their inſcriptions, chuſes the *leaden,* which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious ſtones, the emperor ſays: "Bona puella, bene elegiſti—ideo filium meum habebis."

From this abſtract of theſe two ſtories, I think it appears ſufficiently plain that they are the *remote* originals of the two incidents in this play. That *of the caſkets,* Shakſpeare might take from the Engliſh *Geſta Romanorum,* as Dr. Farmer has obſerved; and that *of the bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to ſuſpect, that he has followed ſome hitherto unknown novelliſt, who had ſaved him the trouble of working up the two ſtories into one. TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year 1598. Meres's book was not publiſhed till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays,* Vol. II. MALONE.

## *PERSONS REPRESENTED.*[1]

*Duke of* Venice.
*Prince of* Morocco, } *Suitors to* Portia.
*Prince of* Arragon, }
Antonio, *the Merchant of* Venice:
Baſſanio, *his Friend.*
Salanio,[2] }
Salarino, } *Friends to* Antonio *and* Baſſanio.
Gratiano, }
Lorenzo, *in love with* Jeſſica.
Shylock, *a* Jew:
Tubal, *a* Jew, *his Friend.*
Launcelot Gobbo, *a Clown, Servant to* Shylock.
Old Gobbo, *Father to* Launcelot.
Salerio,[3] *a Meſſenger from* Venice.
Leonardo, *Servant to* Baſſanio.
Balthazar, } *Servants to* Portia.
Stephano, }

Portia, *a rich Heireſs.*
Neriſſa, *her Waiting-maid.*
Jeſſica, *Daughter to* Shylock.

*Magnificoes of* Venice, *Officers of the Court of Juſtice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, partly at* Venice, *and partly at* Belmont, *the Seat of* Portia, *on the Continent.*

[1] In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the perſons. It was firſt made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

[2] It is not eaſy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called—*Salanio, Salino,* and *Solanio.* STEEVENS.

[3] This character I have reſtored to the *Perſonæ Dramatis.* The name appears in the firſt folio: the deſcription is taken from the quarto. STEEVENS.

# MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, *and* SALANIO.

*ANT.* In ſooth, I know not why I am ſo ſad;
It wearies me; you ſay, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What ſtuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And ſuch a want-wit ſadneſs makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myſelf.

*SALAR.* Your mind is toſſing on the ocean;
There, where your argoſies[4] with portly ſail,—

[4] ——*argoſies*—] A name given in our author's time to ſhips of great burthen, probably galleons, ſuch as the Spaniards now uſe in their Weſt India trade. JOHNSON.

In Ricaut's *Maxims of Turkiſh Polity*, ch. xiv. it is ſaid, "Thoſe vaſt carracks called *argoſies*, which are ſo much famed for the vaſtneſs of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly ſo denominated from *Ragoſies*," i. e. ſhips of *Raguſa*, a city and territory on the gulf of Venice, tributary to the Porte. If my memory does not fail me, the *Raguſans* lent their laſt great ſhip to the King of Spain for the Armada, and it was loſt on the coaſt of Ireland. Shakſpeare, as Mr. Heath obſerves, has given the name of *Ragozine* to the pirate in *Meaſure for Meaſure*.
STEEVENS.

Like ſigniors and rich burghers of the flood,[5]
Or, as it were the pageants of the ſea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curt'ſy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Salan.* Believe me, ſir, had I ſuch venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I ſhould be ſtill
Plucking the graſs,[6] to know where ſits the wind;
Peering[7] in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object, that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me ſad.

*Salar.* My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at ſea.
I ſhould not ſee the ſandy hour-glaſs run,
But I ſhould think of ſhallows and of flats;
And ſee my wealthy Andrew[8] dock'd in ſand,[9]

[5] —— *burghers of the flood,*] Both ancient and modern editors have hitherto been content to read—"burghers *on* the flood," though a parellel paſſage in *As you like it*—

"—— native burghers *of* this deſolate city,"

might have led to the preſent correction. Steevens.

[6] *Plucking the graſs,* &c.] By holding up the graſs, or any light body that will bend by a gentle blaſt, the direction of the wind is found.

"This way I uſed in ſhooting. When I was in the mydde way betwixt the markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fethere, or a *lyttle light graſſe*, and ſo learned how the wind ſtood." *Aſcham.* Johnson.

[7] *Peering*—] Thus the old quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts, and the firſt folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads—*prying.* Malone.

[8] —— *Andrew*—] The name of the ſhip. Johnson.

[9] —— dock'd *in ſand,*] The old copies have—*docks.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,[1]
To kiſs her burial. Should I go to church,
And ſee the holy edifice of ſtone,
And not bethink me ſtraight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle veſſel's ſide,
Would ſcatter all her ſpices on the ſtream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my ſilks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and ſhall I lack the thought,
That ſuch a thing, bechanc'd, would make me ſad?
But, tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is ſad to think upon his merchandize.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom truſted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole eſtate
Upon the fortune of this preſent year:
Therefore, my merchandize makes me not ſad.

[1] Vailing *her high top lower than her ribs,*] In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained: "It means *to put off the hat*, to *ſtrike ſail*, to *give ſign of ſubmiſſion*." So, in Stephen Goſſon's book, called *Playes confuted in ſeveral Actions:*

"They might have *vailed* and bended to the king's idol."

It ſignifies alſo—to *lower*, to let *down*. Thus, in the ancient metrical romance of the *Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 60:

"Thay *avaled* the brigge and lete them yn."

Again, (as Mr. Douce obſerves to me,) in *Hardynge's Chronicle:*

"And by th' even their ſayles *avaled* were ſet."

Again, in Middleton's *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:

"I'll *vail* my creſt to death for her dear ſake."

Again, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1613, by Heywood:

"——— it did me good
"To ſee the Spaniſh carveil *vail her top*
"Unto my mayden flag."

A *carvel* is a ſmall veſſel. It is mentioned by Raleigh, and I often meet with the word in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607. STEEVENS.

*Salan.* Why then you are in love.

*Ant.* Fye, fye!

*Salan.* Not in love neither? Then let's ſay, you are ſad,
Becauſe you are not merry: and 'twere as eaſy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and ſay, you are merry,
Becauſe you are not ſad. Now, by two-headed Janus,[2]
Nature hath fram'd ſtrange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,[3]
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of ſuch vinegar aſpect,
That they'll not ſhow their teeth in way of ſmile,[4]
Though Neſtor ſwear the jeſt be laughable.

*Enter* Bassanio, Lorenzo, *and* Gratiano.

*Salan.* Here comes Baſſanio, your moſt noble kinſman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

[2] —— *Now, by two-headed Janus,*] Here Shakſpeare ſhews his knowledge in the antique. By *two-headed* Janus is meant thoſe antique bifrontine heads, which generally repreſent a young and ſmiling face, together with an old and wrinkled one, being of Pan and Bacchus; of Saturn and Apollo, &c. Theſe are not uncommon in collections of Antiques: and in the books of the antiquaries, as Montfaucon, Spanheim, &c. Warburton.

Here, ſays Dr. Warburton, Shakſpeare ſhows his knowledge of the antique: and ſo does Taylor the water-poet, who deſcribes Fortune, "Like a *Janus* with a *double-face*." Farmer.

[3] —— *peep through their eyes,*] This gives a very picturesque image of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half ſhut. Warburton.

[4] —— *their teeth* in way of ſmile,] Becauſe ſuch are apt enough to ſhow their teeth in anger. Warburton.

*Salar.* I would have ſtaid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own buſineſs calls on you,
And you embrace the occaſion to depart.

*Salar.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good ſignors both, when ſhall we laugh? Say, when?
You grow exceeding ſtrange: Muſt it be ſo?

*Salar.* We'll make our leiſures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* Salarino *and* Salanio.

*Lor.* My lord Baſſanio,[5] ſince you have found Antonio,
We two will leave you: but, at dinner time,
I pray you, have in mind where we muſt meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, ſignior Antonio;
You have too much reſpect upon the world:
They loſe it,[6] that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellouſly chang'd.

[5] *My lord Baſſanio*, &c.] This ſpeech [which by Mr. Rowe and ſubſequent editors was allotted to *Salanio*,] is given to *Lorenzo* in the old copies: and *Salarino* and *Salanio* make their *exit* at the cloſe of the preceding ſpeech. Which is certainly right. *Lorenzo* (who, with Gratiano, had only accompanied *Baſſanio*, till he ſhould find Antonio,) prepares now to leave Baſſanio to his buſineſs; but is detained by *Gratiano*, who enters into a converſation with *Antonio*. Tyrwhitt.

I have availed myſelf of this judicious correction, by reſtoring the ſpeech to *Lorenzo*, and marking the exits of *Salarino* and *Salanio* at the end of the preceding ſpeech. Steevens.

[6] ——loſe *it*,] All the ancient copies read—*looſe*; a miſprint, I ſuppoſe, for the word ſtanding in the text. Steevens.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A ſtage, where every man muſt play a part,[7]
And mine a ſad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the Fool:[8]
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why ſhould a man, whoſe blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandſire cut in alabaſter?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peeviſh? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that ſpeaks;—
There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages
Do cream[9] and mantle, like a ſtanding pond;
And do a wilful ſtillneſs[1] entertain,

[7] *A ſtage, where every man muſt* play *a part,*] The ſame thought occurs in Churchyard's *Farewell to the World,* 1593:

" A worldling here, I muſt hie to my grave;
" For this is but a May-game mixt with woe,
" A borrowde roume *where we our pageants play,*
" A *ſkaffold* plaine," &c.

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia,* Book II:

" She found the world but a weariſome *ſtage* to her, where ſhe *played a part* againſt her will." Steevens.

[8] *Let me play the Fool:*] Alluding to the common compariſon of human life to a ſtage-play. So that he deſires his may be the fool's or buffoon's part, which was a conſtant character in the old farces; from whence came the phraſe, *to play the fool.* Warburton.

[9] *There are a ſort of men, whoſe viſages*
*Do* cream —] The poet here alludes to the manner in which the film extends itſelf over milk in ſcalding; and he had the ſame appearance in his eye when writing a foregoing line:

" With mirth and laughter let old *wrinkles* come."

So, alſo, the author of *Buſſy d'Ambois:*

" Not any *wrinkle creaming* in their faces." Henley.

[1] —— *a wilful* ſtillneſs—] i. e. an obſtinate ſilence. Malone.

With purpoſe to be dreſs'd in an opinion
Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, *I am Sir Oracle,*
*And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!*[2]
O, my Antonio, I do know of theſe,
That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; who, I am very ſure,[3]
If they ſhould ſpeak, would almoſt damn thoſe ears,[4]
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fiſh not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.[5]

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time:
I muſt be one of theſe ſame dumb wiſe men,
For Gratiano never lets me ſpeak.

[2] ——*let no dog bark!*] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion. So, in *Alcolaſtus*, a comedy 1540: "—nor there ſhall *no dogge barke* at mine ententes." STEEVENS.

[3] ——who, *I am very ſure,*] The old copies read—*when*, I am very ſure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[4] ——*would almoſt* damn *thoſe ears,*] Several old editions have it, *dam, damme,* and *daunt.* Some more correct copies, *damn.* The author's meaning is this: That ſome people are thought wiſe, whilſt they keep ſilence; who, when they open their mouths, are ſuch ſtupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them *fools,* and ſo incur the judgment denounced in the Goſpel. THEOBALD.

[5] *I'll end my* exhortation *after dinner.*] The humour of this conſiſts in its being an alluſion to the practice of the puritan preachers of thoſe times; who, being generally very long and tedious; were often forced to put off that part of their ſermon called the *exhortation,* till after dinner. WARBURTON.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou ſhalt not know the ſound of thine own tongue.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.[6]

*Gra.* Thanks, i'faith; for ſilence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* Gratiano *and* Lorenzo.

*Ant.* Is that any thing now?[7]

*Baſſ.* Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff; you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them, they are not worth the ſearch.

[6] ——*for this* gear.] In Act II. ſc. ii. the ſame phraſe occurs again: "If fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for *this geer*." This is a colloquial expreſſion perhaps of no very determined import. Steevens.

So, in *Sapho and Phao*, a comedy by Lyly, 1591: "As for you, Sir boy, I will teach you how to run away; you ſhall be ſtript from top to toe, and whipt with nettles; I will handle you *for this geare* well: I ſay no more." Again, in Naſhe's Epiſtle Dedicatory to his *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: "I mean to trounce him after twenty in the hundred, and have a bout with him, with two ſtaves and a pike, *for this geare*." Malone.

[7] *Is that any thing* now?] All the old copies read, *is that any thing* now? I ſuppoſe we ſhould read—*is that any thing* new? Johnson.

The ſenſe of the old reading is—Does what he has juſt ſaid amount to any thing, or mean any thing? Steevens.

Surely the reading of the old copies is right. Antonio aſks: Is that *any thing* now? and Baſſanio anſwers, that *Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of* nothing,—the greateſt part of his diſcourſe is *not any thing*. Tyrwhitt.

So, in *Othello*: "Can any thing be made of this?" The old copies, by a manifeſt error of the preſs, read—*It* is that, &c. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is this ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have diſabled mine eſtate,
By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling port[4]
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From ſuch a noble rate; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, ſomething too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the moſt, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purpoſes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Baſſanio, let me know it;
And, if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the eye of honour, be aſſur'd,
My purſe, my perſon, my extremeſt means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occaſions.

*Bass.* In my ſchool-days, when I had loſt one ſhaft,

[4] ——*a more ſwelling port* &c.] *Port*, in the preſent inſtance, comprehends the idea of expenſive equipage, and external pomp of appearance. Thus, in the firſt *Iliad*, as tranſlated by Chapman, 1611:

" —— all the gods receiv'd,
" (All riſing from their thrones) their ſire; attending to his court
" None ſate when he roſe; none delaid, the furniſhing his *port*,
" Till he came neare: all met with him and brought him to his throne." Steevens.

I ſhot his fellow[9] of the ſelf-ſame flight
The ſelf-ſame way, with more adviſed watch,
To find the other forth; and by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Becauſe what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,[1]
That which I owe is loſt: but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another arrow that ſelf way
Which you did ſhoot the firſt, I do not doubt,
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt debtor for the firſt.

*ANT.* You know me well; and herein ſpend but time,

[9] ——*when I had loſt one ſhaft,*
*I ſhot his fellow* &c.] This thought occurs alſo in Decker's *Villanies diſcovered by Lanthorne and Candlelight*, &c. 4to. bl. l: "And yet I have ſeene a Creditor in Priſon weepe when he beheld the Debtor, and to lay out money of his owne purſe to free him: he *ſhot a ſecond arrow to find the firſt.*" I learn, from a MS. note by Oldys, that of this pamphlet there were no leſs than eight editions; the laſt in 1638. I quote from that of 1616. STEEVENS.

This method of finding a loſt arrow is preſcribed by P. Creſcentius in his *Treatiſe de Agricultura*, Lib. X. cap. xxviii, and is alſo mentioned in Howel's *Letters*, Vol. I. p. 183, edit. 1655, 12mo. DOUCE.

[1] —— *like a* wilful *youth,*] This does not at all agree with what he had before promiſed, that what followed ſhould be *pure innocence*. For *wilfulneſs* is not quite ſo *pure*. We ſhould read *—witleſs*, i. e. heedleſs; and this agrees exactly to that to which he compares his caſe, of a ſchool-boy; who, for want of *adviſed watch*, loſt his firſt arrow, and ſent another after it with more attention. But *wilful* agrees not at all with it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton confounds the time paſt and preſent. He has formerly loſt his money like a *wilful* youth; he now borrows more in *pure innocence*, without diſguiſing his former faults, or his preſent deſigns. JOHNSON.

To wind about my love with circumſtance;
And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong,
In making queſtion of my uttermoſt,
Than if you had made waſte of all I have:
Then do but ſay to me what I ſhould do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am preſt unto it:[2] therefore, ſpeak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And ſhe is fair, and, fairer than' that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; ſometimes from her eyes[3]
I did receive fair ſpeechleſs meſſages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coaſt
Renowned ſuitors: and her ſunny locks

[2] —— preſt *unto it:*] *Preſt* may not here ſignify *impreſs'd*, as into military ſervice, but *ready*. *Pret*, Fr. So, in *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

"What muſt be, muſt be; Cæſar's *preſt* for all."

Again, in *Hans Beer-pot*, &c. 1618:

"—— your good word
"Is ever *preſt* to do an honeſt man good."

Again, in the concluding couplet of Churchyard's *Warning to the Wanderers abroad*, 1593:

"Then ſhall my mouth, my muſe, my pen and all,
"Be *preſt* to ſerve at each good ſubject's call."

I could add twenty more inſtances of the word being uſed with this ſignification. STEEVENS.

[3] —— ſometimes *from her eyes*—] So all the editions; but it certainly ought to be, *ſometime*, i. e. *formerly*, *ſome time ago*, at a *certain time*: and it appears by the ſubſequent ſcene, that Baſſanio was at Belmont with the Marquis de Montferrat, and ſaw Portia in her father's life time. THEOBALD.

It is ſtrange, Mr. Theobald did not know, that in old Engliſh, *ſometimes* is ſynonymous with *formerly*. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "*ſometimes* fellow of ſuch a college." FARMER.

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her ſeat of Belmont, Colchos' ſtrand,
And many Jaſons come in queſt of her.
O my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind preſages me ſuch thrift,
That I ſhould queſtionleſs be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'ſt, that all my fortunes are at ſea;
Nor have I money, nor commodity
To raiſe a preſent ſum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That ſhall be rack'd, even to the uttermoſt,
To furniſh thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, preſently inquire, and ſo will I,
Where money is; and I no queſtion make,
To have it of my truſt, or for my ſake. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Portia *and* Nerissa.

*Por.* By my troth, Neriſſa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, ſweet madam, if your miſeries were in the ſame abundance as your good fortunes are: And, yet, for aught I ſee, they are as ſick, that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing: It is no mean happineſs therefore,

to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs,[4] but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good ſentences, and well pronounced.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may deviſe laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: ſuch a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel the cripple. But this reaſoning is not in the faſhion to chooſe me a huſband:—O me, the word chooſe! I may neither chooſe whom I would, nor refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Neriſſa, that I cannot chooſe one, nor refuſe none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inſpirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath deviſed in theſe three cheſts, of gold, ſilver, and lead, (whereof who chooſes his meaning, chooſes you,) will, no doubt, never be choſen by any rightly, but one who you ſhall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of theſe princely ſuitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou

[4] ——*ſuperfluity* comes *ſooner* by *white hairs*,] i. e. Superfluity ſooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We ſtill ſay, How did he *come by* it? Malone.

nameſt them, I will deſcribe them; and, according to my deſcription, level at my affection.

*Ner.* Firſt, there is the Neapolitan prince.[5]

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe;[6] and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can ſhoe him himſelf: I am much afraid, my lady his mother played falſe with a ſmith.

*Ner.* Then, is there the county Palatine.[7]

[5] —— *the Neapolitan prince.*] The Neapolitans in the time of Shakſpeare, were eminently ſkilled in all that belongs to horſemanſhip; nor have they, even now, forfeited their title to the ſame praiſe. STEEVENS.

Though our author, when he compoſed this play, could not have read the following paſſage in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in ſome other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (ſays old Montaigne,) I ſaw the *prince* of Salmona, at *Naples*, manage a young, a rough, and fierce horſe, and ſhow all manner of horſemanſhip; to hold teſtons or reals under his knees and toes ſo faſt as if they had been nayled there, and all to ſhow his ſure, ſteady, and unmoveable ſitting." MALONE.

[6] *Ay, that's a* colt, *indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horſe*;] *Colt* is uſed for a witleſs, heady, gay youngſter, whence the phraſe uſed of an old man too juvenile, that he ſtill retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* Act I. ſc. iii. See alſo Vol. VII. p. 54. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *is there the county Palatine.*] I am almoſt inclined to believe, that Shakſpeare has more alluſions to particular facts and perſons than his readers commonly ſuppoſe. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Laſco, a Poliſh Palatine, who viſited England in our author's life-time, was eagerly careſſed, and ſplendidly entertained; but running in debt, at laſt ſtole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

*County* and *count* in old language were ſynonymous.—The Count Alaſco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who ſhould ſay, *An if you will not have me, chooſe:* he hears merry tales, and ſmiles not: I fear, he will prove the weeping philoſopher when he grows old, being ſo full of unmannerly ſadneſs in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth, than to either of theſe. God defend me from theſe two!

*Ner.* How ſay you by the French lord, Monſieur Le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. In truth, I know it is a ſin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horſe better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throſtle[8] ſing, he falls ſtraight a capering; he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty huſbands: If he would deſpiſe me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madneſs, I ſhall never requite him.

*Ner.* What ſay you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know, I ſay nothing to him; for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;[9] and you will come

[8] ——*if a* throſtle—] Old copies—*traſſel.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throſtle* is the thruſh. The word occurs again in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" The *throſtle* with his note ſo true—." MALONE.

That the *throſtle* is a diſtinct bird from the *thruſh*, may be known from T. Newton's *Herbal to the Bible*, quoted in a note on the foregoing paſſage in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. IV. p. 400. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;*] A ſatire on the ignorance of the young Engliſh travellers in our author's time. WARBURTON.

into the court and ſwear, that I have a poor penny-worth in the Engliſh. He is a proper man's picture;[1] But, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottiſh lord,[2] his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety,[3] and ſealed under for another.

*Ner.* How like you the young German,[4] the duke of Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning, when he is ſober; and moſt vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is beſt, he is a little worſe than a man; and when he is worſt, he is little better than a beaſt: an the worſt fall that ever fell, I hope, I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

[1] —— *a* proper *man's picture;*] *Proper* is *handſome.* So, in *Othello:*

"This Ludovico is a *proper* man." STEEVENS.

[2] —— Scottiſh *lord,*] *Scottiſh,* which is in the quarto, was omitted in the firſt folio, for fear of giving offence to King James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

[3] *I think, the Frenchman became his ſurety,*] Alluding to the conſtant aſſiſtance, or rather conſtant promiſes of aſſiſtance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the Engliſh. This alliance is here humorouſly ſatirized. WARBURTON.

[4] *How like you the young German,* &c.] In Shakſpeare's time the Duke of Bavaria viſited London, and was made Knight of the Garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's ſuitors, there may be ſome covert alluſion to thoſe of Queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

*Ner.* If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right caſket, you ſhould refuſe to perform your father's will, if you ſhould refuſe to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worſt, I pray thee, ſet a deep glaſs of Rheniſh wine on the contrary caſket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. I will do any thing, Neriſſa, ere I will be married to a ſponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of theſe lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſuit; unleſs you may be won by ſome other ſort than your father's impoſition, depending on the caſkets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaſte as Diana, unleſs I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are ſo reaſonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very abſence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a ſcholar, and a ſoldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes, it was Baſſanio; as I think, ſo was he called.

*Ner.* True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my fooliſh eyes looked upon, was the beſt deſerving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praiſe.—How now! what news?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* The four ſtrangers ſeek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his maſter, will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with ſo good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I ſhould be glad of his approach: if he have the condition[5] of a ſaint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he ſhould ſhrive me than wive me. Come, Neriſſa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we ſhut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Venice. *A publick Place.*

*Enter* Bassanio *and* Shylock.

*Shy.* Three thouſand ducats,—well.

*Bass.* Ay, ſir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months,—well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio ſhall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio ſhall become bound,—well.

*Bass.* May you ſtead me? Will you pleaſure me? Shall I know your anſwer?

*Shy.* Three thouſand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

[5] —— *the* condition—] i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello*: "—and then, of ſo gentle a *condition!*" Malone.

*Bass.* Your anſwer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in ſaying he is a good man, is to have you underſtand me, that he is ſufficient: yet his means are in ſuppoſition: he hath an argoſy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I underſtand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,——and other ventures he hath, ſquander'd abroad: But ſhips are but boards, ſailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves; I mean, pirates; and then, there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks: The man is, notwithſtanding, ſufficient;—three thouſand ducats;—I think, I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be aſſured you may.

*Shy.* I will be aſſured, I may; and, that I may be aſſured, I will bethink me: May I ſpeak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it pleaſe you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to ſmell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:[6] I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and ſo following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

[6] —— *the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:*] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakſpeare, drawn with more ſpirit, and juſt diſcrimination, than Shylock's. His language, alluſions, and ideas, are every where ſo appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Bass.* This is ſignior Antonio.

SHY. [*Aſide.*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a chriſtian:
But more, for that, in low ſimplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of uſance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,[7]
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred nation; and he rails,
Even there were merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls intereſt: Curſed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear?

*SHY.* I am debating of my preſent ſtore;
And, by the near gueſs of my memory,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſs
Of full three thouſand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furniſh me: But ſoft; How many months
Do you deſire?—Reſt you fair, good ſignior;
[*To* ANTONIO.
Your worſhip was the laſt man in our mouths.

*ANT.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of exceſs,
Yet, to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,[8]

[7] *If I can catch him once upon the hip,*] This, Dr. Johnſon obſerves, is a phraſe taken from the practice of wreſtlers; and (he might have added) is an alluſion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wreſtled with him. See *Gen.* xxxii. 24, &c. HENLEY.

[8] —— *the* ripe wants *of my friend,*] *Ripe wants* are wants

I'll break a cuſtom :—Is he yet poſſeſs'd,[9]
How much you would ?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thouſand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot,—three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your bond; and, let me ſee,——But hear you;
Methought, you ſaid, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never uſe it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's ſheep,
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third poſſeſſor; ay, he was the third.

*Ant.* And what of him? did he take intereſt?

*Shy.* No, not take intereſt; not, as you would ſay,
Directly intereſt: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himſelf were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings[1] which were ſtreak'd, and pied,
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:

*come to the height*, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read—*rife wants*, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

*Ripe* is, I believe, the true reading. So, afterwards:
" But ſtay the very *riping* of the time." MALONE.

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
" Here is a brief how many ſports are *ripe*."
STEEVENS.

[9] ——*poſſeſs'd*,] i. e. acquainted, informed. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: " *Poſſeſs* us, *poſſeſs* us, tell us ſomething of him."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*the* eanlings—] Lambs juſt dropt: from *ean*, *eniti*.
MUSGRAVE.

And when the work of generation was
Between theſe woolly breeders in the act,
The ſkilful ſhepherd peel'd me certain wands,[2]
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,[3]
He ſtuck them up before the fulſome ewes;[4]

[2] —— *certain* wands,] A *wand* in our author's time was the uſual term for what we now call a *ſwitch*. MALONE.

[3] —— *of* kind,] i. e. of nature. So, Turberville, in his book of *Falconry*, 1575, p. 127:

"So great is the curteſy of *kind*, as ſhe ever ſeeketh to recompenſe any defect of hers with ſome other better benefit."

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"—— nothing doth ſo pleaſe her mind,
"As to ſee mares and horſes *do their kind*." COLLINS.

[4] —— *the* fulſome *ewes*;] *Fulſome*, I believe, in this inſtance, means laſcivious, obſcene. The ſame epithet is beſtowed on the night, in *Acolaſtus his After-Witte*. By S. N. 1600:

"Why ſhines not Phœbus in the *fulſome* night?"

In the play of *Muleaſſes the Turk*, Madam *Fulſome* a *Bawd* is introduced. The word, however, ſometimes ſignifies offenſive in ſmell. So, in Chapman's verſion of the 17th Book of the *Odyſſey*:

"——and fill'd his *fulſome* ſcrip," &c.

Again, in the dedication to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 63: "—noiſome or *fulſome* for bad ſmells, as butcher's ſlaughter houſes," &c.

It is likewiſe uſed by Shakſpeare in *King John*, to expreſs ſome quality offenſive to nature:

"And ſtop this gap of breath with *fulſome* duſt."

Again, in Thomas Newton's *Hervall to the Bible*, 8vo. 1587:

"Having a ſtrong ſent and *fulſome* ſmell, which neither men nor beaſtes take delight to ſmell unto."

Again, *ibid*:

"Boxe is naturally dry, juiceleſſe, *fulſomely* and loathſomely ſmelling."

Again, in Arthur Golding's tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, B. XV:

"But what have you poore ſheepe miſdone, a cattel meek and meeld,
"Created for to manteine man, whoſe *fulſome* dugs doe yeeld
"Sweete nectar," &c. STEEVENS.

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and thoſe were Jacob's.[5]
This was a way to thrive,[6] and he was bleſt;
And thrift is bleſſing, if men ſteal it not.

*Ant.* This was a venture, ſir, that Jacob ſerv'd for;
A thing not in his power to bring to paſs,
But ſway'd, and faſhion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inſerted to make intereſt good?
Or is your gold and ſilver, ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as faſt:[7]—
But note me, ſignior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Baſſanio,
The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe.[8]
An evil ſoul, producing holy witneſs,

Minſheu ſuppoſes it to mean *nauſeous* in ſo high a degree as to excite vomiting. Malone.

[5] ——*and thoſe were Jacob's.*] See *Geneſis*, xxx. 37, &c. Steevens.

[6] *This was a way to thrive*, &c.] So, in the ancient ſong of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*:

" His wife muſt lend a ſhilling,
" For every weeke a penny,
" Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
" If that you will have any.

" And ſee, likewiſe, you keepe your day,
" Or elſe you loſe it all:
" This was the living of the wife,
" Her *cow* ſhe did it call."

Her *cow*, &c. ſeems to have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare Shylock's argument for uſury. Percy.

[7] ——*I make it* breed *as faſt*:] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

" Foul cank'ring ruſt the hidden treaſure frets;
" But gold that's put to uſe more gold *begets*."
Malone.

[8] *The devil can cite ſcripture* &c.] See *St. Matthew*, iv. 6. Henley.

Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outſide falſhood hath![9]

*Shy.* Three thouſand ducats,—'tis a good round ſum.
Three months from twelve, then let me ſee the rate.

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, ſhall we be beholden to you?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my uſances:[1]

[9] *O, what a goodly outſide* falſhood *hath!*] *Falſhood*, which as *truth* means *honeſty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not ſtand for *falſhood* in general, but for the diſhoneſty now operating. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*my* uſances:] *Uſe* and *uſance* are both words anciently employ'd for *uſury*, both in its favourable and unfavourable ſenſe. So, in *The Engliſh Traveller*, 1633:

"Give me my *uſe*, give me my principal."

Again:

"A toy; the main about five hundred pounds,
"And the *uſe* fifty." STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritſon aſks, whether Mr. Steevens is not miſtaken in ſaying that *uſe* and *uſance*, were anciently employed for *uſury*. "*Uſe* and *uſance*, (he adds) mean nothing more than *intereſt*; and the former word is ſtill uſed by country people in the ſame ſenſe." That Mr. Steevens however, is right reſpecting the word in the text, will appear from the following quotation: "I knowe a gentleman borne to five hundred pounde lande, did never receyve above a thouſand pound of nete money, and within certeyne yeres ronnynge ſtill upon uſurie and double uſurie, the merchants termyng it *uſance* and *double uſance*, by a more cleanly name he did owe to maſter uſurer five thouſand pound at the laſt, borowyng but one thouſande pounde at firſt, ſo that his land was clean gone, beynge five hundred poundes inherytance, for one thouſand pound in money, and the uſurie of the ſame money for ſo fewe yeres; and the man now beggeth." *Wylſon on Uſurye*, 1572, p. 32. REED.

*Uſance*, in our author's time, I believe, ſignified *intereſt of money*. It has been already uſed in this play in that ſenſe:

Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug;[2]
For ſufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—miſbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And ſpit[3] upon my Jewiſh gaberdine,
And all for uſe of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you ſay,
*Shylock*,[4] *we would have monies*; You ſay ſo;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a ſtranger cur
Over your threſhold; monies is your ſuit.
What ſhould I ſay to you? Should I not ſay,
*Hath a dog money? is it poſsible,*
*A cur can lend three thouſand ducats?* or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whiſpering humbleneſs,
Say this,——

" He lends out money gratis, and brings down
" The rate of *uſance* with us here in Venice."

Again, in a ſubſequent part, he ſays, he will take " no *doit* of *uſance* for his monies." Here it muſt mean *intereſt*.

MALONE.

[2] *Still have I borne it with a patient ſhrug*;] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633:

" I learn'd in Florence how to kiſs my hand,
" *Heave up my ſhoulders* when they call me *dogge*."

MALONE.

[3] *And* ſpit—] The old copies always read *ſpet*, which ſpelling is followed by Milton:

" ——— the womb
" Of Stygian darkneſs *ſpets* her thickeſt gloom."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Shylock*,] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled: *Caleb Shillocke, his Propheſie; or the Jewes Prediction*. London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavyer.) No date. STEEVENS.

*Fair ſir, you ſpit on me on Wedneſday laſt;*
*You ſpurn'd me ſuch a day; another time*
*You call'd me—dog; and for theſe courteſies*
*I'll lend you thus much monies.*

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpit on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; (for when did friendſhip take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)[5]
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who if he break, thou may'ſt with better face
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you ſtorm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the ſhames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent wants, and take no doit
Of uſance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindneſs.

*Shy.* This kindneſs will I ſhow:—

[5] *A* breed for barren *metal of his friend?*] A *breed*, that is intereſt money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren* the author would inſtruct us in the argument on which the advocates againſt uſury went, which is this; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like corn and cattle, multiply itſelf. And to ſet off the abſurdity of this kind of uſury, he put *breed* and *barren* in oppoſition. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this paſſage. Old Meres ſays, "Uſurie and encreaſe by gold and ſilver is unlawful, becauſe againſt nature; nature hath made them *ſterill* and *barren*; uſurie makes them *procreative*." Farmer.

The honour of ſtarting this conceit belongs to Ariſtotle. See *De Repub.* Lib. I. Holt White.

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—*a breed of.* Malone.

Go with me to a notary, ſeal me there
Your ſingle bond; and, in a merry ſport,
If you repay me not on ſuch a day,
In ſuch a place, ſuch ſum, or ſums, as are
Expreſs'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair fleſh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaſeth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith; I'll ſeal to ſuch a bond,
And ſay, there is much kindneſs in the Jew.

*Bass.* You ſhall not ſeal to ſuch a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my neceſſity.[6]

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within theſe two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O father Abraham, what theſe Chriſtians are;
Whoſe own hard dealings teaches them ſuſpect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this;
If he ſhould break his day, what ſhould I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's fleſh, taken from a man,
Is not ſo eſtimable, profitable neither,
As fleſh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I ſay,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendſhip:
If he will take it, ſo; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will ſeal unto this bond.

[6] —— dwell *in my neceſſity.*] To *dwell* ſeems in this place to mean the ſame as to *continue*. To *abide* has both the ſenſes of *habitation* and *continuance*. Johnson.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard[7]
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.
This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms,[8] and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day.
[*Exeunt.*

[7] ——*left in the* fearful guard &c.] *Fearful guard,* is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel terrours.* JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are." STEEVENS.

[8] *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of* Morocco,[9] *and his Train*; PORTIA, NERISSA, *and other of her Attendants.*

*Mor.* Miſlike me not for my complexion,
The ſhadow'd livery of the burniſh'd ſun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the faireſt creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire ſcarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make inciſion for your love,
To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine.[1]
I tell thee, lady, this aſpect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant;[2] by my love, I ſwear,
The beſt-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to ſteal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

[9] ——*the Prince of Morocco,*] The old ſtage direction is "Enter Morochus a tawnie Moore, all in white, and three or foure followers accordingly," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] *To prove whoſe blood is reddeſt, his, or mine.*] To underſtand how the tawny prince, whoſe ſavage dignity is very well ſupported, means to recommend himſelf by this challenge, it muſt be remembered that *red* blood is a traditionary ſign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frighted ſoldiers, a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, Cowards are ſaid to *have livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a *milkſop*. JOHNSON.

It is cuſtomary in the eaſt for lovers to teſtify the violence of their paſſion by cutting themſelves in the ſight of their miſtreſſes. See *Habits du Levant*, pl. 43, and Picart's *Religious Ceremonies*, Vol. VII. p. 111. HARRIS.

[2] *Hath* fear'd *the valiant*;] i. e. *terrify'd*. To *fear* is often uſed by our old writers, in this ſenſe. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:
"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." STEEVENS

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not ſolely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beſides, the lottery of my deſtiny
Bars me the right of voluntary chooſing:
But, if my father had not ſcanted me,
And hedg'd me by his wit,[3] to yield myſelf
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourſelf, renowned prince, then ſtood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caſkets,
To try my fortune. By this ſcimitar,—
That ſlew the Sophy,[4] and a Perſian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—
I would out-ſtare the ſterneſt eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart moſt daring on the earth,
Pluck the young ſucking cubs from the ſhe bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw

[3] *And hedg'd me by his* wit,] I ſuppoſe we may ſafely read—*and hedg'd me by his* will. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

As the ancient ſignification of *wit*, was ſagacity, or power of mind, I have not diſplaced the original reading. See our author, paſſim. STEEVENS.

[4] *That ſlew the Sophy*, &c.] Shakſpeare ſeldom eſcapes well when he is entangled with geography. The Prince of Morocco muſt have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Perſia. JOHNSON.

It were well, if Shakſpeare had never *entangled* himſelf *with geography* worſe than in the preſent caſe. If the Prince of Morocco be ſuppoſed to have ſerved in the army of Sultan *Solyman* (*the ſecond*, for inſtance,) I ſee no *geographical* objection to his having killed the Sophi of Perſia. See D'Herbelot in *Solyman Ben Selim*. TYRWHITT.

May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;[5]
And ſo may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miſs that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You muſt take your chance;
And either not attempt to chooſe at all,
Or ſwear, before you chooſe,—if you chooſe wrong,
Never to ſpeak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.[6]

*Mor.* Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

*Por.* Firſt, forward to the temple; after dinner
Your hazard ſhall be made.

[5] *So is Alcides beaten by his* page;] The ancient copies read —his *rage.* Steevens.

Though the whole ſet of editions concur in this reading, it is corrupt at bottom. Let us look into the poet's drift, and the hiſtory of the perſons mentioned in the context. If Hercules, (ſays he,) and Lichas were to play at dice for the deciſion of their ſuperiority, Lichas, the weaker man, might have the better caſt of the two. But how then is Alcides beaten by his *rage?* The poet means no more, than, if Lichas had the better throw, ſo might Hercules himſelf be beaten by Lichas. And who was he, but a poor unfortunate ſervant of Hercules, that unknowingly brought his maſter the envenomed ſhirt, dipt in the blood of the Centaur Neſſus, and was thrown headlong into the ſea for his pains; this one circumſtance of Lichas's quality known, ſufficiently aſcertains the emendation I have ſubſtituted, *page* inſtead of *rage.* Theobald.

[6] ——*therefore be* advis'd.] Therefore be not precipitant; conſider well what you are to do. *Advis'd* is the word oppoſite to *raſh.* Johnson.

So, in *King Richard III:*

" ——who in my wrath
" Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be *advis'd?*"

Steevens.

*Mor.* Good fortune then! [*Cornets.*
To make me bleſs't,[7] or curſed'ſt among men.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* LAUNCELOT GOBBO.[8]

*Laun.* Certainly my conſcience will ſerve me to run from this Jew, my maſter: The fiend is at mine elbow; and tempts me, ſaying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, uſe your legs, take the ſtart, run away:* My conſcience ſays,—*no*; *take heed honeſt Launcelot*; *take heed, honeſt Gobbo*; *or*, as aforeſaid, *honeſt Launcelot Gobbo*; *do not run*; *ſcorn running with thy heels*:[9] Well, the moſt cou-

[7] —— *bleſs't,*] i. e. bleſſed'ſt. So, in *King Richard III:* "—harmleſs't creature;" a frequent vulgar contraction in Warwickſhire. STEEVENS.

[8] The old copies read—*Enter the Clown alone*; and throughout the play this character is called the *Clown* at moſt of his *entrances* or *exits*. STEEVENS.

[9] —— ſcorn running *with thy heels*:] Launcelot was deſigned for a wag, but perhaps not for an abſurd one. We may therefore ſuppoſe, no ſuch expreſſion would have been put in his mouth, as our author had cenſured in another character. When Piſtol ſays, "he hears with ears," Sir Hugh Evans very properly is made to exclaim, "The tevil and his tam! what phraſe is this, *he hears with ears?* why it is affectations." To talk of *running with one's heels*, has ſcarce leſs of abſurdity. It has been ſuggeſted, that we ſhould read and point the paſſage as follows: "Do not run; ſcorn running; *withe* thy heels:" i. e. connect them with a *withe*, (a band made of oſiers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in ſome countries, to prevent their ſtraggling far

rageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* ſays the fiend; *away!* ſays the fiend, *for the heavens*;[1] *rouſe up a brave mind,* ſays the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conſcience, hanging about the neck of my heart, ſays very wiſely to me,—*my honeſt friend Launcelot, being an honeſt man's ſon,*—or rather an honeſt woman's ſon;—for, indeed, my father did ſomething ſmack, ſomething grow to, he had a kind of taſte;—well, my conſcience ſays, *Launcelot, budge not*; *budge,* ſays the fiend; *budge not,* ſays my conſcience: Conſcience, ſay I, you counſel well; fiend,

from home. The Iriſhman in *Sir John Oldcaſtle* petitions to be hanged in a *withe*; and Chapman, in his verſion of the tenth *Odyſſey,* has the following paſſage:

" ——There let him lie
" Till I, of cut-up oſiers, did imply
" A *with,* a fathom long, with which his feete
" I made together in a ſure league meete."

I think myſelf bound, however, to add, that in *Much Ado about Nothing,* the very phraſe, that in the preſent inſtance is diſputed, occurs:

" O illegitimate conſtruction! I *ſcorn* that *with my heels*;" i. e. I recalcitrate, kick up contemptuouſly at the idea, as animals throw up their hind legs. Such alſo may be Launcelot's meaning. STEEVENS.

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonaſm appears to me conſiſtent with the general tenour of Launcelot's ſpeech. He had juſt before expreſſed the ſame thing in three different ways:—" Uſe your legs; take the ſtart; run away." MALONE.

[1] —— away! *ſays the fiend,* for the heavens;] As it is not likely that Shakſpeare ſhould make the *Devil* conjure Launcelot to do any thing for *Heaven's* ſake, I have no doubt but this paſſage is corrupt, and that we ought to read:

" *Away!* ſays the fiend, for the *haven,*"

By which Launcelot was to make his eſcape, if he was determined to run away. M. MASON.

—— away! *ſays the fiend,* for the heavens;] i. e. *Begone* to the heavens. So again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* " So I deliver up my apes, [to the *devil,*] and *away* to St. Peter, *for the heavens.*" MALONE.

ſay I, you counſel well: to be ruled by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Jew my maſter, who, (God bleſs the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who, ſaving your reverence, is the devil himſelf: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kind of hard conſcience, to offer to counſel me to ſtay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counſel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

*Enter old* GOBBO,[2] *with a Baſket.*

*Gob.* Maſter, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to maſter Jew's?

LAUN. [*Aſide.*] O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than ſand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try concluſions[3] with him.

*Gob.* Maſter young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to maſter Jew's?

[2] *Enter old* Gobbo,] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakſpeare deſigned this character to be repreſented with a *hump-back*. STEEVENS.

[3] —— try concluſions—] To *try concluſions* is to try experiments. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" ——— ſince favour
" Cannot attain thy love, I'll *try concluſions*."

Again, in the *Lancaſhire Witches*, 1634:

" Nay then I'll *try concluſions*:
" Mare, Mare, ſee thou be,
" And where I point thee, carry me." STEEVENS.

So quarto R.—Q[n] to H. and folio read—*confuſions*. MALONE.

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand,[4] at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's houſe.

*Gob.* By God's ſonties,[5] 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aſide.*] now will I raiſe the waters:—Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

*Gob.* No maſter, ſir, but a poor man's ſon; his father, though I ſay it, is an honeſt exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young maſter Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worſhip's friend, and Launcelot, ſir.[6]

[4] *Turn up on your right hand,* &c.] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, ſeems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers* of Terence:

"——ubi eas præterieris,
"Ad *ſiniſtram* hac *rectâ* plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,
"Ito ad *dextram*: prius quam ad portam venias," &c.

THEOBALD.

[5] ——*God's ſonties,*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with *God's ſanty* in Decker's *Honeſt Whore,* 1635.

Again, in *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art,* a comedy, bl. l. without date:

"*God's ſantie,* this is a goodly book indeed."

Perhaps it was once cuſtomary to ſwear by the *ſanté,* i. e. *health,* of the Supreme Being, or by his *ſaints*; or, as Mr. Ritſon obſerves to me, by his *ſanctity.* Oaths of ſuch a turn are not unfrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, ſeem to have been ſo thoroughly convinced of the crime of profane ſwearing, that they were content to diſguiſe their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted ſilently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

[6] *Your worſhip's friend, and* Launcelot, *ſir.*] Dr. Farmer is

*Laun.* But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beſeech you; Talk you of young maſter Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Laun. *Ergo*, maſter Launcelot; talk not of maſter Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceaſed; or, as you would ſay, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very ſtaff of my age, my very prop.

*Laun.* Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-poſt, a ſtaff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God reſt his ſoul!) alive, or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack, ſir, I am ſand-blind, I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wiſe father, that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your ſon: Give me your bleſſing:[7] truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's ſon may; but, in the end, truth will out.

of opinion we ſhould read *Gobbo* inſtead of *Launcelot*; and obſerves, that phraſeology like this occurs alſo in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" ——your ſervant, and *Coſtard*." Steevens.

——*and Launcelot, ſir.*] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *maſter* Launcelot. Malone.

[7] ——*Give me your bleſſing:*] In this converſation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practiſed on the blindneſs of Iſaac, and the bleſſing obtained in conſequence of it. Henley.

*Gob.* Pray you, ſir, ſtand up; I am ſure, you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your bleſſing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.[8]

*Gob.* I cannot think, you are my ſon.

*Laun.* I know not what I ſhall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am ſure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be ſworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own fleſh and blood. Lord worſhipp'd might he be! what a beard haſt thou got! thou haſt got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horſe has on his tail.[9]

[8] —— *your child that ſhall be.*] Launcelot probably here indulges himſelf in talking nonſenſe. So, afterwards:—"you may tell every finger I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick ſuppoſes: "he means to ſay, I *was* your *child*, I *am* your *boy*, and *ſhall ever be* your *ſon*." But *ſon* not being firſt mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the ſentence, there is no ground for ſuppoſing ſuch an inverſion intended by our author. Beſides, if Launcelot is to be ſeriouſly defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his *child*, ſhall be his *ſon*? Malone.

Launcelot may mean, that he ſhall hereafter prove his claim to the title of child, by his dutiful behaviour. Thus, ſays the Prince of Wales to King Henry IV:, I will redeem my character:

"And, in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
"Be bold to tell you, that *I am your ſon.*" Steevens.

[9] —— *my* thill-horſe—] *Thill* or *fill*, means the ſhafts of a cart or waggon. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

"—— I will
"Give you the fore-horſe place, and I will be
"I' the *fills*."

Again, in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, 1655, by Thomas Hey-

*Laun.* It ſhould ſeem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am ſure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I laſt ſaw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou changed! How doſt thou and thy maſter agree? I have brought him a preſent; How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have ſet up my reſt to run away, ſo I will not reſt till I have run ſome ground: my maſter's a very Jew; Give him a preſent! give him a halter: I am famiſh'd in his ſervice; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your preſent to one maſter Baſſanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I ſerve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I ſerve the Jew any longer.

*Enter* Bassanio, *with* Leonardo, *and other Followers.*

*Bass.* You may do ſo;—but let it be ſo haſted, that ſupper be ready at the fartheſt by five of the clock: See theſe letters deliver'd; put the liveries

wood and W. Rowley: "—acquaint you with Jock the fore-horſe, and Fib the *fil-horſe*," &c. Steevens.

All the ancient copies have *phil*-horſe, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption uſed in ſome counties for the proper term, *thill*-horſe. Malone.

See Chriſtie's *Catalogue* of the effects of F—— P——, Eſq. 1794, p. 6, lot 50: "Chain-harneſs for two horſes, and *phil* harneſs for two horſes." Steevens.

*Phil* or *fill* is the term in all the midland counties,—*thil* would not be underſtood. Harris.

to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a* Servant.

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy; Would'st thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,——

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify,——

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve——

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,——

*Gob.* His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousins:

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being I hope an old man, shall frutify unto you,——

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves, that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,——

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both;—What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit:
Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day,
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment,

To leave a rich Jew's ſervice, to become
The follower of ſo poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my maſter Shylock and you, ſir; you have the grace of God, ſir, and he hath enough.

*Bass.* Thou ſpeak'ſt it well: Go, father with thy ſon:—
Take leave of thy old maſter, and enquire
My lodging out:—Give him a livery
[*To his Followers.*
More guarded[1] than his fellows': See it done.

*Laun.* Father, in:—I cannot get a ſervice, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book.[2]—I

[1] —— *more* guarded—] i. e. more ornamented. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:
"*Piſton.* But is there no reward for my falſe dice?
"*Eraſtus.* Yes, ſir, a *guarded* ſuit from toe to toe."
Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:
"—— turn my ploughboy Dick to two *guarded* footmen."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to ſwear upon a book.*] *Table* is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himſelf upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inſpects his hand, and congratulates himſelf upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is ſhown, by raiſing it to lay it on the book, in judicial atteſtations. *Well*, ſays he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table, that doth offer to ſwear upon a book.*—Here he ſtops with an abruptneſs very common, and proceeds to particulars.
JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly juſt. In ſupport of it, it ſhould be remembered, that *which* is frequently uſed by our author and his contemporaries, for the perſonal pronoun, *who*. It is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy. In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Quickly addreſſes Fenton in the ſame language as is here uſed by Launcelot:—"I'll be *ſworn on*

ſhall have good fortune;[3] Go to, here's a ſimple line of life! here's a ſmall trifle of wives: Alas,

*a book* ſhe loves you:" a vulgariſm that is now ſuperſeded by another of the ſame import—" I'll take my bible-oath of it."

MALONE.

Without examining the expoſitions of this paſſage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I ſhall briefly ſet down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himſelf for his ſucceſs with Baſſanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection: *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to ſwear upon a book, I ſhall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promiſe*, but) *offer to ſwear* (and to ſwear *upon a book* too) that *I ſhall have good fortune.*—(He omits the concluſion of the ſentence which might have been) *I am much miſtaken*; or, *I'll be hanged*, &c. TYRWHITT.

[3] *I ſhall have good fortune*;] The whole difficulty of this paſſage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators,) aroſe, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the compoſitor or tranſcriber. I am perſuaded the author wrote—I ſhall have *no* good fortune. Theſe words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new ſentence. Shakſpeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt ſpeech—*Well; if any man* that *offers to ſwear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much miſtaken:] ſhould proceed in the ſame manner in which he began:—I ſhall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *ſimple* line of life! &c. So, before: "I can*not* get a ſervice, *no*;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head." And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurſe, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expreſſes herſelf exactly in the ſame ſtyle: "Well, you have made a *ſimple* choice; you know not how to chooſe a man; Romeo? *no*, *not* he;—he is *not* the flower of courteſy," &c. So alſo, in *King Henry IV:* "Here's *no* fine villainy!" Again, more appoſitely, in the anonymous play of *King Henry V:* "Ha! me have *no* good luck." Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "We are *ſimple* men; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profeſſion of fortune-telling."

Almoſt every paſſage in theſe plays, in which the ſenſe is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once obſerved, has been corrupted.

fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a ſimple coming-in for one man: and then, to 'ſcape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed;[4]—here are ſimple 'ſcapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, ſhe's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT *and old* GOBBO.

*BASS.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this;
Theſe things being bought, and orderly beſtow'd,
Return in haſte, for I do feaſt to-night
My beſt-eſteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

*LEON.* My beſt endeavours ſhall be done herein.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

*GRA.* Where is your maſter?

*LEON.* Yonder, ſir, he walks.
[*Exit* LEONARDO.

*GRA.* Signior Baſſanio,——

*BASS.* Gratiano!

It is not without ſome reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been propoſed by any former editor or commentator, I ſhould certainly have adopted it; being convinced that it is juſt. But the danger of innovation is ſo great, and partiality to our own conceptions ſo deluſive, that it becomes every editor to diſtruſt his own emendations; and I am particularly inclined to do ſo in the preſent inſtance, in which I happen to diſſer from that moſt reſpectable and judicious critick, whoſe name is ſubjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt ſentence ſhould not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*. MALONE.

[4] ——*in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed*:] A cant phraſe to ſignify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uſes the ſame kind of figure: "O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée ſur la point d'un Oreiller, & m'être rompû le Cou—." WARBURTON.

*Gra.* I have a ſuit to you.

*Baſſ.* You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* You muſt not deny me; I muſt go with you to Belmont.

*Baſſ.* Why, then you muſt;—But hear thee, Gratiano;
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—
Parts, that become thee happily enough,
And in ſuch eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they ſhow
Something too liberal;[5]—pray thee, take pain
To allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty
Thy ſkipping ſpirit;[6] leſt, through thy wild behaviour,
I be miſconſtrued in the place I go to,
And loſe my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Baſſanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a ſober habit,
Talk with reſpect, and ſwear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;
Nay more, while grace is ſaying, hood mine eyes[7]
Thus with my hat, and ſigh, and ſay, amen;
Uſe all the obſervance of civility,

[5] *Something too liberal;*] Liberal I have already ſhown to be mean, groſs, coarſe, licentious. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a moſt profane and *liberal* counſellor?" STEEVENS.

[6] —— *allay with ſome cold drops of modeſty*
*Thy ſkipping ſpirit;*] So, in *Hamlet*:
"Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
"Sprinkle cool patience." STEEVENS.

[7] ——hood *mine eyes*—] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. So, in *The Tragedy of Cræſus*, 1604:
"And like a *hooded* hawk," &c. STEEVENS.

Like one well ſtudied in a ſad oſtent[8]
To pleaſe his grandam, never truſt me more.

*Bass.* Well, we ſhall ſee your bearing.[9]

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you ſhall not gage me
By what we do to-night.

*Bass.* No, that were pity;
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldeſt ſuit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpoſe merriment: But fare you well,
I have ſome buſineſs.

*Gra.* And I muſt to Lorenzo, and the reſt;
But we will viſit you at ſupper-time. [*Exeunt.*

[8] ——*ſad oſtent*—] Grave appearance; ſhow of ſtaid and ſerious behaviour. JOHNSON.

*Oſtent* is a word very commonly uſed for *ſhow* among the old dramatick writers. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

" ——you in thoſe times
" Did not affect *oſtent*."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of Homer, edit. 1598, B. VI:

" ——did bloodie vapours raine
" For *ſad oſtent*," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*your* bearing.] *Bearing* is carriage, deportment. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

" Take and give back affairs, and their deſpatch,
" With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable *bearing*."

STEEVENS.

## SCENE III.

*The ſame. A Room in* Shylock's *Houſe.*

*Enter* JESSICA *and* LAUNCELOT.

*JES.* I am ſorry, thou wilt leave my father ſo;
Our houſe is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tedioufneſs:
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee.
And, Launcelot, ſoon at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenzo, who is thy new maſter's gueſt:
Give him this letter; do it ſecretly,
And ſo farewell; I would not have my father
See me talk with thee.

*LAUN.* Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—
Moſt beautiful pagan,—moſt ſweet Jew! If a Chriſtian do not play the knave, and get thee,[1] I am much

[1] ——*and* get *thee,*] I ſuſpect that the waggiſh Launcelot deſigned this for a broken ſentence—" and get thee"—implying, *get thee with child.* Mr. Malone, however, ſuppoſes him to mean only—*carry thee away from thy father's houſe.*

STEEVENS.

I ſhould not have attempted to explain ſo eaſy a paſſage, if the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio, thinking probably that the word *get* muſt neceſſarily mean *beget,* had not altered the text, and ſubſtituted *did* in the place of *do,* the reading of all the old and authentick editions; in which he has been copied by every ſubſequent editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jeſſica's father, but about her future huſband. I am aware that, in a ſubſequent ſcene, he ſays to Jeſſica: " Marry, you may partly hope your *father got you not*;" but he is now on another ſubject.

MALONE.

From the general cenſure expreſſed in the preceding note I take leave to exempt Mr. Reed; who, by following the firſt folio, was no ſharer in the inexpiable guilt of the ſecond. STEEVENS.

deceived: But, adieu! theſe fooliſh drops do ſomewhat drown my manly ſpirit; adieu! [*Exit.*

*Jes.* Farewell, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous ſin is it in me,
To be aſham'd to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promiſe, I ſhall end this ſtrife;
Become a Chriſtian, and thy loving wife. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*The ſame. A Street.*

*Enter* Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino, *and* Salanio.

*Lor.* Nay, we will ſlink away in ſupper-time;
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Salar.* We have not ſpoke us yet of torch-bearers.[2]

Notwithſtanding Mr. Malone [illegible] editor of the ſecond folio ſo ſtrongly with ignorance, [illegible] oubt but that—*did* is the true reading, as it is clearly [illegible] e than that which he has adopted. Launcelot does [illegible] o foretell the fate of Jeſſica, but judges, from her lov[illegible] in, that ſhe muſt have been begotten by a chriſtian, n[illegible] l. a brute as Shylock: a chriſtian might marry her with[illegible] the knave, though he could not beget her. M. Mas[illegible]

[2] —— *torch-bearers.*] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. iv. We have not *ſpoke us yet*, &c. i. e. *we have not yet beſpoke us*, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean

*Salan.* 'Tis vile, unleſs it may be quaintly order'd;
And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four a-clock; we have two hours
To furniſh us:—

*Enter* Launcelot, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it ſhall pleaſe you to break up this,[3] it ſhall ſeem to ſignify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on,
Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, ſir.

*Lor.* Whither goeſt thou?

*Laun.* Marry, ſir, to bid my old maſter the Jew to ſup to-night with my new maſter the Chriſtian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jeſſica,
I will not fail her;—ſpeak it privately; go.—
Gentlemen, [*Exit* Launcelot.
Will you prepare you for this maſque to-night?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

*Salar.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it ſtraight.

*Salan.* And ſo will I.

we have not as yet conſulted on the ſubject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"ſpoke *as* yet." Steevens.

[3] ——to break up *this*,] To *break up* was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act III. ſc. i:

"——Boyet, you can carve;
"*Break up* this capon."

See the note on this paſſage. Steevens.

*Lor.* Meet me, and Gratiano,
At Gratiano's lodging ſome hour hence.

*Salar.* 'Tis good we do ſo.
[*Exeunt* Salar. *and* Salan.

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jeſſica?

*Lor.* I muſt needs tell thee all: She hath directed,
How I ſhall take her from her father's houſe;
What gold, and jewels, ſhe is furniſh'd with;
What page's ſuit ſhe hath in readineſs.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's ſake:
And never dare misfortune croſs her foot,
Unleſs ſhe do it under this excuſe,—
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſs Jew.
Come, go with me; peruſe this, as thou goeſt:
Fair Jeſſica ſhall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*The ſame. Before* Shylock's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Shylock *and* Launcelot.

*Shy.* Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Baſſanio:—
What, Jeſſica!—thou ſha[illegible]ormandize,
As thou haſt done with m[illegible]at, Jeſſica!—
And ſleep and ſnore, and [illegible]arel out;—
Why, Jeſſica, I ſay!

*Laun.* Why, Jeſſica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worſhip was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter* Jessica.

*Jes.* Call you? What is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth[4] to ſupper, Jeſſica;
There are my keys:—But wherefore ſhould I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Chriſtian.[5]—Jeſſica, my girl,
Look to my houſe:—I am right loath to go;
There is ſome ill a brewing towards my reſt,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beſeech you, ſir, go; my young maſter doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.

*Laun.* And they have conſpired together,—I will not ſay, you ſhall ſee a maſque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on Black-Monday laſt,[6] at ſix o'clock i'the morning,

[4] *I am* bid *forth*—] I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to *pray*. Malone.

That *bid* was uſed for invitation, may be ſeen in *St. Luke's* Goſpel, ch. xiv. 24: "—none of thoſe which were *bidden* ſhall taſte of my ſupper." Harris.

[5] —— *to feed upon*
*The prodigal Chriſtian.*] Shylock forgets his reſolution. In a former ſcene he declares he will neither *eat*, *drink*, nor *pray* with Chriſtians. Of this circumſtance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his moſt ſettled reſolve, for the proſecution of his revenge. Steevens.

[6] —— *then it was not for nothing that my noſe fell a bleeding on* Black-Monday *laſt*,] "*Black-Monday* is *Eaſter-Monday*, and was ſo called on this occaſion: in the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Eaſter-day, King Edward, with his hoſt, lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of miſt and hail, and ſo bitter cold, that many men

falling out that year on Aſh-wedneſday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What! are there maſques? Hear you me, Jeſſica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile ſqueaking of the wry-neck'd fife,[7]
Clamber not you up to the caſements then,
Nor thruſt your head into the publick ſtreet,
To gaze on Chriſtian fools with varniſh'd faces:
But ſtop my houſe's ears, I mean my caſements;
Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—By Jacob's ſtaff, I ſwear,

died on their horſes' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*." Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a paſſage in Lodge's *Roſalynde*, 1592, that ſome ſuperſtitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the noſe*: "As he ſtood gazing, *his noſe on a ſudden bled*, which made him conjecture it was ſome friend of his." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1640, Act I. ſc. ii:
"How ſuperſtitiouſly we mind our evils?
"The throwing downe ſalt, or croſſing of a hare,
"*Bleeding at noſe*, the ſtumbling of a horſe,
"Or ſinging of a creket, are of power
"To daunt whole man in us."
Again, Act I. ſc. iii:
"*My noſe bleeds.* One that was ſuperſtitious would count this ominous, when it merely [illegible]" REED.

[7] *Lock up my doors; and [illegible] drum,*
*And the vile ſqueaking [illegible] fife,]*
"Primâ nocte domu[illegible] in vias
"Sub cantu querulæ [illegible] *for.* Lib. III. Od. vii. MALONE.

It appears from hence, that [illegible] in Shakſpeare's time were formed differently from thoſe now in uſe, which are ſtraight, not *wry-necked*. M. MASON.

I have no mind of feaſting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, ſirrah;
Say, I will come.

*Laun.* I will go before, ſir.—
Miſtreſs, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Chriſtian by,
Will be worth a Jeweſs' eye.[8] [*Exit* Laun.

*Shy.* What ſays that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

*Jes.* His words were, Farewell, miſtreſs; nothing elſe.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough;[9] but a huge feeder,
Snail-ſlow in profit, and he ſleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waſte
His borrow'd purſe.—Well, Jeſſica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,

[8] *There will come a Chriſtian by,*
*Will be* worth a Jeweſs' eye.] *It's worth a Jew's eye,* is a proverbial phraſe. Whalley.

[9] *The* patch *is kind enough*;] This term ſhould ſeem to have come into uſe from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilſon's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553: "A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopeia, is when we make words of our own mind, ſuch as be derived from the nature of things;—as to call one *Patche*, or Cowlſon, whom we ſee to do a thing fooliſhly; becauſe theſe two in their time were notable fools."

Probably the dreſs which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was in alluſion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the ſtage fool has ever ſince been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of whom Wilſon ſpeaks, was Cardinal Wolſey's fool. Malone.

Shut doors[1] after you: Faſt bind, faſt find;
A proverb never ſtale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

*Jes.* Farewell; and if my fortune be not croſt,
I have a father, you a daughter, loſt. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VI.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* GRATIANO *and* SALARINO, *maſqued.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-houſe, under which Lorenzo
Deſir'd us to make ſtand.[2]

*Salar.* His hour is almoſt paſt.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salar.* O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly[3]
To ſeal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

*Gra.* That ever holds: Who riſeth from a feaſt,
With that keen appetite that he ſits down?

[1] *Shut* doors—] *Doors* is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[2] *Deſir'd us* to make *ſtand.*] *Deſir'd us ſtand,* in ancient elliptical language, ſignifies—deſired us *to* ſtand. The words *to make,* are an evident interpolation, and conſequently ſpoil the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[3] *O, ten times faſter Venus'* pigeons *fly*—] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves,* which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

Thus, Chapman, in his verſion of Homer's Catalogue of Ships, *Iliad* the ſecond:

" ——Thiſbe, that for *pigeons* doth ſurpaſſe—;"

Mr. Pope, in more elegant language:

" ——Thiſbe, fam'd for ſilver *doves*—," STEEVENS.

Where is the horſe that doth untread again
His tedious meaſures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them firſt? All things that are,
Are with more ſpirit chaſed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker,[4] or a prodigal,
The ſcarfed bark[5] puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the ſtrumpet wind![6]
How like the prodigal doth ſhe return;[7]
With over-weather'd ribs,[8] and ragged ſails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the ſtrumpet wind!

[4] —— *a* younker,] All the old copies read—*a younger.* But Rowe's emendation may be juſtified by Falſtaff's queſtion in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV:* —"I'll not pay a denier. What will you make *a younker* of me?" STEEVENS.

*How like a younker, or a prodigal,*
*The ſcarfed bark puts from her native bay,* &c.] Mr. Gray (dropping the particularity of alluſion to the parable of the prodigal,) ſeems to have caught from this paſſage the imagery of the following:

"Fair laughs the morn, and ſoft the zephyr blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded veſſel goes;
"Youth on the Prow, and Pleaſure at the helm;
"Regardleſs of the ſweeping whirlwind's ſway,
"That hush'd in grim repoſe, expects his evening-prey."

The *grim-repoſe*, however, was ſuggeſted by Thomſon's—

"—— deep fermenting tempeſt brew'd
"In the *grim* evening ſky." HENLEY.

[5] —— ſcarfed *bark*—] I. e. the veſſel decorated with flags. So, in *All's well that ends well:* "Yet the *ſcarfs* and the banerets about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a *veſſel* of too great burden." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *embraced by the ſtrumpet wind!*] So, in *Othello:*
"The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets." MALONE.

[7] —— *doth* ſhe *return*;] Surely the bark ought to be of the *maſculine* gender, otherwiſe the alluſion wants ſomewhat of propriety. This indiſcriminate uſe of the perſonal for the neuter, at leaſt obſcures the paſſage. A ſhip, however, is commonly ſpoken of in the feminine gender. STEEVENS.

[8] *With over*-weather'd *ribs,*] Thus both the quartos. The folio has over-*wither'd,* MALONE.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*SALAR.* Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

*LOR.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait;
When you ſhall pleaſe to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach;[9]
Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within.

*Enter* JESSICA *above, in boy's clothes.*

*JES.* Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll ſwear that I do know your tongue.

*LOR.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*JES.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed;
For who love I ſo much? And now who knows,
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*LOR.* Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witneſs that thou art.

*JES.* Here, catch this caſket; it is worth the pains.
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much aſham'd of my exchange:
But love is blind, and lovers cannot ſee
The pretty follies that themſelves commit;
For if they could, Cupid himſelf would bluſh
To ſee me thus transformed to a boy.

*LOR.* Deſcend, for you muſt be my torch-bearer.

[9] *I'll watch as long for you then—Approach;*] Read, with ſlight variation from Sir T. Hanmer:

"I'll watch as long for you. *Come* then, approach."

RITSON.

*Jes.* What, muſt I hold a candle to my ſhames?
They in themſelves, good ſooth, are too too light.
Why, 'tis an office of diſcovery, love;
And I ſhould be obſcur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, ſweet,
Even in the lovely garniſh of a boy.
But come at once;
For the cloſe night doth play the run-away,
And we are ſtaid for at Baſſanio's feaſt.

*Jes.* I will make faſt the doors, and gild myſelf
With ſome more ducats, and be with you ſtraight.
[*Exit, from above.*

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.[1]

*Lor.* Beſhrew me, but I love her heartily:
For ſhe is wiſe, if I can judge of her;
And fair ſhe is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true ſhe is, as ſhe hath prov'd herſelf;
And therefore, like herſelf, wiſe, fair, and true,
Shall ſhe be placed in my conſtant ſoul.

[1] *Now, by my* hood, *a* Gentile, *and no Jew.*] A jeſt ariſing from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which ſignifies both a *Heathen*, and *one well born*. JOHNSON.

So, at the concluſion of the firſt part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

" —— So, good night kind *gentles*,
" For I hope there's never a *Jew* among you all."

Again, in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620:

" Joſeph the *Jew* was a better *Gentile* far." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon rightly explains this. There is an old book by one Ellis, entitled: *The Gentile Sinner*, or *England's brave Gentleman*." FARMER.

To underſtand Gratiano's oath, it ſhould be recollected that he is in a maſqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at preſent, a large cape or *hood* was affixed. MALONE.

Gratiano alludes to the practice of friars, who frequently ſwore by this part of their habit. STEEVENS

*Enter* JESSICA, *below.*

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away;
Our maſquing mates by this time for us ſtay.
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALARINO.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*ANT.* Who's there?

*GRA.* Signior Antonio?

*ANT.* Fye, fye, Gratiano! where are all the reſt?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all ſtay for you:—
No maſque to-night; the wind is come about,
Baſſanio preſently will go aboard:
I have ſent twenty out to ſeek for you.

*GRA.* I am glad on't; I deſire no more delight,
Than to be under ſail, and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter* PORTIA, *with the Prince of* Morocco, *and both their Trains.*

*POR.* Go, draw aſide the curtains, and diſcover
The ſeveral caſkets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice.

*MOR.* The firſt, of gold, who this inſcription bears;—
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.*
The ſecond, ſilver, which this promiſe carries;—

*Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.*
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt;[2]—
*Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.*
How ſhall I know if I do chooſe the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you chooſe that, then I am yours withal.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me ſee,
I will ſurvey the inſcriptions back again:
What ſays this leaden caſket?
*Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath.*
Muſt give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This caſket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind ſtoops not to ſhows of droſs;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What ſays the ſilver, with her virgin hue?
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves.*
As much as he deſerves?—Pauſe there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'ſt rated by thy eſtimation,
Thou doſt deſerve enough; and yet enough
May not extend ſo far as to the lady;
And yet to be afeard of my deſerving,
Were but a weak diſabling of myſelf.
As much as I deſerve!—Why, that's the lady:
I do in birth deſerve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than theſe, in love I do deſerve.
What if I ſtray'd no further, but choſe here?—
Let's ſee once more this ſaying grav'd in gold:
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.*

[2] ——*as blunt*;] That is, as groſs as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

Why, that's the lady; all the world deſires her:
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiſs this ſhrine, this mortal breathing ſaint.
The Hyrcanian deſerts, and the vaſty wilds
Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:
The watry kingdom, whoſe ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To ſtop the foreign ſpirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to ſee fair Portia.
One of theſe three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,
To think ſo baſe a thought; it were too groſs
To rib[3] her cerecloth in the obſcure grave.
Or ſhall I think, in ſilver ſhe's immur'd,
Being ten times undervalued to try'd gold?
O ſinful thought! Never ſo rich a gem
Was ſet in worſe than gold. They have in England
A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's inſculp'd upon;[4]
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key;
Here do I chooſe, and thrive I as I may!

[3] *To* rib—] i. e. incloſe, as the ribs incloſe the viſcera. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——*ribb'd* and paled in
" With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters."

STEEVENS.

[4] ——inſculp'd *upon*;] To *inſculp* is to engrave. So, in a comedy called *A new Wonder, a Woman never vex'd*, 1632:

" ——————in golden text
" Shall be *inſculp'd*—" STEEVENS.

The meaning is, that the figure of the angel is raiſed or embоſſed on the coin, not engraved on it. TYRWHITT.

*Por.* There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden caſket.*

*Mor.* O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whoſe empty eye
There is a written ſcroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that gliſters is not gold,*
*Often have you heard that told:*
*Many a man his life hath ſold,*
*But my outſide to behold:*
*Gilded tombs do worms infold.*[5]

[5] *Gilded* tombs *do worms infold.*] In all the old editions this line is written thus:

*Gilded* timber *do worms infold.*

From which Mr. Rowe and all the following editors have made:

*Gilded* wood *may worms infold.*

A line not bad in itſelf, but not ſo applicable to the occaſion as that which, I believe, Shakſpeare wrote:

*Gilded* tombs *do worms infold.*

A tomb is the proper repoſitory of a *death's-head.* JOHNSON.

The thought might have been ſuggeſted by Sidney's *Arcadia,* Book I:

"But *gold* can *guild* a *rotten piece of wood.*"

STEEVENS.

*Tombes* (for ſuch was the old ſpelling) and *timber* were eaſily confounded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The conſtruction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however, is very harſh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the Silke Wormes and their Flies,* 4to. 1599, is this line:

"Before thou waſt, were *timber-worms* in price."

MALONE.

More than the ear, I think, would be offended on this occaſion; for how is it poſſible for worms that live bred within timber, to *infold* it? STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's emendation is ſupported by Shakſpeare's 101ſt Sonnet:

"——it lies in thee
"To make thee much out-live a *gilded tomb.*"

MALONE.

*Had you been as wiſe as bold,*
*Young in limbs, in judgment old,*
*Your anſwer had not been inſcrol'd:*[6]
*Fare you well; your ſuit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labour loſt:
Then, farewell, heat; and, welcome, froſt.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus loſers part. [*Exit.*

*Por.* A gentle riddance:——Draw the curtains, go;——
Let all of his complexion chooſe me ſo.[7] [*Exeunt.*

[6] Your *anſwer had not been* inſcrol'd:] Since there is an anſwer *inſcrol'd* or written in every caſket, I believe for *your* we ſhould read—*this*. When the words were written yr and ys, the miſtake was eaſy. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*chooſe me ſo.*] The old quarto editions of 1600 have no diſtribution of Acts, but proceed from the beginning to the end in an unbroken tenour. This play, therefore, having been probably divided without authority by the publiſhers of the firſt folio, lies open to a new regulation, if any more commodious diviſion can be propoſed. The ſtory is itſelf ſo wildly incredible, and the changes of the ſcene ſo frequent and capricious, that the probability of action does not deſerve much care; yet it may be proper to obſerve, that, by concluding the ſecond Act here, time is given for Baſſanio's paſſage to Belmont. JOHNSON.

## SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* SALARINO *and* SALANIO.

*SALAR.* Why man, I ſaw Baſſanio under ſail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ſhip, I am ſure, Lorenzo is not.

*SALAN.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke;
Who went with him to ſearch Baſſanio's ſhip.

*SALAR.* He came too late, the ſhip was under ſail;
But there the duke was given to underſtand,
That in a gondola were ſeen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jeſſica:
Beſides, Antonio certify'd the duke,
They were not with Baſſanio in his ſhip.

*SALAN.* I never heard a paſſion ſo confus'd,
So ſtrange, outrageous, and ſo variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the ſtreets:
*My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!*
*Fled with a Chriſtian?—O my chriſtian ducats!—*
*Juſtice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!*
*A ſealed bag, two ſealed bags of ducats,*
*Of double ducats, ſtol'n from me by my daughter!*
*And jewels; two ſtones, two rich and precious ſtones,*
*Stol'n by my daughter!—Juſtice! find the girl!*
*She hath the ſtones upon her, and the ducats!*

*SALAR.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying,—his ſtones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*SALAN.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he ſhall pay for this.

*Salar.* Marry, well remember'd:
I reaſon'd with a Frenchman yeſterday;[8]
Who told me,—in the narrow ſeas, that part
The French and Engliſh, there miſcarried
A veſſel of our country, richly fraught:
I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;
And wiſh'd in ſilence, that it were not his.

*Salan.* You were beſt to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not ſuddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Salar.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw Baſſanio and Antonio part:
Baſſanio told him, he would make ſome ſpeed
Of his return; he anſwer'd—*Do not ſo,*
*Slubber not*[9] *buſineſs for my ſake, Baſſanio,*
*But ſtay the very riping of the time;*
*And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,*
*Let it not enter in your mind of love:*[1]

[8] *I* reaſon'd *with a Frenchman yeſterday*;] i. e. I converſed. So, in *King John:*

"Our griefs, and not our manners *reaſon* now."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the fourth Book of the *Odyſſey:*

"The morning ſhall yield time to you and me,
"To do what fits, and *reaſon* mutually." Steevens.

The Italian *ragionare* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe. M. Mason.

[9] Slubber *not*—] To *ſlubber* is to do any thing careleſsly, imperfectly. So, in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"——they *ſlubber'd* thee over ſo negligently."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money:*

"I am as haſte ordain'd me, a thing *ſlubber'd.*"

Steevens.

[1] ——*your mind of* love:] So, all the copies, but I ſuſpect ſome corruption. Johnson.

This imaginary corruption is removed by only putting a comma after *mind.* Langton.

*Be merry; and employ your chiefeſt thoughts*
*To courtſhip, and ſuch fair oſtents of love*
*As ſhall conveniently become you there:*
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,[2]
And with affection wondrous ſenſible
He wrung Baſſanio's hand, and ſo they parted.

*Salan.* I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heavineſs[3]

*Of love,* is an adjuration ſometimes uſed by Shakſpeare. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* Act II. ſc. vii:

" *Quick.* ——deſires you to ſend her your little page, of *all loves:*" i. e. ſhe deſires you to ſend him *by all means.*

*Your mind of love* may, however, in this inſtance, mean—*your loving mind.* So, in *The Tragedie of Cræſus,* 1604: " A *mind of treaſon* is a *treaſonable mind.*

" Thoſe that ſpeak freely, have no *mind of treaſon.*"

Steevens.

If the phraſe is to be underſtood in the former ſenſe, there ſhould be a comma after *mind,* as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have obſerved. Malone.

[2] *And even there, his eye being big with tears,*
*Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,* &c.] So curious an obſerver of nature was our author, and ſo minutely had he traced the operation of the paſſions, that many paſſages of his works might furniſh hints to painters. It is indeed ſurprizing that they do not ſtudy his plays with this view. In the paſſage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture.

Malone.

[3] ——embraced *heavineſs*—] The heavineſs which he indulges, and is fond of. Edwards.

When I thought the paſſage corrupted, it ſeemed to me not improbable that Shakſpeare had written—*entranced heavineſs,* muſing, abſtracted, moping melancholy. But I know not why any great efforts ſhould be made to change a word which has no incommodious or unuſual ſenſe. We ſay of a man now, *that he* hugs *his ſorrows,* and why might not Antonio *embrace heavineſs?*

Johnson.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing,* ſc. i:

" You *embrace* your charge too willingly."

With ſome delight or other.

*Salar.* Do we ſo. [*Exeunt*

## SCENE IX.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* Nerissa, *with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain[4] ſtraight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election preſently.

*Flouriſh of Cornets. Enter the Prince of* Arragon, Portia, *and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there ſtand the caſkets, noble prince:
If you chooſe that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight ſhall our nuptial rites be ſolemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more ſpeech, my lord,
You muſt be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath to obſerve three things:
Firſt, never to unfold to any one
Which caſket 'twas I choſe; next, if I fail
Of the right caſket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; laſtly,

Again, in this play of *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii:
" —— doubtful thoughts, and raſh-*embrac'd* deſpair."
Steevens.

[4] —— draw *the curtain*—] i. e. draw it open. So, in an old ſtage-direction in *King Henry VIII*: " The king *draws* the curtain, and ſits reading penſively." Steevens.

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To theſe injunctions every one doth ſwear,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſs ſelf.

*Ar.* And ſo have I addreſs'd me:[5] Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, ſilver, and baſe lead.
*Who chooſeth me, muſt give and hazard all he hath:*
You ſhall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What ſays the golden cheſt? ha! let me ſee:—
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall gain what many men deſire.*
What many men deſire.—That many may be meant[6]
By the fool multitude,[7] that chooſe by ſhow,

[5] *And ſo have I* addreſs'd *me:*] To *addreſs* is to *prepare.* The meaning is, I have prepared myſelf by the ſame ceremonies. So, in *All's well that ends well:* "Do you think he will make no deed of all this, that ſo ſeriouſly he doth *addreſs* himſelf unto?" STEEVENS.

I believe we ſhould read:

"And ſo have I. *Addreſs* me, Fortune, now,
"To my heart's hope!"

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* Act III. ſcene the laſt, Falſtaff ſays: "—I will then *addreſs me to* my appointment." TYRWHITT.

[6] —— *That* many *may be meant*—] The repetition of *many* is a mere blunder. It is unneceſſary to the ſenſe, and deſtroys the meaſure. RITSON.

[7] —— *That many may be meant*
By *the fool multitude,*] i. e. By that many may be meant the fooliſh multitude, &c. The fourth folio firſt introduced a phraſeology more agreeable to our ears at preſent,—"*Of* the fool multitude,"—which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors;—but change merely for the ſake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of ſpeech were familiar in Shakſpeare's age, that are now no longer uſed.

So, in Plutarch's *Life of Cæſar,* as tranſlated by North, 1575: "—he aunſwered, that theſe fat long-heared men made him not affrayed, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows; *meaning that by* Brutus and Caſſius." i. e. meaning by that, &c. Again, in Sir Thomas More's *Life of Edward the Fifth*;—Holinſhed, p. 1374: "—that *meant he by the lordes* of the queenes kindred that were taken before," i. e. by that he meant the lords,

Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force[8] and road of caſualty.
I will not chooſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not jump[9] with common ſpirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou ſilver treaſure-houſe;
Tell me once more what title thou doſt bear:
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves*;
And well ſaid too; For who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit! Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O, that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peaſantry would then be glean'd

&c. Again, *ibidem*, p. 1371: "My lord, quoth lord Haſtings, on my life, never doubt you; for while one man is there,—never can there be, &c. This *meant he by Cateſby*, which was of his near ſecrete counſaile." i. e. by this he meant Cateſby, &c.

Again, Puttenham in his *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, p. 157, after citing ſome enigmatical verſes, adds, "—the good old gentleman would tell us that were children, how *it was meant by* a furr'd glove." i. e. a furr'd glove was meant by it,—i. e. by the enigma. Again, *ibidem*, p. 161: "Any ſimple judgement might eaſily perceive *by whom it was meant*, that is, by lady Elizabeth, Queene of England." MALONE.

[8] ——*in the force*—] i. e. the power. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "—in the *force* of his will." STEEVENS.

[9] ——jump—] i. e. agree with. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "—and in ſome ſort it *jumps* with my humour." STEEVENS.

From the true ſeed of honour?[1] and how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varniſh'd?[2] Well, but to my choice:

[1] *How much low peaſantry would then be* glean'd
*From the true ſeed of honour?*] The meaning is, *How much meanneſs would be found among the great, and how much greatneſs among the mean.* But ſince men are always ſaid to *glean* corn though they may *pick* chaff, the ſentence had been more agreeable to the common manner of ſpeech if it had been written thus:

*How much low peaſantry would then be* pick'd
*From the true ſeed of honour? how much honour*
Glean'd *from the chaff?* JOHNSON.

[2] —— *how much honour*
Pick'd *from the* chaff *and ruin of the times,*
*To be new* varniſh'd?] This confuſion and mixture of the *metaphors,* makes me think that Shakſpeare wrote:

*To be new* vanned—

i. e. winnow'd, purged, from the French word, *vanner*; which is derived from the Latin *vannus, ventilabrum,* the *fan* uſed for winnowing the chaff from the corn. This alteration reſtores the metaphor to its integrity: and our poet frequently uſes the ſame thought. So, in *The Second Part of Henry IV:*

"We ſhall be *winnow'd* with ſo rough a wind,
"That even our *corn* ſhall ſeem as light as *chaff.*"

WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare is perpetually violating the integrity of his metaphors; and the emendation propoſed ſeems to me to be as faulty as unneceſſary; for what is already *ſelected from the chaff* needs not be new *vanned.* I wonder Dr. Warburton did not think of changing the word *ruin* into *rowing,* which in ſome counties of England, is uſed to ſignify the ſecond and inferior crop of graſs which is cut in autumn.

So, in one of our old pieces, of which I forgot to ſet down the name, when I tranſcribed the following paſſage:

"—when we had taken the firſt crop, you might have then been bold to eat the *rowens.*" The word occurs, however, both in the notes on Tuſſer, and in Mortimer. STEEVENS.

Steevens juſtly obſerves, that honour when picked from the chaff, could not require to be *new vanned*; but honour,

*Who chooſeth me, ſhall get as much as he deſerves:*
I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key for this,[3]
And inſtantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pauſe for that which you find there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Preſenting me a ſchedule? I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia?
How much unlike my hopes, and my deſervings?
*Who chooſeth me, ſhall have as much as he deſerves.*
Did I deſerve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deſerts no better?

*Por.* To offend, and judge, are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

*The fire ſeven times tried this;*
*Seven times tried that judgment is,*
*That did never chooſe amiſs:*
*Some there be, that ſhadows kiſs;*
*Such have but a ſhadow's bliſs:*
*There be fools alive, I wis,*[4]
*Silver'd o'er; and ſo was this.*

mixed with the chaff and ruin of the times, might require to be *new varniſhed.* M. Mason.

[3] *I will aſſume deſert;—Give me a key* for this,] The words *—for this,* which (as Mr. Ritſon obſerves,) deſtroy the meaſure, ſhould be omitted. Steevens.

[4] ——*I* wis,] I know. *Wiſſen,* German. So, in *King Henry VI:*

" I *wis* your grandame had no worſer match."

Again, in the comedy of *King Cambyses:*

" Yea, I *wis,* ſhall you, and that with all ſpeed."

Sidney, Aſcham, and Waller, uſe the word. Steevens.

*Take what wife you will to bed,*[5]
*I will ever be your head:*
*So begone, ſir,*[6] *you are ſped.*

Still more fool I ſhall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.[7]

[*Exeunt* Arragon, *and Train.*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle ſing'd the moth.
O theſe deliberate fools! when they do chooſe,
They have the wiſdom by their wit to loſe.

*Ner.* The ancient ſaying is no hereſy;—
Hanging and wiving goes by deſtiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Neriſſa.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

[5] *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who miſſed Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

[6] *So begone,* ſir,] *Sir,* which is not in the old copies, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio, for the ſake of the metre. MALONE.

[7] —— *to bear my* wroth.] The old editions read—" to bear my *wroath.*" *Wroath* is uſed in ſome of the old books for *miſfortune*; and is often ſpelt like *ruth,* which at preſent ſignifies only *pity,* or *ſorrow for the miſeries of another.* Caxton's *Recuyell of the Hiſtoryes of Troye,* &c. 1471, has frequent inſtances of *wroth.* Thus, alſo, in Chapman's verſion of the 22nd *Iliad:*

" —— born to all the *wroth,*
" Of woe and labour."

The modern editors read—my *wrath.* STEEVENS.

*Por.* Here; what would my lord[8]

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To ſignify the approaching of his lord:
From whom he bringeth ſenſible regreets;[9]
To wit, beſides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not ſeen
So likely an embaſſador of love:
A day in April never came ſo ſweet,
To ſhow how coſtly ſummer was at hand,
As this fore-ſpurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee; I am half afeard,
Thou wilt ſay anon, he is ſome kin to thee,
Thou ſpend'ſt ſuch high-day wit[1] in praiſing him.—
Come, come, Neriſſa; for I long to ſee
Quick Cupid's poſt, that comes ſo mannerly.

*Ner.* Baſſanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*

[8] Por. *Here; what would my lord?*] Would not this ſpeech to the ſervant be more proper in the mouth of *Neriſſa?* TYRWHITT.

[9] ——regreets;] i. e. ſalutations. So, in *K. John*, Act III. ſc. i:

"Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind *regreet*." STEEVENS.

[1] ——high-day wit—] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "——he ſpeaks *holiday*." STEEVENS.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* SALANIO *and* SALARINO.

*SALAN.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*SALAR.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ſhip of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow ſeas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcaſes of many a tall ſhip lie buried, as they ſay, if my goſſip report be an honeſt woman of her word.

*SALAN.* I would ſhe were as lying a goſſip in that, as ever knapp'd ginger,[2] or made her neighbours believe ſhe wept for the death of a third huſband: But it is true,—without any ſlips of prolixity, or croſſing the plain high-way of talk,—that the good Antonio, the honeſt Antonio,——O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

*SALAR.* Come, the full ſtop.

*SALAN.* Ha,—what ſay'ſt thou?—Why the end is, he hath loſt a ſhip.

*SALAR.* I would it might prove the end of his loſſes!

*SALAN.* Let me ſay amen betimes, leſt the devil

[2] ——knapp'd *ginger*;] To knap is to break ſhort. The word occurs in *The Common Prayer*: "He *knappeth* the ſpear in ſunder." STEEVENS.

croſs my prayer;[3] for here he comes in the likeneſs of a Jew.—

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

*SHY.* You knew, none ſo well, none ſo well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*SALAR.* That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings ſhe flew withal.

*SALAN.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*SHY.* She is damn'd for it.

*SALAR.* That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

*SHY.* My own fleſh and blood to rebel!

*SALAN.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at theſe years?

*SHY.* I ſay, my daughter is my fleſh and blood.

*SALAR.* There is more difference between thy fleſh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and

[3] —— my *prayer*;] i. e. the prayer or wiſh, which you have juſt now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by ſaying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unneceſſarily, I think, read—*thy* prayer. MALONE.

The people pray as well as the prieſt, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by ſaying *Amen* to them. It is, after this, needleſs to add, that the Devil (in the ſhape of a Jew) could not croſs *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was ſingly his, was already ended. HEATH.

rheniſh:—But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loſs at ſea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal,[4] who dare ſcarce ſhow his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that uſed to come ſo ſmug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me uſurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Chriſtian courteſy;—let him look to his bond.

*Salar.* Why, I am ſure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his fleſh; What's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fiſh withal: if it will feed nothing elſe, it will feed my revenge. He hath diſgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my loſſes, mocked at my gains, ſcorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reaſon? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimenſions, ſenſes, affections, paſſions? fed with the ſame food, hurt with the ſame weapons, ſubject to

[4] ——*a bankrupt, a prodigal,*] This is ſpoke of Antonio. But why a prodigal? his friend Baſſanio indeed had been too liberal; and with this name the Jew honours him when he is going to ſup with him:

" ——*I'll go in hate to feed upon*
" The *prodigal* Chriſtian—"

But Antonio was a plain, reſerved parſimonious merchant; be aſſured, therefore, we ſhould read—*a bankrupt* FOR *a prodigal*, i. e. he is become bankrupt by ſupplying the extravagancies of his friend Baſſanio. WARBURTON.

There is no need of alteration. There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than ſuch liberality as that by which a man expoſes himſelf to ruin for his friend.

JOHNSON.

His lending money without intereſt, "*for a chriſtian courteſy*," was likewiſe a reaſon for the Jew to call Antonio prodigal.

EDWARDS.

the ſame diſeaſes, healed by the ſame means, warmed and cooled by the ſame winter and ſummer, as a Chriſtian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed?[5] if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poiſon us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, ſhall we not revenge? if we are like you in the reſt, we will reſemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Chriſtian, what is his humility? revenge; If a Chriſtian wrong a Jew, what ſhould his ſufferance be by Chriſtian example? why, revenge. The villainy, you teach me, I will execute; and it ſhall go hard, but I will better the inſtruction.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my maſter Antonio is at his houſe, and deſires to ſpeak with you both.

*Salar.* We have been up and down to ſeek him.

*Enter* Tubal.

*Salan.* Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unleſs the devil himſelf turn Jew. [*Exeunt* Salan. Salar. *and* Servant.

*Shy.* How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? haſt thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, coſt me two thouſand ducats in Frankfort! The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thouſand ducats in that;

[5] —— *if you prick us, do we not bleed?*] Are not Jews made of the ſame materials as Chriſtians? ſays Shylock; thus in Plutarch's *Life of Cæſar*, p. 140, 4to. V. IV: "Cæſar does not conſider his ſubjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked," "ουδε απο των τραυματων λογισεται Καισαρ ετι θνητων μεν αρχει." S. W.

and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, ſo:—and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: Why, thou loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatiſfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.* —hath an argoſy caſt away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

*Tub.* I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha?—Where? in Genoa!

*Tub.* Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourſcore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me:——I ſhall never ſee my gold again: Fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot chooſe but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them ſhowed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou tortureſt me, Tubal: it was my turquoiſe; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:[6] I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tu-

[6] —— *it was my* turquoiſe; *I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:*] A *turquoiſe* is a precious ſtone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Perſia to the eaſt, ſubject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoiſe on account of the money for which he might hope to ſell it, but merely in reſpect of the imaginary virtues formerly aſcribed to the ſtone. It was ſaid of the Turkey-ſtone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increaſed or grew leſs. To this Ben Jonſon refers, in his *Sejanus:*

" And true as *Turkiſe* in my dear lord's ring,
" Look well, or ill with him."

Again, in *The Muſes Elyſium*, by Drayton:

" The *turkeſſe*, which who haps to wear,
" Is often kept from peril."

Again, Edward Fenton, in *Secrete Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. 4to. 1569: " The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it." P. 51, b.

But *Leah* (if we may believe Thomas Nicols, ſometimes of Jeſus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary*, &c.) might have preſented *Shylock* with his *turquoiſe* for a better reaſon; as this ſtone " is likewiſe ſaid to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife."

Other ſuperſtitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory or preſervative to the wearer.

The ſame quality was ſuppoſed to be reſident in coral. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" You may ſay jet will take up a ſtraw, amber will make one fat,
" *Coral* will look pale *when you be ſick*, and chryſtal will ſtanch blood."

Thus, Holinſhed, ſpeaking of the death of King John: " And when the King ſuſpected them (the pears) to be poiſoned indeed, by reaſon that ſuch *precious ſtones* as he had about him caſt forth a certain ſweat as it were bewraeing the poiſon," &c.

STEEVENS.

bal, ſee me an officer, beſpeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The caſkets are ſet out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry; pauſe a day or two,
Before you hazard; for, in chooſing wrong,
I loſe your company; therefore, forbear a while:
There's ſomething tells me, (but it is not love,)
I would not loſe you; and you know yourſelf,
Hate counſels not in ſuch a quality:
But leſt you ſhould not underſtand me well,
(And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
I would detain you here ſome month or two,
Before you venture for me. I could teach you,
How to chooſe right, but then I am forſworn;
So will I never be: ſo may you miſs me;
But if you do, you'll make me wiſh a ſin,
That I had been forſworn. Beſhrew your eyes,
They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me;
One half of me is yours, the other half yours,——
Mine own, I would ſay; but if mine, then yours,
And ſo all yours:[7] O! theſe naughty times

[7] *And ſo all* yours:] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. In the next line but one below, where the ſame word

Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And ſo, though yours, not yours.—Prove it ſo,[8]
Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.[9]
I ſpeak too long; but 'tis to peize the time;[1]
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
To ſtay you from election.

*Bass.* Let me chooſe;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Baſſanio? then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None, but that ugly treaſon of miſtruſt,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween ſnow and fire, as treaſon and my love.

occurs twice, our author, with his uſual licence, employs one as a word of two ſyllables, and the other as a monoſyllable. MALONE.

[8] *And ſo, though yours, not yours.—Prove it ſo,*] It may be more grammatically read:

*And ſo though yours* I'm *not yours.* JOHNSON.

[9] *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*] The meaning is, "If the worſt I fear ſhould happen, and it ſhould prove in the event, that I, who am juſtly yours by the free donation I have made you of myſelf, ſhould yet not be your's in conſequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your juſt due, not I for violating my oath." HEATH.

[1] —— *to* peize *the time;*] Thus the old copies. To *peize* is from *peſer*, Fr. So, in *King Richard III*:

"Left leaden ſlumber *peize* me down to-morrow."

To *peize the time*, therefore, is *to retard it by hanging weights upon it.* The modern editors read, without authority —*piece.* STEEVENS.

To *peize*, is to *weigh*, or *balance*; and figuratively, *to keep in ſuſpence*, to *delay*.

So, in Sir P. Sydney's *Apology for Poetry*:—"not ſpeaking words as they changeably fall from the mouth, but *peyzing* each ſillable." HENLEY.

*Por.* Ay, but, I fear, you ſpeak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do ſpeak any thing.

*Bass.* Promiſe me life, and I'll confeſs the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confeſs, and live.

*Bass.* Confeſs, and love,
Had been the very ſum of my confeſſion:
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me anſwers for deliverance!
But let me to my fortune and the caſkets.

*Por.* Away then: I am lock'd in one of them;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Neriſſa, and the reſt, ſtand all aloof.—
Let muſick ſound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he loſe, he makes a ſwan-like end,
Fading in muſick: that the compariſon
May ſtand more proper, my eye ſhall be the ſtream,
And wat'ry death-bed for him: He may win;
And what is muſick then? then muſick is
Even as the flouriſh when true ſubjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: ſuch it is,
As are thoſe dulcet ſounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And ſummon him to marriage. Now he goes,
With no leſs preſence,[2] but with much more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy
To the ſea-monſter:[3] I ſtand for ſacrifice,

[2] *With no leſs preſence,*] With the ſame *dignity of mien.* JOHNSON.

[3] *To the ſea-monſter:*] See Ovid. *Metamorph.* Lib. XI. ver. 199, et ſeqq. Shakſpeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Deſtruction of Troy:*—"Laomedon caſt his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abaſhed to ſee his *greatneſs* and his *beauty.*" See B. I. p. 221, edit. 1617. MALONE.

The reſt aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared viſages, come forth to view
The iſſue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.[4]

*Muſick, whilſt* BASSANIO *comments on the caſkets to himſelf.*

## SONG.

1. *Tell me, where is fancy*[5] *bred,*
*Or in the heart, or in the head?*
*How begot, how nouriſhed?*

Reply.[6]

2. *It is engender'd in the eyes,*
*With gazing fed; and fancy dies*
*In the cradle where it lies:*
*Let us all ring fancy's knell;*
*I'll begin it,——Ding dong, bell.*
All. *Ding, dong, bell.*

[4] *Live thou, I live:—With much much more diſmay*
*I view the fight, than thou that mak'ſt the fray.*] One of the quartos [Roberts's] reads:
*Live then, I live with much more diſmay*
*To view the fight, than &c.*
The folio, 1623, thus:
*Live thou, I live with much more diſmay*
*I view the fight, than &c.*
Heyes's quarto gives the preſent reading. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*fancy*—] i. e. *Love.* So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*
"Than ſighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers."
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *Reply.*] The words, *reply, reply,* were in all the late editions, except Sir T. Hanmer's, put as verſe in the ſong; but in all the old copies ſtand as a marginal direction. JOHNSON.

*Bass.*—So may the outward ſhows[7] be leaſt themſelves;
The world is ſtill deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea ſo tainted and corrupt,
But, being ſeaſon'd with a gracious voice,[8]
Obſcures the ſhow of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but ſome ſober brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it[9] with a text,
Hiding the groſſneſs with fair ornament?
There is no vice[1] ſo ſimple, but aſſumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whoſe hearts are all as falſe
As ſtairs of ſand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have livers white as milk?
And theſe aſſume but valour's excrement,[2]
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you ſhall ſee 'tis purchas'd by the weight;[3]
Which therein works a miracle in nature,

[7] *So may the outward ſhows*—] He begins abruptly; the firſt part of the argument has paſſed in his mind. JOHNSON.

[8] ——*gracious voice,*] Pleaſing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

[9] ——approve *it*—] i. e. juſtify it. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——I am full ſorry
"That he *approves* the common liar, fame."

STEEVENS.

[1] *There is no* vice—] The old copies read—*voice.* The emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] ——*valour's* excrement,] i. e. what a little higher is called the *beard* of Hercules. So, "pedler's *excrement,*" in *The Winter's Tale.* MALONE.

[3] ——*by the weight*;] That is, *artificial beauty* is purchaſed ſo; as, falſe hair, &c. STEEVENS.

Making them lighteſt that wear moſt of it:[4]
So are thoſe criſped[5] ſnaky golden locks,
Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known
To be the dowry of a ſecond head,
The ſcull that bred them, in the ſepulchre.[6]
Thus ornament is but the guiled ſhore[7]

[4] *Making them* lighteſt *that wear moſt of it:*] *Lighteſt* is here uſed in a wanton ſenſe. So, afterwards:

"Let me be light, but let me not ſeem *light*."

MALONE.

[5] —— *criſped*—] i. e. curled. So, in *The Philoſopher's Satires*, by Robert Anton:

"Her face as beauteous as the *criſped* morn."

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *in the ſepulchre.*] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. iii. Shakſpeare has likewiſe ſatirized this yet prevailing faſhion in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. STEEVENS.

The prevalence of this faſhion in Shakſpeare's time is evinced by the following paſſage in an old pamphlet entitled, *The Honeſtie of this Age, proving by good Circumſtance that the World was never honeſt till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto, 1615:—"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's ſhop, where ſhe ſhaketh her crownes to beſtow upon ſome new faſhioned attire, upon ſuch artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furniſh a theatre, or for her that in a ſtage-play ſhould repreſent ſome hag of hell, than to be uſed by a chriſtian woman." Again, *ibid*: "Theſe attire-makers within theſe fortie yeares were not known by that name, and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of *periwigs*, and their monſtrous attires cloſed in boxes;—and thoſe women that uſed to weare them would not buy them but in ſecret. But now they are not aſhamed to ſet them forth upon their ſtalls,—ſuch monſtrous mop-powles of haire, ſo proportioned and deformed, that but within theſe twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the paſſers-by to ſtand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

[7] —— *the* guiled *ſhore*—] i. e. the *treacherous* ſhore. So, in *The Pilgrim*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Or only a fair ſhow, to *guile* his miſchiefs."

I ſhould not have thought the word wanted explanation, but that ſome of our modern editors have rejected it, and read *gilded*.

To a moſt dangerous ſea; the beauteous ſcarf
Veiling an Indian beauty;[8] in a word,
The ſeeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wiſeſt. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man:[9] but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threat'neſt, than doſt promiſe aught,
Thy plainneſs moves me more than eloquence,[1]
And here chooſe I; Joy be the conſequence!

*Guiled* is the reading of all the ancient copies. Shakſpeare in this inſtance, as in many others, confounds the participles. *Guiled* ſtands for *guiling*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *Indian beauty*;] Sir T. Hanmer reads:
—— *Indian dowdy*. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *thou* pale *and common* drudge
*'Tween man and man*:] So, in Chapman's *Hymnus in Noctem*, 4to. 1594:
" To whom *pale* day (with whoredome ſoked quite)
" Is but a *drudge*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Thy* plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence*,] The old copies read—*paleneſs*. STEEVENS.

Baſſanio is diſpleaſed at the golden *caſket* for its *gaudineſs*, and the ſilver one for its paleneſs; but what! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very ſame quality that diſpleaſed him in the ſilver? The poet certainly wrote:
*Thy* plainneſs *moves me more than eloquence*:
This characterizes the lead from the ſilver, which *paleneſs* does not, they being both *pale*. Beſides, there is a beauty in the antitheſis between *plainneſs* and *eloquence*; between *paleneſs* and *eloquence* none. So it is ſaid before of the *leaden caſket*:
" *This third, dull lead*, with warning all is blunt."
WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be neceſſary. I would rather give the character of *ſilver*,
" —— Thou *ſtale*, and common drudge
" 'Tween man and man."—
The *paleneſs* of *lead* is for ever alluded to.
" Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*,"

*Por.* How all the other paſſions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and raſh-embrac'd deſpair,
And ſhudd'ring fear and green-ey'd jealouſy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecſtaſy,
In meaſure rain thy joy,[2] ſcant this exceſs;
I feel too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs,

Says Stephen Hawes. In Fairfax's *Taſſo*, we have—
" The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*,"
Again, Sackville, in his *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*:
" Now *pale* as *lead*, now cold as any ſtone."
And in the old ballad of *The King and the Beggar*:
" —— She bluſhed ſcarlet red,
" Then ſtraight again, as *pale as lead*."
As to the antitheſis, Shakſpeare has already made it in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
" When (ſays Theſeus) I have ſeen great clerks look *pale*,
" I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
" Of ſaucy and audacious *eloquence*." FARMER.

By laying an emphaſis on *Thy*, [*Thy* paleneſs moves me, &c.] Dr. W.'s objection is obviated. Though Baſſanio might object to ſilver, that " pale and *common drudge*," lead, though *pale* alſo, yet not being in daily uſe, might, in his opinion, deſerve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

[2] *In meaſure rain thy joy,*] The firſt quarto edition reads:
*In meaſure* range *thy joy.*
The folio, and one of the quartos:
*In meaſure* raine *thy joy.*
I once believ'd Shakſpeare meant:
*In meaſure* rein *thy joy.*
The words *rain* and *rein* were not in theſe times diſtinguiſhed by regular orthography. There is no difficulty in the preſent reading, only where the copies vary, ſome ſuſpicion of error is always raiſed. JOHNSON.

Having frequent occaſion to make the ſame obſervation in the peruſal of the firſt folio, I am alſo ſtrongly inclined to the former word; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the ſecond inſtance quoted below by Mr. Steevens, is ſpelt in the old copy as it is here;—*raine*. So, in *The Tempeſt*, edit. 1623:
" —— do not give dalliance
" Too much the *raigne*." MALONE.

I believe Shakſpeare alluded to the well known proverb, *it cannot rain, but it pours.*

For fear I ſurfeit!

*Baſs.* What find I here?[3]
[*Opening the leaden caſket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit?[4] What demi-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,

So, in *The Laws of Candy*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——pour not too faſt joys on me,
" But ſprinkle them ſo gently, I may ſtand them."

The following quotation by Mr. Malone from *K. Henry IV.* P. I. confirms my ſenſe of the paſſage:,

" ——but in ſhort ſpace
" It *rain'd* down *fortune* ſhow'ring on thy head,
" And ſuch a flood of greatneſs fell on you," &c.

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context; and more eſpecially on account of the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the preſent reading:

" ——being once chaf'd, he cannot
" Be *rein'd* again to temperance."

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

" *Rein* thy tongue." STEEVENS.

[3] *What find I* here?] The latter word is here employed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Some monoſyllable appears to have been omitted. There is no example of—*here*, uſed as a diſſyllable; and even with ſuch aſſiſtance, the verſe, to the ear at leaſt, would be defective. Perhaps our author deſigned Portia to ſay:

" For fear I ſurfeit *me*." STEEVENS.

[4] *Fair Portia's* counterfeit?] *Counterfeit*, which is at preſent uſed only in a bad ſenſe, anciently ſignified a *likeneſs*, a *reſemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: " I will ſee if I can agree with this ſtranger, for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*."

Again, (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves,) Hamlet calls the pictures he ſhows to his mother—

" The *counterfeit* preſentment of two brothers."

STEEVENS.

Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider; and hath woven
A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd:[5] Yet look, how far

[5] *Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,*
*And leave* itſelf unfurniſh'd:] Perhaps it might be:
*And leave* himſelf *unfurniſh'd.* JOHNSON.

If this be the right reading, *unfurniſhed* muſt mean "unfurniſhed with a companion, or fellow." I am confirmed in this explanation, by the following paſſage in Fletcher's *Lover's Progreſs*, where Alcidon ſays to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts—

"——you are a noble gentleman,
"Will't pleaſe you bring a friend; we are two of us,
"And pity, either of us ſhould be *unfurniſh'd.*"

M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon's emendation would altogether ſubvert the poet's meaning. If the artiſt, in painting *one* of Portia's eyes, ſhould loſe both his own, that eye which he had painted, muſt neceſſarily be *left unfurniſhed*, or deſtitute of its fellow. HENLEY.

*And leave itſelf* unfurniſh'd;] i. e. and leave itſelf incomplete; unaccompanied with the other uſual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye, &c. The various features of the face our author ſeems to have conſidered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As you like it*, "——he was *furniſh'd* like a huntſman;" i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntſman.

MALONE.

The hint for this paſſage appears to have been taken from Greene's *Hiſtory of Faire Bellora*; afterwards publiſhed under the title of *A Paire of Turtle Doves, or the Tragicall Hiſtory of Bellora and Fidelio*, bl. l: "If Apelles had beene taſked to have drawne her *counterfeit*, her two bright-burning lampes would have ſo dazled his quicke-ſeeing ſences, that quite diſpairing to expreſſe with his cunning penſill ſo admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have ſtaid his hand, and *left* this earthly Venus *unfiniſhed.*"

A preceding paſſage in Baſſanio's ſpeech might have been ſuggeſted by the ſame novel.

The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it, ſo far this ſhadow
Doth limp behind the ſubſtance.[6]—Here's the ſcroll,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

*You that chooſe not by the view,*
*Chance as fair, and chooſe as true!*
*Since this fortune falls to you,*
*Be content, and ſeek no new.*
*If you be well pleas'd with this,*
*And hold your fortune for your bliſs,*
*Turn you where your lady is,*
*And claim her with a loving hiſs.*

A gentle ſcroll;—Fair lady, by your leave;
[*Kiſsing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe[7] be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;

*A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men*: "What are our curled and criſped lockes, but *ſnares and nets* to catch and *entangle the hearts* of gazers," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*this ſhadow*
*Doth* limp behind *the ſubſtance.*] So, in *The Tempeſt*:
"——ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
"And make it *halt behind* her." STEEVENS.

[7] —— peals *of praiſe*—] The ſecond quarto reads—*pearles* of praiſe. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Virtue*, 1576:
"The *pearles of praiſe* that deck a noble name."
Again, in R. C.'s verſes in praiſe of the ſame author's *Rock of Regard*:
"But that that bears the *pearle of praiſe* away."
STEEVENS.

As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You ſee me, lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though, for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich;
That only to ſtand high on your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething;[8] which, to term in groſs,
Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn;[9] and happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,

[8] *Is* ſum *of ſomething*;] We ſhould read—*ſome* of ſomething, i. e. only a piece, or part only of an imperfect account; which ſhe explains in the following line. Warburton.

Thus one of the quartos. The folio reads:

*Is ſum of* nothing.——

The purport of the reading in the text ſeems to be this:

"——the full *ſum* of me——"

Is ſum of ſomething, i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—*an unleſſon'd girl*, &c.

Steevens

I ſhould prefer the reading of the folio, as it is Portia's intention, in this ſpeech, to undervalue herſelf. M. Mason.

[9] *But ſhe may* learn;] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. Malone.

Till the reader has reconciled his ear to this diſſyllabical pronunciation of the word *learn*, I beg his acceptance of—*and*, a harmleſs monoſyllable which I have ventured to introduce for the ſake of obvious metre. Steevens.

As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: *but now I was the lord*
Of this fair manſion, *maſter of my ſervants,*
Queen o'er *myſelf; and even now, but now,*
This houſe, *theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,*
Are yours, *my lord; I give them with this ring;*
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Baſſ.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together,[1]
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſs'd, and not expreſs'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have ſtood by, and ſeen our wiſhes proſper,
To cry, good joy; Good joy, my lord, and lady!

*Gra.* My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me:[2]
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

[1] ——*being* blent *together,*] i. e. *blended.* Steevens.

[2] ——*you can wiſh none from me:*] That is, none *away from* me; none that I ſhall loſe, if you gain it. Johnson.

*Bass.* With all my heart, ſo thou canſt get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion [3]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſkets there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her miſtreſs.

*Por.* Is this true, Neriſſa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feaſt ſhall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* We'll play with them, the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.

*Ner.* What, and ſtake down?

*Gra.* No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.——
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

[3] ——*for* intermiſſion—] *Intermiſſion* is *pauſe, intervening time, delay.* So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——gentle heaven
" Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion!*" Steevens.

*Enter* LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

*BASS.* Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new intereſt here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

*POR.* So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.

*LOR.* I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.

*SALE.* I did, my lord,
And I have reaſon for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you. [*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

*BASS.* Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*SALE.* Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhow you his eſtate.

*GRA.* Neriſſa, cheer yon' ſtranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.[4]

[4] *We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.*] So, in Abraham Fleming's *Rythme Decaſyllabicall, upon this laſt luckie Voyage of worthie Capteine Frobiſher*, 1577:

*Sale.* 'Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!

*Por.* There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, Baſſanio; I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.

*Bass.* O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;

" The golden fleece (like Jaſon) hath he got,
" And rich return'd, ſaunce loſſe or luckleſs lot."

Again, in the old play of *King Lear*, 1605:

" I will returne ſeyz'd of as rich a prize
" As Jaſon, when he wanne the golden fleece."

It appears, from the regiſters of the Stationers' Company, that we ſeem to have had a verſion of Valerius Flaccus in 1565. In this year (whether in verſe or proſe is unknown,) was entered to J. Purfoote: " The ſtory of Jaſon, howe he gotte the golden fleece, and howe he did begyle Media [Medea,] out of Laten into Engliſhe, by Nycholas Whyte." Steevens.

The paper as the body[5] of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

*SALE.* Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

*JES.* When I was with him, I have heard him ſwear,
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's fleſh,
Than twenty times the value of the ſum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,

[5] *The paper* as *the body*—] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the firſt quarto edition of this play, Act IV: "Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. inſtead of—*is* mine.
MALONE.

The expreſſion is ſomewhat elliptical: "The paper *as* the body," means—the paper reſembles the body, is as the body.
STEEVENS.

If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unwearied ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What ſum owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me, three thouſand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more?
Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife:
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhow a merry cheer;[6]
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [Reads.] *Sweet Baſſanio, my ſhips have all miſcarried, my creditors grow cruel, my eſtate is*

[6] ——cheer;] i. e. countenance. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. IV. p. 485:
"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd, with *cheer*."
See note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

*very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and ſince, in paying it, it is impoſsible I ſhould live, all debts are cleared between you and I,*[7] *if I might but ſee you at my death: notwithſtanding, uſe your pleaſure: if your love do not perſuade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O love, deſpatch all buſineſs, and be gone.

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte: but, till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, *and* Gaoler.

*Shy.* Gaoler, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;——
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—
Gaoler, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou had'ſt a cauſe:
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice.—I do wonder,

[7] ——*and* I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's. Mr. Pope reads—and *me*. Malone.

Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art ſo fond[8]
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,[9]
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit* Shylock.

*Salan.* It is the moſt impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone;
I'll follow him no more with bootleſs prayers.
He ſeeks my life; his reaſon well I know;
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

*Salan.* I am ſure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The duke cannot deny the courſe of law;[1]

[8] ——*ſo* fond—] i. e. ſo fooliſh. So, in the old comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594, by Lyly: "—that the youth ſeeing her fair cheeks, may be enamoured before they hear her *fond* ſpeech." Steevens.

[9] —— dull-ey'd *fool,*] This epithet *dull-ey'd* is beſtowed on *melancholy* in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre.* Steevens.

[1] *The duke cannot deny* &c.] As the reaſon here given ſeems a little perplex'd, it may be proper to explain it. If, ſays he, the duke ſtop the courſe of law, it will be attended with this inconvenience, that ſtranger merchants, by whom the wealth and power of this city is ſupported, will cry out of injuſtice. For the known ſtated law being their guide and ſecurity, they will never bear to have the current of it ſtopped on any pretence of equity whatſoever. Warburton.

For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,[2]
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.——
Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

Belmont. *A Room in* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* BALTHAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I ſpeak it in your preſence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears moſt ſtrongly
In bearing thus the abſence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you ſhow this honour,
How true a gentleman you ſend relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your huſband,

[2] *For the* commodity *that ſtrangers have*
*With us in Venice, if it be denied,* &c.] i. e. for the denial of thoſe rights to ſtrangers, which render their abode at Venice ſo commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate. The conſequence would be, that ſtrangers would not reſide or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and ſtrength of the ſtate would be diminiſhed. In *The Hiſtorye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a ſection *On the libertee of ſtraungers* at Venice. MALONE.

I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than cuſtomary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,[3]
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners,[4] and of ſpirit;

[3] *Whoſe ſouls do bear an* equal *yoke* &c.] The folio, 1623, reads—*egal*, which, I believe, in Shakſpeare's time was commonly uſed for *equal*. So it was in Chaucer's:

"I will preſume hym ſo to dignifie
"Yet be not *egall*." Prol. to *The Remedy of Love.*

Again, in *Gorboduc:*

"Sith all as one do bear you *egall* faith." STEEVENS.

[4] *Of lineaments, of manners,* &c.] The wrong pointing has made this fine ſentiment nonſenſe. As implying that friendſhip could not only make a ſimilitude of manners, but of *faces*. The true ſenſe is, *lineaments of manners*, i. e. form of the *manners*, which, ſays the ſpeaker, muſt needs be proportionate.

WARBURTON.

The poet only means to ſay, *that correſponding proportions of body and mind are neceſſary for thoſe who ſpend their time together.* So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"*Dol.* Why doth the prince love him ſo then?
"*Fal.* Becauſe *their legs are both of a bigneſs*," &c.

Every one will allow that the friend of a toper ſhould have a ſtrong head, and the intimate of a ſportſman ſuch an athletic conſtitution as will enable him to acquit himſelf with reputation in the exerciſes of the field. The word *lineaments* was uſed with great laxity by our ancient writers. In *The learned and true Aſſertion of the Original, Life,* &c. *of King Arthur, tranſlated from the Latin of John Leland,* 1582, it is uſed for the human frame in general. Speaking of the removal of that prince's bones,—he calls them *Arthur's* lineaments *three times tranſlated*; and again, *all the* lineaments *of them remaining in that moſt ſtately tomb, ſaving the ſkin bones of the king and queen,* &c.

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie,* 1617: "Nature hath ſo curiouſly performed his charge in the *lineaments* of his body," &c.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the fifth *Iliad:*

Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the boſom lover of my lord,[5]
Muſt needs be like my lord: If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.[6]—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,

" —— took the wearineſs of fight
" From all his nerves and *lineaments*,—"
Again, in the thirteenth *Iliad*:
" ———— the courſe
" Of his illuſtrious *lineaments* ſo out of nature bound,
" That back nor forward he could ſtir,—"
Again, in the twenty-third *Iliad*:
" —— ſo overlabour'd were
" His goodly *lineaments* with chaſe of Hector," &c.
Again, in the twenty-fourth *Iliad*:
" ——Thoſe throes that my deliverers were
" Of his unhappy *lineaments*;"— STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the boſom* lover *of my lord*,] In our author's time this term was applied to thoſe of the ſame ſex who had an eſteem for each other. Ben Jonſon concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him: "he is his true *lover*." So, in *Coriolanus*: "I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my *lover*." Many more inſtances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, paſſim. MALONE.

[6] —— hear *other things*.] In former editions:
*This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;*
*Therefore no more of it:* here *other things,*
*Lorenzo, I commit* &c.
Portia finding the reflections ſhe had made came too near ſelf-praiſe, begins to chide herſelf for it; ſays, She'll ſay no more of that ſort; but call a new ſubject. The regulation I have made in the text was likewiſe preſcribed by Dr. Thirlby. THEOBALD.

Only attended by Neriſſa here,
Until her huſband and my lord's return:
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this impoſition;
The which my love, and ſome neceſſity,
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart;
I ſhall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jeſſica
In place of lord Baſſanio and myſelf.
So fare you well, till we ſhall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

*Jes.* I wiſh your ladyſhip all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, Jeſſica.—
[*Exeunt* Jessica *and* Lorenzo.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: Take this ſame letter,
And uſe thou all the endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to Padua;[7] ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hand, doctor Bellario;

[7] *In ſpeed to* Padua;] The old copies read—*Mantua*; and thus all the modern editors implicitly after them. But 'tis evident to any diligent reader, that we muſt reſtore, as I have done,—*In ſpeed to Padua:* for it was there, and not at *Mantua*, Bellario liv'd. So, afterwards:—*A meſſenger, with letters from the* Doctor, *now come from* Padua—And again: *Came you from* Padua, *from Bellario?*—And again, *It comes from* Padua, *from Bellario.*—Beſides, *Padua*, not *Mantua*, is the place of education for the civil law in Italy. Theobald.

And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed[8]
Unto the traneĉt,[9] to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice :—waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*

*Por.* Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands,
Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they ſee us?

*Por.* They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd[1] like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;

[8] —— *with* imagin'd *ſpeed*—] i. e. with celerity like that of imagination. So, in the Chorus preceding the third Act of *King Henry V.*:

" Thus with *imagin'd* wing our ſwift ſcene flies."

Again, in *Hamlet*: " —ſwift as *meditation*—" Steevens.

[9] *Unto the* traneĉt,] The old copies concur in this reading, which appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. Steevens.

Mr. Rowe reads—*trajeĉt*, which was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or ſluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marſhes of Venice. Here the paſſage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the diſtance is five miles. Perhaps ſome novel-writer of Shakſpeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *traneĉt*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*. Malone.

[1] —— *accouter'd*—] So, the earlieſt quarto, and the folio. The other quarto—*apparel'd*. Malone.

And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and died;
I could not do with all;[2]—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks,
Which I will practiſe.

*Ner.* Why, ſhall we turn to men?

*Por.* Fye! what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which ſtays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haſte away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

[2] —— do *with all*;] For the ſenſe of the word *do*, in this place, ſee a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. VI. p. 203. COLLINS

The old copy reads—*withall*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

## SCENE V.

*The ſame. A Garden.*

*Enter* LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

*LAUN.* Yes, truly:—for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you.[3] I was always plain with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

*JES.* And what hope is that, I pray thee?

*LAUN.* Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

*JES.* That were a kind of baſtard hope, indeed; ſo the ſins of my mother ſhould be viſited upon me.

*LAUN.* Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:[4] well, you are gone both ways.

[3] —— *therefore, I promiſe you,* I fear you.] I ſuſpect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and we ſhould read—I fear *for* you. MALONE.

There is not the ſlighteſt need of emendation. The diſputed phraſe is authorized by a paſſage in *King Richard III:*

" The king is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,
" And his phyſicians *fear him* mightily." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Originally from the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier; but ſeveral tranſlations of this adage were ob-

*Jes.* I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband;[5] he hath made me a Chriſtian.

vious to Shakſpeare. Among other places, it is found in an ancient poem entitled *A Dialogue between Cuſtom and Veritie*, concerning the uſe and abuſe of Dauncing and Minſtrelſie, bl. l. no date:

" While *Silla* they do ſeem to ſhun,
" In *Charibd* they do fall," &c.

Philip Gualtier de Chatillon (afterwards Biſhop of Megala,) was born towards the latter end of the 12th Century. In the fifth Book of his heroic Poem, *Darius* (who eſcaping from Alexander, fell into the hands of Beſſus,) is thus apoſtrophized:

" Nactus equum Darius, rorantia cæde ſuorum
" Retrogrado fugit arva gradu. Quo tendis inertem
" Rex periture fugam? neſcis, heu! perdite, neſcis
" Quem fugias, hoſtes incurris dum fugis hoſtem:
" *Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charibdim.*
" Beſſus, Narzabanes, rerum pars magna tuarum,
" Quos inter proceres humili de plebe locaſti,
" Non veriti temerare fidem, capitiſq verendi
" Perdere caniciem, ſpreto moderamine juris,
" Proh dolor! in domini conjurant fata clientes."

The author of the line in queſtion (who was unknown to Eraſmus) was firſt aſcertained by Galeottus Martius, who died in 1476; (See *Menagiana*, Vol. I. p. 173, edit. 1729,) and we learn from *Henricus Gandavenſis de Scriptoribus Eccleſiaſticis*, [i. e. Henry of Gaunt,] that the *Alexandreis* had been a common ſchool-book. " In ſcholis Grammaticorum tantæ fuiſſe dignitatis, ut præ ipſo veterum Poetarum lectio negligeretur." Barthius alſo, in his notes on Claudian, has words to the ſame effect. " Et media barbarie non plane ineptus verſificator Galterus ab Inſula (qui tempore Joannis Sareſberienſis, ut ex hujus ad eum epiſtolis diſcimus, vixit)—Tam autem poſtea clarus fuit, ut expulſis quibuſvis bonis auctoribus, ſcholas tenuerit." Freinſheim, however, in his comment on Quintus Curtius, confeſſes that he had never ſeen the work of Gualtier.

The corrupt ſtate in which this poem (of which I have not met with the earlieſt edition,) ſtill appears, is perhaps imputable to frequent tranſcription, and injudicious attempts at emendation. Every pedagogue through whoſe hands the MS. paſſed, ſeems to have made ſome ignorant and capricious changes in its text; ſo that in many places it is as apparently interpolated and corrupted as the ancient copies of Shakſpeare. " Galterus (ſays Hermann in his *Conſpectus Reipublicæ Literariæ*, p. 102,) ſecutus eſt

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he: we were Chriſtians enough before; e'en as many as could well live, one by another: This making of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly have a raſher on the coals for money.

*Enter* Lorenzo.

*Jes.* I'll tell my huſband, Launcelot, what you ſay; here he comes.

*Lor.* I ſhall grow jealous of you ſhortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jes.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo; Launcelot and I are out: he tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, becauſe I am a Jew's daughter: and he ſays, you are no good member of the commonwealth; for, in converting Jews to Chriſtians, you raiſe the price of pork.

*Lor.* I ſhall anſwer that better to the common-

Curtium, & ſæpe ad verbum expreſſit, unde ejus cum Curtio collatione, nonnulla ex hoc menda tolli poſſunt; id quod experiendo didici." See alſo, I. G. Voſſius *de Poet. Lat.* p. 74, and *Journal des Sçavans* pour Avril, 1760.

Though Nicholas Grimoald (without mention of his original) had tranſlated a long paſſage of *The Alexandreis* into blank verſe before the year 1557, (See Surrey's *Poems* and Warton's *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 63,) it could have been little known in England, as it is not enumerated in Philips's *Theatrum*, &c. a work underſtood to be enriched by his uncle Milton's extenſive knowledge of modern as well as ancient poetry. Steevens.

Nothing is more frequent than this Proverb in our old writers. Thus Aſcham, in his *Scole-maſter*: —"If *Scylla* drowne him not, *Charybdis* may fortune to ſwallowe him." Again, Niccols in his *England's Eliza*:

"To ſhun *Charybdis* jaws, they helpleſs fell
"In *Scylla's* gulf," &c.

wealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

*Laun.* It is much, that the Moor ſhould be more[6] than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

*Lor.* How every fool can play upon the word! I think, the beſt grace of wit will ſhortly turn into ſilence; and diſcourſe grow commendable in none only but parrots.—Go in, ſirrah; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, ſir; they have all ſtomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly lord,[7] what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

I remember it is likewiſe met with in Lyly's *Euphues*, Harrington's *Arioſto*, &c. and Surrey's contemporary in one of his *Poems*:

"From *Scylla* to *Charybdis* clives,—from danger unto death." FARMER.

[6] *I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband,*] From *St. Paul*:

"The unbelieving wife is ſanctified by the huſband." HENLEY.

[6] *It is much, that the* Moor *ſhould be* more *&c.*] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the ſame kind of humour to boaſt of:

"*Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te, *Pontia*, *Mori*,
"Quis bene *moratam*, *morigeram*que neget?"

So, in *The Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1631:

"And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to ſay,
"I'll ſee if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, no doubt, had read or heard of the old epigram on Sir Thomas More:

"When *More* ſome years had chancellor been,
"No *more* ſuits did remain;
"The like ſhall never *more* be ſeen,
"Till *More* be there again." RITSON.

[7] *Goodly lord,*] Surely this ſhould be corrected *Good lord* as it is in Theobald's edition. TYRWHITT.

It ſhould be—*Good ye Lord!* FARMER.

*Laun.* That is done too, ſir; only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover then, ſir?

*Laun.* Not ſo, ſir, neither; I know my duty.

*Lor.* Yet more quarrelling with occaſion! Wilt thou ſhow the whole wealth of thy wit in an inſtant? I pray thee, underſtand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, ſerve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Launcelot.

*Lor.* O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited![8]
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words; And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a trickſy word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, Jeſſica?

[8] —— *how his words are ſuited!*] I believe the meaning is—What a *ſeries* or *ſuite* of *words* he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. Johnson.

I cannot think either that the word *ſuited* is derived from the word *ſuite*, as Johnſon ſuppoſes, as that, I believe, was introduced into our language long ſince the time of Shakſpeare; or that Launcelot's words were independent of meaning. Lorenzo expreſſes his ſurprize that a fool ſhould apply them ſo properly. So Jaques ſays to the Duke in *As you like it*:

"I met a fool
"That laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
"And rail'd at Lady Fortune in good terms,
"In good *ſet* terms."

That is, in *words* well ſuited. M. Mason.

And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord Baſſanio's wife?

*Jes.* Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.

*Jes.* Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon; firſt, let us go to dinner.

*Jes.* Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things
I ſhall digeſt it.

*Jes.* Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Juſtice.*

*Enter the* Duke, *the Magnificoes*; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

*DUKE.* What, is Antonio here?

*ANT.* Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace.

*DUKE.* I am ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

*ANT.* I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach,[9] I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*DUKE.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

*SALAN.* He's ready at the door: he comes my lord.

[9] —— *his* envy's *reach,*] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice.* So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder,* 1621: "—he never looks on her (his wife) with affection, but *envy.*" p. 109, edit. 1679. So alſo, (as Mr. Malone obſerves,) in Lazarus Pyot's *Orator,* &c. [See the notes at the end of this play,] "—they had ſlaine him for verie *envie.*" STEEVENS.

*Enter* SHYLOCK.

*DUKE.* Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhow thy mercy, and remorſe,[1] more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent[2] cruelty:
And where[3] thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,)
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down,[4]

[1] ——*remorſe,*] i. e. pity. So, in *Othello:*
" And to obey ſhall be in me *remorſe.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*apparent*—] That is, *ſeeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*where*—] For *whereas.* JOHNSON.
So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" And *where* I thought the remnant of mine age
" Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty," &c.
STEEVENS.

[4] *Enough to preſs a* royal *merchant down,*] We are not to imagine the word *royal* to be only a ranting ſounding epithet. It is uſed with great propriety, and ſhows the poet well acquainted with the hiſtory of the people whom he here brings upon the ſtage. For when the French and Venetians, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, had won Conſtantinople, the French under the emperor Henry, endeavoured to extend their conqueſts into the provinces of the Grecian empire on the *Terra firma*; while the Venetians, who were maſters of the ſea, gave liberty to any ſubjects of the republick, who would fit out veſſels, to make themſelves maſters of the iſles of the Archipelago, and other maritime places; and to enjoy their conqueſts in ſovereignty: only doing homage to the republick for their ſeveral

And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that:
But, ſay, it is my humour;[5] Is it anſwer'd?

principalities. By virtue of this licence, the Sanudo's, the Juſtiniani, the Grimaldi, the Summaripo's, and others, all Venetian *merchants*, erected principalities in ſeveral places of the Archipelago, (which their deſcendants enjoyed for many generations) and thereby became truly and properly *royal merchants*. Which indeed was the title generally given them all over Europe. Hence, the moſt eminent of our own merchants (while publick ſpirit reſided amongſt them, and before it was aped by faction,) were called *royal merchants*. WARBURTON.

This epithet was in our poet's time more ſtriking and better underſtood, becauſe Greſham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

Even the pulpit did not diſdain the uſe of this phraſe. I have now before me "*The Merchant Royal*, a Sermon, preached at Whitehall, before the king's majeſtie, at the nuptialls of the right honourable the Lord Hay and his lady, upon the twelfe day laſt, being Jan. 6, 1607." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *I'll* not *anſwer that:*
*But, ſay, it is my humour*;] The Jew being aſked a queſtion which the law does not require him to anſwer, ſtands upon his right, and refuſes; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by ſuch anſwers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not anſwer, ſays he, as to a legal or ſerious queſtion, but ſince you want an anſwer, will this ſerve you? JOHNSON.

What if my houſe be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thouſand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you anſwer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;[6]
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' the noſe,
Cannot contain their urine; For affection,
Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths:[7] Now, for your anſwer:

——*ſay*, it is my humour;] Suppoſe it is my particular fancy. HEATH.

[6] ——*a gaping pig*;] So, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

"He could not abide to ſee a *pig's head gaping*;
"I thought your grace would find him out a Jew."

Again, in *The Maſtive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

"Darkas cannot endure to ſee a cat,
"A breaſt of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping*."

See *King Henry VIII.* Act V. ſc. iii. STEEVENS.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakſpeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that ſtate is the epithet, *gaping*, moſt applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"And they ſtand *gaping* like a *roaſted pig*."

A paſſage in one of Naſhe's pamphlets (which perhaps furniſhed our author with his inſtance,) may ſerve to confirm the obſervation: "The cauſes conducting unto wrath are as diverſe as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they ſee a *pig come to the table*. Sotericus the ſurgeon was cholerick at the ſight of ſturgeon," &c. *Pierce Pennyleſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

[7] *Cannot contain their urine*; &c.] Mr. Rowe reads:

*Cannot contain their urine for affection.*
Maſterleſs paſſion *ſways it to the mood*
*Of what it likes, or loaths.*

*Maſterleſs paſſion* Mr. Pope has ſince copied. I don't know what word there is to which this relative *it* is to be referred. The ingenious Dr. Thirlby would thus adjuſt the paſſage:

*Cannot contain their urine; for affection,*
Maſter *of paſſion, ſways* it, &c.

As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;

And then *it* is govern'd of *paſſion*. The two old quartos and folios read—Maſters *of paſſion*, &c.

It may be objected, that *affection* and *paſſion* mean the ſame thing. But I obſerve, the writers of our author's age made a diſtinction; as Jonſon in *Sejanus*:

" —— He hath ſtudied
" *Affection's paſſions*, knows their ſprings and ends."

And then, in this place, *affection* will ſtand for that *ſympathy* or *antipathy* of ſoul, by which we are provok'd to ſhow a *liking* or *diſguſt* in the working of our *paſſions*. THEOBALD.

Maſters of *paſſion*, is certainly right. He is ſpeaking of the power of ſound over the human affections, and concludes, very naturally, that the *maſters of paſſion* (for ſo he finely calls the muſicians,) ſway the paſſions or affections as they pleaſe. Alluding to what the ancients tell us of the feats that Timotheus and other muſicians worked by the power of muſic. Can any thing be more natural? WARBURTON.

Does not the verb *ſway*, which governs the two nominative caſes *affection* and *maſters*, require that both ſhould be plural, and conſequently direct us to read thus?

*For* affections, maſters *of paſſion ſway it*, &c.

SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

That *affections* and *paſſions* anciently had different ſignifications, may be known from the following inſtance in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:

" His heart was fuller of *paſſions* than his eyes of *affections*."

*Affections*, as uſed by Shylock, ſeem to ſignify *imaginations*, or *prejudices*. In *Othello*, Act I. is a paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar: " And though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more ſafe voice on you." STEEVENS.

Of this much controverted paſſage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at preſent. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *maſters* as a ſubſtantive; but very ſoon after my former note on theſe words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's uſual phraſeology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable inſtances of the ſame kind occur in theſe plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predeceſſors, and ſilently reduced the ſubſtantive and the verb to concord. [See

Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;

Vol. IV. p. 78, n. 9.] This is the only change that is now made in the preſent paſſage; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line:

"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only—Cannot, &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noiſe of the bagpipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to ſuch a noiſe. In the next line, which is put in appoſition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *paſſion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I ſhall borrow Dr. Johnſon's words, with a ſlight variation: "Thoſe who know how to operate on the paſſion of men, rule it, (or rule the ſympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it." *It*, ("ſway it,") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the ſympathetick feeling.

MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The maſters of paſſion, that is, ſuch as are poſſeſſed of the art of engaging and managing the human paſſions, influence them by a ſkilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the perſon they are addreſſing; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means ſtrange or unnatural that I ſhould be ſo too in the preſent inſtance.

HEATH.

The reading of all the old editions is:

"And others, when the bag-pipe ſings i' th' noſe,
"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*.
"Maſters of paſſion *ſways* it to the mood
"Of what it likes or loaths."

i. e. *ſome men when they hear the ſound of a bag-pipe, are* ſo affected therewith *that they cannot retain their urine. For thoſe things which are maſters over paſſion, make it like or loath whatever they will.* RITSON.

After all that has been ſaid about this conteſted paſſage, I am convinced we are indebted for the true reading of it to Mr. Waldron, the ingenious editor and continuator of Ben Jonſon's *Sad Shepherd*.

In his Appendix, p. 212, he obſerves that "*Miſtreſs* was formerly ſpelt *Maiſtreſſe* or *Maiſtres*. In Upton's and Church's *Spenſer*, we have:

"——young birds, which he had taught to ſing
"His *maiſtreſſe* praiſes." B. III. c. vii. ſt. 17.

Why he, a ſwollen bag-pipe;[8] but of force

This, I preſume, is the reading of the firſt edition of the three firſt Books of *The Fairy Queen*, 1590, which I have not; in the ſecond edition, 1596, and the folio's 1609 and 1611, it is ſpelt *miſtreſſe*.

In Bulleyn's Dialogue we have "my maiſter, and my *maiſtreſs*." See p. 219 of this Appendix.

Perhaps *Maiſtres* (eaſily corrupted, by the tranſpoſition of the *r* and *e*, into *Maiſters*, which is the reading of the ſecond folio of Shakſpeare) might have been the poet's word.

Mr. Steevens, in his note on this difficult paſſage, gives a quotation from *Othello*, which countenances this ſuppoſed difference of gender in the noun:—"And though we have here a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency, yet *opinion*, a *ſovereign miſtreſs of effects*, throws a more ſafe voice on you."

Admitting *maiſtres* to have been Shakſpeare's word, we may, according to modern orthography, read the paſſage thus:

"——for affection
"*Miſtreſs* of paſſion, ſways it to the mood
"Of what it likes, or loaths."

In the Latin, it is to be obſerved, *Affectio* and *Paſſio* are feminine."

To the foregoing amendment, ſo well ſupported, and ſo modeſtly offered, I cannot refuſe a place in the text of our author.

This emendation may alſo receive countenance from the following paſſage in the fourth Book of Sidney's *Arcadia*: "—She ſaw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reaſon, but beguile ſenſe; ſhe found *opinion*, *miſtreſſe* of the Lover's judgment."

So, likewiſe, in the Prologue to a MS. entitled, *The Boke of Huntyng, that is cleped Mayſter of Game*:—"ymaginacion *maiſtreſſe* of alle workes," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *Why he, a ſwollen* bag-pipe;] This incident Shakſpeare ſeems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* againſt Cardan. A book that our author was well read in, and much indebted to for a great deal of his phyſics: it being then much in vogue, and indeed is excellent, though now long ſince forgot. In his 344 Exercit. Sect. vi. he has theſe words: "Narrabo nunc tibi jocoſam *Sympathiam* Reguli Vaſconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis ſono, urinam illico facere cogebatur."—And to make this jocular ſtory ſtill more ridiculous, Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, tranſlated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly obſerve from hence is this, that as Scaliger

Muſt yield to ſuch inevitable ſhame,
As to offend, himſelf being offended;

uſes the word *Sympathiam*, which ſignifies, and ſo he interprets it, *communem* affectionem *duabus rebus*, ſo Shakſpeare tranſlates it by affection:

*Cannot contain their urine for* affection.

Which ſhews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full ſtop at *affection*, and read *Maſters of paſſion*. WARBURTON.

In an old tranſlation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled *A Treatiſe of Spectres, or ſtrange Sights, Viſions*, &c. we have this identical ſtory from Scaliger; and what is ſtill more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakſpeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Exceſter, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may juſtly add, as ſome obſervation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the ſenſe of *ſympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and ſo uſed by Lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

As all the editors agree with complete uniformity in reading *woollen* bag-pipe, I can hardly forbear to imagine that they underſtood it. But I never ſaw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I ſuppoſe the authour wrote *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

This paſſage is clear from all difficulty, if we read *ſwelling* or *ſwollen bag-pipe*, which, that we ſhould, I have not the leaſt doubt. SIR JOHN HAWKINS.

A paſſage in Turbervile's *Epitaphes*, p. 13, ſupports the emendation propoſed by Sir John Hawkins:

"Firſt came the ruſtick forth
"With pipe and *puffed* bag."

This inſtance was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakſpeare calls the bagpipe *woollen*, from the bag being generally covered with woollen cloth. I have ſeen one at Alnwick, belonging to one of the pipers in the Percy family, covered with black velvet, and guarded with ſilver fringe. R. G. ROBINSON.

An anonymous writer, in ſupport of the old reading, obſerves, that the ſkin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel. I am, however, of opinion that the old is the true reading. MALONE.

So can I give no reaſon, nor I will not,
More than a lodg'd hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A loſing ſuit againſt him. Are you anſwer'd?

*Bass.* This is no anſwer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuſe the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to pleaſe thee with my anſwer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at firſt.

*Shy.* What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you queſtion[9] with the Jew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;[1]

As the averſion was not cauſed by the outward appearance of the bag-pipe, but merely by the ſound ariſing from its inflation, I have placed the conjectural reading—*ſwollen*, in the text. Steevens.

[9] ——*you* queſtion—] To queſtion is to converſe. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"—in the loſs of *queſtion*—" i. e. converſation that leads to nothing. To *reaſon* had anciently the ſame meaning.
Steevens.

[1] —— *the mountain pines*
*To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,*
*When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven*;] This image ſeems to have been caught from Golding's verſion of Ovid, 1587, Book XV. p. 196:

You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart:—Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no further means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

*Shy.* If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats
Were in ſix parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shy.* What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave,[2]
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them:—Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why ſweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? You will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours:—So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine,[3] and I will have it:

" Such noiſe as pine-trees make, what time the headdy eaſterne wind
" Doth whizz amongſt them—." Steevens.

[2] ——*many a purchas'd ſlave,*] This argument, conſidered as uſed to the particular perſons, ſeems concluſive. I ſee not how Venetians or Engliſhmen, while they practice the purchaſe and ſale of ſlaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they ſhould do to us.* Johnson.

[3] ——is *mine,*] The firſt quarto reads—*as* mine, evidently a miſprint for *is.* The other quarto and the folio—*'tis* mine. Malone.

If you deny me, fye upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for judgment: anſwer; ſhall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have ſent for[4] to determine this,
Come here to-day.

*Salar.* My lord, here ſtays without
A meſſenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.

*Baſs.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe for me one drop of blood.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meeteſt for death; the weakeſt kind of fruit
Drops earlieſt to the ground, and ſo let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Baſſanio,
Than to live ſtill, and write mine epitaph.

[4] —— *Bellario, a learned doctor,*
*Whom I have ſent for*—] The doctor and the court are here ſomewhat unſkilfully brought together. That the duke would, on ſuch an occaſion, conſult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how ſhould this be foreknown by Portia?
JOHNSON.

I do not ſee any neceſſity for ſuppoſing that *this* was *foreknown by Portia.* She conſults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not conſulted him, the only difference would have been, that ſhe would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, inſtead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

*Enter* NERISSA, *dreſſed like a lawyer's clerk.*

*DUKE.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*NER.* From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace. [*Preſents a letter.*

*BASS.* Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly?

*SHY.* To cut the forfeiture[5] from that bankrupt there.

*GRA.* Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,[6]
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy.[7] Can no prayers pierce thee?

*SHY.* No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.

*GRA.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog![8]

[5] ——*the forfeiture*—] Read—*forfeit.* It occurs repeatedly in the preſent ſcene for *forfeiture.* RITSON.

[6] *Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*] This loſt jingle Mr. Theobald found again; but knew not what to make of it when he had it, as appears by his paraphraſe: *Though thou thinkeſt that thou art whetting thy knife on the ſole of thy ſhoe, yet it is upon thy ſoul, thy immortal part.* Abſurd, the conceit is, that his ſoul was ſo hard that it had given an edge to his knife. WARBURTON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts;
" Which thou haſt *whetted on thy ſtony heart,*
" To ſtab at half an hour of my life." STEEVENS.

[7] *Of thy ſharp* envy.] *Envy* again, in this place, ſignifies *hatred* or *malice.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——inexorable *dog!*] All the old copies read—*inexecrable.* —It was corrected in the third folio. STEEVENS.

Perhaps, however, unneceſſarily. *In* was ſometimes uſed in our author's time, in compoſition, as an augmentative or intenſive particle. MALONE.

And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit,
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,[9]
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court:—
Where is he?

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,
To know your anſwer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court ſhall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk *reads.*] *Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſi-*

[9] —— *thy curriſh ſpirit*
*Govern'd a* wolf, *who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,*] This alluſion might have been caught from ſome old tranſlation of Pliny, who mentions a Parrhaſian turned into a wolf, becauſe he had eaten part of a child that had been conſecrated to Lycæan Jupiter. See Goulart's *Admirable Hiſtories*, 4to. 1607, pp. 390, 391. Steevens.

*tation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.—

*Enter* Portia, *dreſſed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this preſent queſtion in the court?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cauſe.
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you,[1] as you do proceed.—
You ſtand within his danger,[2] do you not?

[*To* ANTONIO.

*ANT.* Ay, ſo he ſays.

*POR.* Do you confeſs the bond?

*ANT.* I do.

*POR.* Then muſt the Jew be merciful.

*SHY.* On what compulſion muſt I? tell me that.

*POR.* The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;[3]

[1] *Cannot* impugn *you,*] To *impugn,* is to oppoſe, to controvert. So, in the *Tragedy of Darius,* 1603:

" Yet though my heart woold fain *impugn* my word."

Again:

" If any preſs t' *impugn* what I impart." STEEVENS.

[2] *You ſtand* within his danger,] i. e. within his reach or control. This phraſe originates from another in the loweſt Latin, that often occurs in monaſtic records. Thus, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved on a paſſage in Chaucer.) See *Hiſt. Abbat Pipwell. ap. Monaſt. Angl.* t. i. p. 815: " Nec audebant Abbates eidem reſiſtere, quia aut pro denariis aut pro bladis ſemper fuerunt Abbates *in dangerio* dicti Officialis." Thus, alſo, in the *Corvyſor's Play,* among the collection of Whitſun Myſteries, repreſented at Cheſter. See MS. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

" Two detters ſome tyme there were
" Oughten money to an uſ'rere,
" The one was *in his daungere*
" Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

There are frequent inſtances in *The Paſton Letters* of the uſe of this phraſe in the ſame ſenſe; whence it is obvious, from the common language of the time, that *to be in* DEBT and *to be in* DANGER, were ſynonymous terms. HENLEY.

Again, in Powel's *Hiſtory of Wales,* 1587: " —laying for his excuſe that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger.*" MALONE.

[3] *The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;* &c.] In compoſing theſe beautiful lines, it is probable that Shakſpeare recollected the following verſe in *Eccleſiaſticus,* xxxv. 20: " Mercy is ſeaſonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." DOUCE.

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſceptre ſhows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſceptre'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.[4] Therefore, Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us
Should ſee ſalvation:[5] we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head![6] I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

[4] *And earthly power doth then ſhow likeſt God's,*
*When mercy ſeaſons juſtice.*] So, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:
"And kings approach the neareſt unto God,
"By giving life and ſafety unto men." MALONE.

[5] ——*in the courſe of juſtice, none of us*
*Should ſee ſalvation:*] Portia referring the *Jew* to the Chriſtian doctrine of ſalvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

[6] *My deeds upon my head!*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!" HENLEY.

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum:[7] if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth.[8] And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong;
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It muſt not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree eſtabliſhed:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent;
And many an error, by the ſame example,
Will ruſh into the ſtate: it cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!—
O wiſe young judge, how do I honour thee!

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, moſt reverend doctor, here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my ſoul?
No, not for Venice.

[7] *Yea,* twice *the ſum:*] We ſhould read—*thrice* the ſum.—Portia, a few lines below, ſays—

"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money offer'd thee."

And Shylock himſelf ſupports the emendation:

"I take his offer then;—pay the bond *thrice.*"

The editions, indeed, read—*this* offer; but Mr. Steevens has already propoſed the alteration we ought to adopt. Ritson.

[8] ——*malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppreſſes honeſty; a *true man* in old language is an *honeſt man.* We now call the jury *good men and true.* Johnson.

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt found: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why then, thus it is.
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife:

*Shy.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Por.* For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

*Por.* Therefore, lay bare your boſom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.

*Por.* It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh.

*Shy.* I have them ready.

*Por.* Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it ſo nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not ſo expreſs'd; But what of that?
'Twere good you do ſo much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?

*Ant.* But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhows herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch a miſery[9] doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Antonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itſelf;
But life itſelf, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me eſteem'd above thy life:
I would loſe all, ay, ſacrifice them all
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If ſhe were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I proteſt, I love;

[9] *Of ſuch a miſery*—] The firſt folio deſtroys the meaſure by omitting the particle—*a*; which, nevertheleſs, is found in the corrected ſecond folio, 1632. Steevens.

I would ſhe were in heaven, ſo ſhe could
Entreat ſome power to change this curriſh Jew.

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wiſh would make elſe an unquiet houſe.

*Shy.* Theſe be the chriſtian huſbands: I have a daughter;
'Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas[1]
Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian!
[*Aſide.*
We trifle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

*Por.* A pound of that ſame merchant's fleſh is thine;
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Moſt rightful judge!

*Por.* And you muſt cut this fleſh from off his breaſt;
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come, prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little;—there is ſomething elſe.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expreſsly are, a pound of fleſh:
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of fleſh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One drop of Chriſtian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiſcate
Unto the ſtate of Venice.

[1] —— *the ſtock of* Barrabas—] The name of this robber is differently ſpelt as well as accented in *The New Teſtament*; [Μὴ τοῦτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν. ἦν δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λῃστής;] but Shakſpeare ſeems to have followed the pronunciation uſual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being founded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwiſe have written:

"Would any of Barabbas' ſtock had been
"Her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian!" Steevens.

*Gra.* O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

*Gra.* O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

*Shy.* I take this offer then;[2]—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft;
The Jew ſhall have all juſtice;—ſoft!—no haſte;—
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Por.* Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the fleſh.[3]

[2] *I take* this *offer then*;] Perhaps we ſhould read—*his*; i. e. Baſſanio's, who offers *twice* the ſum, &c. Steevens.

*This* offer is right. Shylock ſpecifies the offer he means, which is, "to have the bond paid thrice." M. Mason.

He means, I think, to ſay, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Baſſanio had offered at firſt but *twice* the ſum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock, there's *thrice* thy money," &c. The Jew naturally inſiſts on the larger ſum. Malone.

[3] *Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the fleſh.*] This judgment is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spaniſh jeſuit, in his *Hero*, with a reflection at the concluſion of it: "—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne a un Chriſtiano, pena ſobre uſura. Inſiſtia en ello con igual terqueria a ſu Principe, que perfidia a ſu Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peſo, y cuchillo; conminole el deguello ſi cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*" El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor. 3. Thus rendered by Sir John Skeffington, 1652:

"The vivacity of that great Turke enters in competition with

Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſs, than a juſt pound,—be it but ſo much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale do turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,—
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

*Gra.* A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pauſe? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, ſtill ſay I; a ſecond Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Por.* Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.

that of Solomon: a *Jew* pretended to cut an ounce of the fleſh of a Chriſtian upon a penalty of uſury; he urged it to the Prince, with as much obſtinacy, as perfidiouſneſs towards God. The great Judge commanded a pair of ſcales to be brought, threatening the *Jew* with death if he cut either more or leſs: And this was to give a ſhrewd deciſion to a malicious proceſs, and to the world a miracle of ſubtilty." *The Heroe*, p. 24, &c.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a ſimilar ſtory. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from Farneworth's tranſlation, at the concluſion of the play. Steevens.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,
That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize one half his goods: the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incurr'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

*Gra.* Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

*Duke.* That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

*Por.* Ay, for the ſtate;[4] not for Antonio.

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop

[4] *Ay, for the ſtate*; &c.] That is, the ſtate's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Antonio's. Malone.

That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis; nothing elſe; for God's ſake.

*Ant.* So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content,[5] ſo he will let me have
The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

*Duke.* He ſhall do this; or elſe I do recant
The pardon, that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew, what doſt thou ſay?

*Shy.* I am content.

[5] *I am content,*] The terms propoſed have been miſunderſtood. Antonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and deſires not the property but the *uſe* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life, unleſs we read, as perhaps is right, *upon* my *death*. Johnson.

Antonio tells the duke, that if he will abate the fine for the ſtate's half, he (Antonio) will be contented to take the other, *in truſt*, after Shylock's death, to render it to his daughter's huſband. That is, it was, during Shylock's life, to remain *at intereſt* in Antonio's hands, and Shylock was to enjoy the produce of it. Ritson.

Antonio's offer is, "that he will quit the fine for one half of his fortune, provided that he will let him have it at intereſt during the Jew's life, to render it on his death to Lorenzo." That is the meaning of the words *to let me have in uſe*. M. Mason.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence; I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers:
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more,[6]
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.
[*Exit* Shylock.

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon;[7]
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

*Duke.* I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.

[6] —— *thou ſhould'ſt have had* ten *more,*] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. Theobald.

So, in *The Devil is an Aſs,* by Ben Jonſon:

" —— I will leave you
" To your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."
Steevens.

This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull,* &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564, (which has been quoted in a former page,) one of the ſpeakers, to ſhow his mean opinion of an oſtler at an inn, ſays: " I did ſee him atke bleſſinge to xii godfathers at ones.
Malone.

[7] —— *grace of pardon* ;] Thus the old copies; the modern editors read, leſs harſhly, but without authority,—*your grace's pardon.* The ſame kind of expreſſion occurs in *Othello*:—" *I humbly do beſeech you* of *your pardon.*"

In the notes to *As you like it,* and *A Midſummer-Night's Dream,* I have given repeated inſtances of this phraſeology.
Steevens.

Your *grace's pardon,* was found in a copy of no authority, the 4to. of 1637. Malone.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman;
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* Duke, *Magnificoes, and Train.*

*Bass.* Moſt worthy gentleman, I and my friend,
Have by your wiſdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thouſand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

*Ant.* And ſtand indebted, over and above,
In love and ſervice to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid, that is well ſatisfied;
And I, delivering you, am ſatisfied,
And therein do account myſelf well paid;
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you, know me, when we meet again;
I wiſh you well, and ſo I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear ſir, of force I muſt attempt you further;
Take ſome remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

*Bass.* This ring, good ſir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not ſhame myſelf to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing elſe but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,

And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.
An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,[8]
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* Portia *and* Nerissa.

*Ant.* My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandement.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou can'st,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.
[*Exit* Gratiano.
Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *She would not* hold *out* enemy *for ever,*] An error of the press.—Read "hold out *enmity*." M. Mason.

I believe the reading in the text is the true one. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act I. sc. i. the Messenger says to Beatrice: —"I will *hold friends* with you, lady." Steevens.

## SCENE II.

*The ſame. A Street.*

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*POR.* Inquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

*GRA.* Fair ſir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice,[9]
Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

*POR.* That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhow my youth old Shylock's houſe.

*GRA.* That will I do.

*NER.* Sir, I would ſpeak with you:—
I'll ſee if I can get my huſband's ring, [*To* PORTIA.
Which I did make him ſwear to keep for ever.

*POR.* Thou may'ſt, I warrant; We ſhall have old ſwearing,[1]

[9] ——*upon more* advice,] i. e. more *reflection*. So, in *All's well that ends well*: "You never did lack *advice* ſo much," &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —— old *ſwearing*,] Of this once common augmentative in colloquial language, there are various inſtances in our author. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Here will be an *old* abuſing of God's patience and the King's Engliſh." Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "—here will be *old* utis." The ſame phraſe alſo occurs in *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outſwear them too.
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good ſir, will you ſhow me to this houſe? [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *Houſe.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

*Lor.* The moon ſhines bright:—In ſuch a night as this,[2]
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,[3]

[2] ——*In ſuch a night as this,*] The ſeveral ſpeeches beginning with theſe words, &c. are imitated in the old comedy of *Wily Beguiled*; which though not aſcertaining the exact date of that play, prove it to have been written after Shakſpeare's:

" In ſuch a night did Paris win his love.
" *Lelia.* In ſuch a night, Æneas prov'd unkind.
" *Sophoſ.* In ſuch a night did Troilus court his dear.
" *Lelia.* In ſuch a night, fair Phillis was betray'd."
*Orig. of the Drama,* Vol. III. p. 365. WHALLEY.

*Wily Beguiled* was written before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in one of his pamphlets publiſhed in that year. MALONE.

[3] *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide,* 5 B. 606 and 1142:

" Upon the *wallis* faſt eke would he walke,
" And on the Grekis hoſt he would yſe, &c.

And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.

*Jes.* In ſuch a night,
Did Thiſbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And ſaw the lion's ſhadow ere himſelf,
And ran diſmay'd away.

*Lor.* In ſuch a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand[4]
Upon the wild ſea-banks, and wav'd her love
To come again to Carthage.

*Jes.* In ſuch a night,[5]
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.

*Lor.* In ſuch a night,
Did Jeſſica ſteal from the wealthy Jew:

" The daie goth faſt, and after that came eve
" And yet came not to Troilus Creſſeide,
" He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
" And ſerre his heade *ovir the walle* he leide," &c.

Again, *ibid:*

" And up and doune by weſt and eke by eſt,
" *Upon the wallis* made he many a went." Steevens.

[4] *In ſuch a night,*
*Stood Dido with a willow in her hand*—] This paſſage contains a ſmall inſtance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakſpeare was no reader of the claſſicks. Steevens.

Mr. Warton ſuggeſts in his *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, that Shakſpeare might have taken this image from ſome ballad on the ſubject. Malone.

[5] *In ſuch a night,* &c.] So, Gower, ſpeaking of Medea:

" Thus it befell upon a night
" Whann there was nought but ſterre light,
" She was vaniſhed right as hir liſt,
" That no wight but herſelf wiſt:
" And that was at midnight tide,
" The world was ſtill on every ſide," &c.
*Confeſſio Amantis*, 1554. Steevens.

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

*Jes.* And in ſuch a night,[6]
Did young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* And in ſuch a night,
Did pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jes.* I would out-night you, did no body come:
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter* STEPHANO.

*Lor.* Who comes ſo faſt in ſilence of the night?

*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

*Steph.* Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes,[7] where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

[6] And *in ſuch a night,*] The word—*and* was neceſſarily added by Mr. Pope, for the ſake of metre, both in this and the following ſpeech of Lorenzo.

Mr. Malone, however, aſſures us that *ſwear* is to be read as a diſſyllable, and divides the paſſage, as follows:

"In ſuch a night did
"Young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well."

And afterwards:

"In ſuch a night did
"Pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew." STEEVENS

[7] ——*ſhe doth ſtray about*
*By holy croſſes,*] So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*:

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Steph.* None, but a holy hermit, and her maid. I pray you, is my maſter yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jeſſica,
And ceremoniouſly let us prepare
Some welcome for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

*Enter* Launcelot.

*Laun.* Sola, ſola, wo ha, ho, ſola, ſola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenzo! ſola, ſola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man; here.

*Laun.* Sola! where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him, there's a poſt come from my maſter, with his horn full of good news; my maſter will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*

*Lor.* Sweet ſoul,[8] let's in, and there expect their coming.

" But there are *Croſſes*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
" Another at the Abbey, and the third
" At Ceſton; and 'tis ominous to paſs
" Any of theſe without a Pater-noſter."

and this is a reaſon aſſigned for the delay of a wedding.

Steevens.

[8] *Sweet ſoul,*] Theſe words in the old copies are placed at the end of Launcelot's ſpeech. Malone.

Theſe two words ſhould certainly be placed at the beginning of the following ſpeech of *Lorenzo*:

" *Sweet ſoul*, let's in," &c.

And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in?
My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you,
Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand;
And bring your muſick forth into the air.—
[*Exit* STEPHANO.
How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank!
Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick
Creep in our ears;[9] ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night,
Become the touches of ſweet harmony.
Sit, Jeſſica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;[1]

Mr. Pope, I ſee, has corrected this blunder of the old edition, but he has changed *foule* into *love*, without any neceſſity. TYRWHITT.

Mr. Rowe firſt made the preſent regulation, which appears to me to be right. Inſtead of *ſoul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciouſly ſubſtituted in the place of the former by the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions, which for a long time diſfigured the modern editions. MALONE.

I rather ſuppoſe, that the printer of the ſecond folio, judiciouſly correcting ſome miſtakes, through inattention committed others. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*and let the* ſounds *of* muſick
Creep in our ears;] So, in Churchyard's *Worthines of Wales*, 1587:

"A *muſick* ſweete, that through *our eares ſhall creepe*,
"By ſecret arte, and lull a man aſleepe."

Again, in *The Tempeſt*:

"This muſick *crept* by me upon the waters." REED.

[1] ——*with* patines *of bright gold*;] Dr. Warburton ſays we ſhould read—*patens*; a round broad plate of gold borne in heraldry. STEEVENS.

*Pattens* is the reading of the firſt folio, and *pattents* of the quarto. *Patterns* is printed firſt in the folio, 1632. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos, 1600, reads—*pattens*, the other *pattents*. STEEVENS.

A patine, from *patina*, Lat. A *patine* is the ſmall flat diſh or plate uſed with the chalice, in the adminiſtration of the

There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;
But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſsly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.[2]—

euchariſt. In the time of popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

[2] *Such* harmony *is in immortal* ſouls; &c.] It is proper to exhibit the lines as they ſtand in the copies of the firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth editions, without any variation, for a change has been ſilently made by Rowe, and adopted by all the ſucceeding editors:

*Such harmony is in immortal ſouls;*
*But while this muddy veſture of decay*
*Doth groſsly cloſe* in it, *we cannot hear it.*

That the third line is corrupt muſt be allowed, but it gives reaſon to ſuſpect that the original was:

*Doth groſsly cloſe* it in.

Yet I know not whether from this any thing better can be produced than the received reading. Perhaps *harmony* is *the power of perceiving harmony*, as afterwards: *Muſick in the ſoul* is the quality of being *moved with concord of ſweet ſounds*. This will ſomewhat explain the old copies, but the ſentence is ſtill imperfect; which might be completed by reading:

*Such harmony is in* th' *immortal* ſoul,
*But while this muddy veſture of decay*
*Doth groſsly cloſe* it in, *we cannot hear it.* JOHNSON.

——*cloſe* it *in*—] This idea might have been adopted from a paſſage in Phaer's tranſlation of *Virgil*, B. VI:

" Nor *cloſed* ſo *in darke* can they regard their heavenly kinde.
" For carkaſſe foul of fleſh, and dungeon vile of priſon blinde." STEEVENS.

*Such harmony is in immortal* ſouls; &c.] This paſſage having been much miſunderſtood, it may be proper to add a ſhort explanation of it.

*Such harmony*, &c. is not an explanation ariſing from the foregoing line—" So great is the harmony!" but an illuſtration:—" Of the *ſame kind* is the harmony."—The whole runs thus:

*There is not one of the heavenly orbs but ſings as it moves, ſtill quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is*

*Enter* Muſicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;[3]
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,

*that of immortal ſouls*; or, (in other words,) *each of us have as perfect harmony in our ſouls as the harmony of the ſpheres, inaſmuch as we have the quality of being moved by ſweet ſounds* (as he expreſſes it afterwards;) *but our groſs terreſtrial part, which environs us, deadens the ſound, and prevents our hearing.* —*It*, [Doth groſsly cloſe *it* in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony*. This is the reading of the firſt quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read—cloſe *in it*.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of ſenſe, cannot be heard;—but Shakſpeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which *is* capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely miſunderſtood this paſſage,) for *ſouls* reads *ſounds*.

This hath been imitated by Milton in his *Arcades*:

" Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick lie,
" To lull the daughters of neceſſity,
" And keep unſteady nature in her law,
" And the low world in meaſur'd motion draw
" After *the heavenly tune, which none can hear*
" *Of human mould, with groſs unpurged ear.*"

MALONE.

Thus, in *Comus*:

" Can any mortal mixture of earth's mold
" Breathe ſuch divine enchanting ravithment?
" Sure *ſomething holy lodges in that breaſt*,
" And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
" To teſtify HIS *hidden reſidence*." HENLEY.

The old reading *in* immortal ſouls is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, B. V: " Touching muſical harmony, whether by inſtrument or by voice, it being but of high and low ſounds in a due proportionable diſpoſition, ſuch, notwithſtanding is the force thereof, and ſo pleaſing effects it hath in that very part of man which is moſt divine, that ſome have been thereby induced to think, that the ſoul itſelf by nature is or hath in it harmony." For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer.

And draw her home with muſick.[4]

*Jes.* I am never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.[5]

[*Muſick.*

*Lor.* The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any air of muſick touch their ears,
You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,[6]

Mr. Malone obſerves that "the fifth Book of the E. P. was publiſhed ſingly, in 1597." Steevens.

[3] ——*wake Diana with a hymn;*] Diana is the moon, who is in the next ſcene repreſented as ſleeping. Johnson.

[4] *And draw her home with muſick.*] Shakſpeare was, I believe, here thinking of the cuſtom of accompanying the laſt waggon-load, at the end of harveſt, with ruſtick muſick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it.* Malone.

[5] *I am never merry, when I hear* ſweet *muſick.*] In the age of Shakſpeare it is probable that ſome ſhade of meaning (at preſent undeterminable,) was occaſionally affixed to the words *ſweet* and *ſweetneſs.* Thus, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona,* [See Vol. IV. p. 254.] we have "a *ſweet* mouth;" and in *Meaſure for Meaſure,* [Vol. VI. p. 274.] we are told of—

"Their ſaucy *ſweetneſs* that do coin heaven's image,
"In ſtamps that are forbid."

If, in the ſpeech under conſideration, Jeſſica only employs the term *ſweet* in one of its common ſenſes, it ſeems inadequate to the effects aſſigned to it; and the following paſſage in Horace's *Art of Poetry,* is as liable to the ſame objection, unleſs *dulcia* be ſuppoſed to mean *intereſting,* or having ſuch command over our paſſions as muſick *merely ſweet* can never obtain:

"Non ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata, *dulcia* ſunto,
"Et, quocunque volunt, animum auditoris agunto."
Steevens.

[6] ——*do but note a wild and wanton herd,*
*Or race of youthful and* unhandled colts,

Their ſavage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſick: Therefore, the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods;
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſick for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,[7]

*Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,*
*Which is the hot condition of their blood;*
*If they but hear perchance a trumpet ſound,*
*Or any air of muſick touch their ears,*
*You ſhall perceive them make a mutual ſtand,* &c.] We find the ſame thought in *The Tempeſt*:

" ——Then I beat my tabor,
" At which, like *unback'd colts*, they prick'd their ears,
" Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noſes,
" *As they ſmelt muſick.*" MALONE.

[7] *The man that hath no muſick in himſelf,*
*Nor is not mov'd with concord of ſweet ſounds,*] The thought here is extremely fine; as if the being affected with muſick was only the harmony between the *internal* [*muſick in himſelf*] and the *external muſick* [*concord of ſweet ſounds*;] which were mutually affected like uniſon ſtrings. This whole ſpeech could not chooſe but pleaſe an Engliſh audience, whoſe great paſſion, as well then as now, was *love of muſick*. "Jam verò video naturam (ſays Eraſmus in praiſe of Folly,) ut ſingulis nationibus, ac pene civitatibus, communem quandam inſeviſſe Philautiam: atque hinc fieri, ut *Britanni*, præter alia, Formam, *Muſicam*, & lautas Menſas propriè ſibi vindicent." WARBURTON.

This paſſage, which is neither pregnant with phyſical and moral truth, nor poetically beautiful in an eminent degree, has conſtantly enjoyed the good fortune to be repeated by thoſe whoſe inhoſpitable memories would have refuſed to admit or retain any other ſentiment or deſcription of the ſame author, however exalted or juſt. The truth is, that it furniſhes the vacant fiddler with ſomething to ſay in defence of his profeſſion, and ſupplies the coxcomb in muſick with an invective againſt ſuch as do not pretend to diſcover all the various powers of language in inarticulate ſounds.

Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoils;
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no ſuch man be truſted.—Mark the muſick.

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a diſtance.*

*POR.* That light we ſee, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

*NER.* When the moon ſhone, we did not ſee the candle.

Our ancient ſtatutes have often received the beſt comment by means of reference to the particular occaſion on which they were framed. Dr. Warburton has therefore properly accounted for Shakſpeare's ſeeming partiality to this amuſement. He might have added, that Peacham requires of his Gentleman ONLY to be able "to ſing his part ſure, and at firſt ſight, and withal to play the ſame on a viol or lute."

Let not, however, this capricious ſentiment of Shakſpeare deſcend to poſterity, unattended by the opinion of the late Lord Cheſterfield on the ſame ſubject. In his 148th letter to his ſon, who was then at Venice, his lordſhip, after having enumerated muſick among the *illiberal* pleaſures, adds—"if you love muſick, hear it; go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I muſt inſiſt upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourſelf. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous and contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company, and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more, than to ſee you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth." Again, Letter 153: "A taſte of ſculpture and painting is, in my mind, as becoming as a taſte of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of faſhion. The former is connected with hiſtory and poetry, the latter with nothing but *bad company*." Again:—"Painting and ſculpture are very juſtly called liberal arts; a lively and ſtrong imagination, together with a juſt obſervation, being abſolutely neceſſary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the caſe of muſick, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed above the other two; a proof of the decline of that country." *Ibidem.*

STEEVENS.

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark!

*Ner.* It is your muſick, madam, of the houſe.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect;[8]
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.

*Por.* The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale,[9] if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd![1] [*Muſick ceaſes.*

[8] ——*without reſpect;*] Not abſolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumſtances. JOHNSON.

[9] *The nightingale,* &c.] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

" Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
" When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
" As *Philomel* in ſummer's front doth ſing,
" And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days;
" Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now,
" Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night;
" *But that wild muſick burdens every bough,*
" *And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight.*"
MALONE.

[1] *Peace,* hoa! *the moon ſleeps with Endymion,*
*And would not be awak'd!*] The old copies read—Peace! *how,* &c. For the emendation now made I am anſwerable. The oddneſs of the phraſe, " *How* the moon would not be awak'd!" firſt made me ſuſpect the paſſage to be corrupt; and the following lines in *Romeo and Juliet* ſuggeſted the emendation, and appear to me to put it beyond a doubt:

*Lor.* That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our huſbands' welfare,
Which ſpeed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet,
But there is come a meſſenger before,
To ſignify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Neriſſa,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jeſſica, nor you.

[*A tucket*[2] *ſounds.*

"*Peace, hoa,* for ſhame! confuſion's cure lives not
"In theſe confuſions."

Again, in *As you like it,* Act I:

"*Peace, hoa!* I bar confuſion."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"*Hoa! peace* be in this place!"

Again, *ibid:*

"*Peace, hoa,* be here!"

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the ſame miſtake, I think, has happened. In the paſſage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not a note of admiration after the word *awak'd.* Portia firſt enjoins the muſick to ceaſe, "Peace, hoa!" and then ſubjoins the reaſon for her injunction: "The moon," &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt ſeems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho* was formerly uſed to command a ceſſation of noiſe, as well as of fighting. See *Cant. Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 230.

MALONE.

[2] *A* tucket—] *Toccata,* Ital. a flouriſh on a trumpet.

STEVENS.

*Lor.* Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the daylight ſick,
It looks a little paler;[3] 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

*Enter* Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, *and their Followers.*

*Bass.* We ſhould hold day[4] with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.[5]

*Por.* Let me give light,[6] but let me not be light;

[3] ——day*light ſick,*
*It looks a* little paler;—] Hence, perhaps, the following verſe in Dryden's *Indian Emperor*:
"The moon ſhines clear, and makes a *paler day.*"
Steevens.

[4] *We ſhould hold day* &c.] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other ſide of the globe. Malone.

[5] *We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,*
*If you would walk in abſence of the ſun.*] Thus, Rowe, in his *Ambitious Stepmother*:
"Your eyes, which, could the ſun's fair beams decay,
"Might ſhine for him, and bleſs the world with day."
Steevens

[6] *Let me give light,* &c.] There is ſcarcely any word with which Shakſpeare ſo much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various ſignifications. Johnson.

Moſt of the old dramatic writers are guilty of the ſame quibble. So, Marſton, in his *Infatiate Counteſs*, 1613:
"By this bright *light* that is deriv'd from thee—
"So, ſir, you make me a very *light* creature."
Again, Middleton, in *A mad World my Maſters*, 1608:
"—*more* lights—I call'd for *light*: here come in two are *light* enough for a whole houſe."
Again, in *Springes for Woodcocks*, a collection of epigrams, 1606:

For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me;
But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.[7]

[Gratiano *and* Nerissa *seem to talk apart.*

*Gra.* By yonder moon, I swear, you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already? what's the matter?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was[8]

"Lais of *lighter* metal is compos'd
"Than hath her *lightness* till of late disclos'd;
"For *lighting* were she *light* acceptance feels,
"Her fingers there prove *lighter* than her heels."
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*this* breathing *courtesy.*] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech.—"You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

So, in *Macbeth*:
"——mouth-honour, *breath*." STEEVENS.

[8] *That she did give me; whose posy was*—] For the sake of measure, I suppose we should read:
"That she did give *to* me; &c.

For all the world, like cutler's poetry[9]
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the poſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective,[1] and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy,
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy,[2] that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

So, afterwards:

"Now, by this hand, I gave it *to* a youth." Steevens.

[9] ——*like cutler's poetry*—] Knives, as Sir J. Hawkins obſerves, were formerly inſcribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with ſhort ſentences in diſtich. In Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, Sir Edward Vaughan, ſays: "You ſhall ſwear by Phœbus, who is your poet's good lord and maſter, that hereafter you will not hire Horace to give you poeſies for rings, or handkerchers, or *knives*, which you underſtand not." Reed.

[1] ——*have been* reſpective,] *Reſpective* has the ſame meaning as *reſpectful*. Mr. M. Maſon thinks it rather means *regardful*. See *King John*, Act I. Steevens.

Chapman, Marſton, and other poets of that time, uſe this word in the ſame ſenſe. [i. e. for *reſpectful*.] Malone.

[2] ——*a youth,—*
*A kind of boy; a little* ſcrubbed *boy,*
*No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;*
*A prating boy*, &c.] It is certain from the words of the context and the tenour of the ſtory, that Gratiano does not here ſpeak contemptuouſly of the judge's clerk, who was no other than Neriſſa diſguiſed in man's clothes. He only means to de-

*Por.* You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To part ſo ſlightly with your wife's firſt gift;
A thing ſtuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted ſo with faith unto your fleſh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it; and here he ſtands;
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth

ſcribe the perſon and appearance of this ſuppoſed youth, which he does by inſinuating what ſeemed to be the preciſe time of his age: he repreſents him as having the look of a young ſtripling, of a boy beginning to advance towards puberty. I am therefore of opinion, that the poet wrote:

"——a little *ſtubbed* boy."

In many counties it is a common provincialiſm to call young birds not yet fledged *ſtubbed young ones*. But, what is more to our purpoſe, the author of *The Hiſtory and Antiquities of Glaſtonbury*, printed by Hearne, an antiquarian, and a plain unaffected writer, ſays, that "Saunders muſt be a *ſtubbed boy*, if not a man, at the diſſolution of Abbeys," &c. edit. 1722, Pref. Signat. n. 2. It therefore ſeems to have been a common expreſſion for *ſtripling*, the very idea which the ſpeaker means to convey. If the emendation be juſt here, we ſhould alſo correct Neriſſa's ſpeech which follows:

"For that ſame *ſtubbed* boy, the doctor's clerk,
"In lieu of this, did lie with me laſt night."

T. Warton.

I believe *ſcrubbed* and *ſtubbed* have a like meaning, and ſignify *ſtunted*, or *ſhrub-like*. So, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*: "—but ſuch will never prove fair trees, but *ſhrubs* only." Steevens.

*Stubbed* in the ſenſe contended for by Mr. Warton was in uſe ſo late as the Reſtoration. In *The Parliamentary Regiſter*, July 30, 1660, is an advertiſement enquiring after a perſon deſcribed as "a thick ſhort *ſtubbed fellow*, round faced, ruddy complexion, dark brown hair and eyebrows, with a ſad gray ſuit." Reed.

*Scrubbed* perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *ſhort*. Cole, in his Dictionary, 1672, renders it by the Latin word *ſqualidus*.

Malone.

That the world maſters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cauſe of grief;
An 'twere to me, I ſhould be mad at it.

*Bass.* Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*Aſide.*

*Gra.* My lord Baſſanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deſerv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took ſome pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man, nor maſter, would take aught
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

*Por.* Even ſo void is your falſe heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I ſee the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,
Till I again ſee mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the ſtrength of your diſpleaſure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,[3]

[3] ——*contain* the *ring*,] The old copies concur in this reading. Johnson.

You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?[4]
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe ;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.

*Baſs.* No, by mine honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring ; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away ;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady ?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him ;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy ;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it : Pardon me, good lady ;
For, by theſe bleſſed candles of the night,[5]

Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the ſame meaning. The word has been already employed in this ſenſe :

" Cannot *contain* their urine for affection."

So alſo, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, tranſlated by Florio, 1603, B. II. c. iii : " Why doſt thou complaine againſt this world ? It doth not *containe* thee : if thou liveſt in paine and ſorow, thy baſe courage is the cauſe of it ; ſo die there wanteth but will." Again, in Bacon's *Eſſaies*, 4to. 1625, p. 327 : " To *containe* anger from miſchiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things." Malone.

[4] *What man——wanted the modeſty*
*To urge the thing held as a ceremony ?*] This is a very licentious expreſſion. The ſenſe is, *What man could have ſo little modeſty*, or *wanted modeſty ſo much*, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on an account in ſome ſort religious. Johnson

Thus Calphurnia ſays to Julius Cæſar :

" Cæſar, I never ſtood on *ceremonies*." Steevens.

[5] ——*candles of the night,*] We have again the ſame ex-

Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

*Por.* Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

*Ner.* And I his clerk; therefore be well adviſ'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

*Gra.* Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

*Ant.* I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithſtanding.

*Baſſ.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And, in the hearing of theſe many friends,

preſſion in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewiſe occurs in *Diella, Certaine Sonnets adjoyned to the amorous Poeme of Don Diego, and Ginevra*, by R. L. 1596:

"He who can count the *candles of the ſkie*,
"Reckon the ſands whereon Pactolus flows." &c.

MALONE.

In ſome Saxon poetry preſerved in Hickes's *Theſaurus*, (Vol. I. p. 181,) the ſun is called *God's candle*. So that this periphraſis for the ſtars, ſuch a favourite with our poet, might have been an expreſſion not grown obſolete in his days. HOLT WHITE.

I ſwear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I ſee myſelf,——

*Por.* Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf,[6]
And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.* Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my ſoul I ſwear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth;[7]
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring,
[*To* Portia.
Had quite miſcarried: I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.

*Por.* Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor!

*Por.* I had it of him: pardon me Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.

[6] ——*ſwear by your* double *ſelf*,] *Double* is here uſed in a bad ſenſe for—*full of duplicity*. Malone.

[7] ——*for his* wealth;] For his advantage; to obtain his happineſs. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term oppoſite to *adverſity*, or *calamity*. Johnson.

So, in *The Litany*: "In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our *wealth*;"— Steevens.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of high-
ways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?

*Por.* Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you ſhall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witneſs, I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect: unſeal this letter ſoon;
There you ſhall find, three of your argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly:
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the doctor, and I knew you
not?

*Gra.* Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold?

*Ner.* Ay; but the clerk that never means to
do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

*Bass.* Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life, and
living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you, and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

*Por.* It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfied
Of theſe events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Let it be ſo: The firſt intergatory,
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to-day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring. [*Exeunt.*[8]

[8] It has been lately diſcovered, that this fable is taken from a ſtory in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a novelift, who wrote in 1378. [The firſt novel of the fourth day.] The ſtory has been publiſhed in Engliſh, and I have epitomized the tranſlation. The tranſlator is of opinion, that the choice of the caſkets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I have likewiſe abridged, though I believe that Shakſpeare muſt have had ſome other novel in view.* Johnson.

* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnſon was right in his conjecture. Malone.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whoſe name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three ſons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldeſt, and left them heirs: to the youngeſt he left nothing. This youngeſt, whoſe name was Giannetto, went to his father, and ſaid, What has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wiſh better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whoſe name is Anſaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to ſend you thither to him. He is the richeſt merchant amongſt the Chriſtians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The ſon anſwered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father ſhall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Giannetto went to Anſaldo, and preſented the letter given by the father before his death. Anſaldo reading the letter, cried out, My deareſt godſon is welcome to my arms. He then aſked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Anſaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in ſeeing you, mitigates my ſorrow. He conducted him to his houſe, and gave orders to his ſervants, that Giannetto ſhould be obeyed, and ſerved with more attention than had been paid to himſelf. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money: and told him, Son, ſpend this money, keep a table, and make yourſelf known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Anſaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Anſaldo could think of nothing but him; ſo much was he pleaſed with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his moſt intimate acquaintance deſigned to go with two ſhips to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and ſee the world. I would go willingly, ſaid he, if my father Anſaldo will give leave. His companions go to Anſaldo, and beg his permiſſion for Giannetto to go in the ſpring with them to Alexandria; and deſire him to provide him a ſhip. Anſaldo immediately procured a very fine ſhip, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with ſtreamers, and furniſhed it with arms; and, as ſoon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and ſailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto ſaw a gulph, with a fine port, and aſked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? ſays

Giannetto. He anſwered, this lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he muſt take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loſes every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an inſtant they ſlide into the port ſo eaſily that the other ſhips perceived nothing.

The lady was ſoon informed of it, and ſent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, aſked him who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the cuſtom of the country? He anſwered, that the knowledge of that cuſtom was his only reaſon for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and ſent for barons, counts, and knights, in great numbers, who were her ſubjects, to keep Giannetto company. Theſe nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have had him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady ſaid, it ſeems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her ſervice: and immediately two damſels enter with wine and ſweet-meats. The lady entreats him to taſte the wine; he takes the ſweet-meats, and drinks ſome of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cauſe ſleep. He then goes into the bed, where he inſtantly falls aſleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady roſe with the ſun, and gave orders to unload the veſſel, which ſhe found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women ſervants go to the bed-ſide, order Giannetto to riſe and be gone, for he had loſt the ſhip. The lady gave him a horſe and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for ſhame: but at night goes to the houſe of a friend, who is ſurpriſed to ſee him, and inquires of him the cauſe of his return: He anſwers, his ſhip had ſtruck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a viſit to Anſaldo, found him very diſconſolate. I fear, ſays Anſaldo, ſo much, that this ſon of mine is dead, that I have no reſt. His friend told him, that he had been ſhipwrecked, and had loſt his all, but that he himſelf was ſafe. Anſaldo inſtantly gets up and runs to find him. My dear ſon, ſaid he, you need not fear my diſpleaſure; it is a common accident; trouble yourſelf no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and eaſy.

The news was ſoon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, all his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was

become of their friend, and having heard the ſtory, ran to ſee him, and rejoiced with him for his ſafety; telling him that next ſpring, he might gain as much as he had loſt the laſt. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was reſolved to marry her, or die. Anſaldo told him frequently, not to be caſt down. Giannetto ſaid, he ſhould never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anſaldo provided another ſhip of more value than the firſt. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and ſeeing the ſhip, aſked her maid if ſhe knew the ſtreamers; the maid ſaid, it was the ſhip of the young man who arrived the laſt year. You are in the right, anſwered the lady; he muſt ſurely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a ſecond time; the maid ſaid, ſhe had never ſeen a more agreeable man. He went to the caſtle, and preſented himſelf to the lady, who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, embraced him, and the day was paſſed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to reſt: when they were ſeated in the chamber, the two damſels enter with wine and ſweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls aſleep; the lady undreſſed, and lay down by his ſide; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady riſes, and gives orders to ſtrip the ſhip. He has a horſe and money given him, and away he goes, and never ſtops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the ſame friend, who with aſtoniſhment aſked him what was the matter? I am undone, ſays Giannetto. His friend anſwered, You are the cauſe of the ruin of Anſaldo, and your ſhame ought to be greater than the loſs you have ſuffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At laſt he took the reſolution of ſeeing Anſaldo, who roſe from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anſaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear ſon, ſays he, we have ſtill enough: the ſea enriches ſome men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad ſucceſs. When Anſaldo enquired what was the matter, he confeſſed, he could never be contented till he ſhould be in a condition to regain all that he loſt. When Anſaldo found him reſolved, he began to ſell every thing he had, to furniſh this other fine ſhip with merchandize: but, as he wanted ſtill ten thouſand ducats, he applied himſelf to a Jew at Meſtri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feaſt of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of fleſh from any part of his body he pleaſed. Anſaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn,

and witneſſed, with all the form and ceremony neceſſary; and then counted him the ten thouſand ducats of gold, with which Anſaldo bought what was ſtill wanting for the veſſel. This laſt ſhip was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a deſign that whatever they gained ſhould be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Anſaldo told Giannetto, that ſince he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might ſee him before he died; and then he could leave the world with ſatisfaction: Giannetto promiſed to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleaſure. Anſaldo gave him his bleſſing, they took their leave, and the ſhips ſet out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to ſteal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the ſailors in the night to ſail the veſſel into the port. It was told the lady that Giannetto was arrived in port. She ſaw from the window the veſſel, and immediately ſent for him.

Giannetto goes to the caſtle, the day is ſpent in joy and feaſting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, ſo well did he underſtand the lance, and was ſo graceful a figure on horſeback: he pleaſed ſo much, that all were deſirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the uſual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his reſt. When he paſſed the door of the chamber, one of the damſels in a whiſper ſaid to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady ſaid, I know you muſt be thirſty, I muſt have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damſels entered the room, and preſented the wine. Who can refuſe wine from ſuch beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady ſmiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his boſom. The lady thinking he had drank, ſays aſide to herſelf with great joy, You muſt go, young man, and bring another ſhip, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to ſnore as if he ſlept ſoundly. The lady, perceiving this, laid herſelf down by his ſide. Giannetto loſes no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, ſaying, Now am I in poſſeſſion of my utmoſt wiſhes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted and placed in the chair of ſtate, had the ſceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed ſovereign of the country, with great pomp and ſplendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the caſtle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and cauſed juſtice to be admi-

niſtered impartially. He continued ſome time in his happy ſtate, and never entertained a thought of poor Anſaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thouſand ducats. But one day, as he ſtood at the window of his palace with his bride, he ſaw a number of people paſs along the piazza, with lighted torches. What is the meaning of this? ſays he. The lady anſwered, they are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his feſtival. Giannetto inſtantly recollected Anſaldo, gave a great ſigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cauſe of his ſudden change. He ſaid, he felt nothing. She continued to preſs with great earneſtneſs, till he was obliged to confeſs the cauſe of his uneaſineſs; that Anſaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was leſt his father ſhould loſe his life for him: that if the ten thouſand ducats were not paid that day, he muſt loſe a pound of his fleſh. The lady told him to mount on horſeback, and go by land the neareſt way, to take ſome attendants, and an hundred thouſand ducats; and not to ſtop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Anſaldo to her. Giannetto takes horſe with twenty attendants, and makes the beſt of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had ſeized Anſaldo, and inſiſted on having a pound of his fleſh. He entreated him only to wait ſome days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleaſure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, ſays he, I will cut off the pound of fleſh, according to the words of the obligation. Anſaldo anſwered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the propoſal, but inſiſted that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that he had put to death the greateſt of the Chriſtian merchants. Giannetto making all poſſible haſte to Venice, his lady ſoon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two ſervants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Anſaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he ſhould demand. The Jew ſaid, he would take no money, ſince it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of fleſh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where juſtice was ſtrictly adminiſtered, and the Jew had his pretenſions grounded on publick and received forms, their only reſource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thouſand, then thirty thouſand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at laſt an hundred thouſand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not

accept it; and, says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was: the servant answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna. The landlord upon this shows his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, justice in this place is too severe, and related the case of Ansaldo. Says the lawyer, this question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and save this worthy man from death, you will get the love and esteem of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew; but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. They came to this judge, and saluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, it will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our Judge says to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's flesh where you choose. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto, seeing this, turning to the judge, this, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and beside, if you shed one drop of blood, you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered?

The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thouſand: but the judge was ſtill reſolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Anſaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thouſand: he ſaid, I will not give you a penny. Give me, at leaſt, ſays the Jew, my own ten thouſand ducats, and a curſe confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of fleſh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be proteſted and annulled. The Jew ſeeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anſaldo was releaſed, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thouſand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer ſaid, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that ſhe may not ſay, that you have ſquandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is ſo kind, that I might ſpend four times as much without incurring her diſpleaſure. How are you pleaſed with the lady? ſays the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, anſwers Giannetto: nature ſeems to have done her utmoſt in forming her. If you will come and ſee her, you will be ſurpriſed at the honours ſhe will ſhow you. I cannot go with you, ſays the lawyer; but ſince you ſpeak ſo much good of her, I muſt deſire you to preſent my reſpects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto anſwered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of ſome of the money. While he was ſpeaking, the lawyer obſerved a ring on his finger, and ſaid, if you give me this ring, I ſhall ſeek no other reward. Willingly, ſays Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her ſake, I have ſome reluctance to part with it, and ſhe, not ſeeing it on my finger, will believe that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, ſhe eſteems you ſufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may ſay you made a preſent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to ſome former miſtreſs here in Venice. So great, ſays Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and preſents it to him. I have ſtill a favour to aſk, ſays the lawyer. It ſhall be granted, ſays Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not ſtay any time here, but go as ſoon as poſſible to your lady. It appears to me a thouſand years till I ſee her, anſwered Giannetto; and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anſaldo with him, and ſome of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived ſome days before, and having reſumed her female habit, pretended to have ſpent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the ſtreets lined with tapeſtry; and when

Giannetto and Anſaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anſaldo, but feigned anger againſt Giannetto, though ſhe loved him exceſſively: yet the feaſtings, tilts, and diverſions went on as uſual, at which all the lords and ladies were preſent. Giannetto ſeeing that his wife did not receive him with her accuſtomed good countenance, called her, and would have ſaluted her. She told him, ſhe wanted none of his careſſes: I am ſure, ſays ſhe, you have been laviſh of them to ſome of your former miſtreſſes. Giannetto began to make excuſes. She aſked him where was the ring ſhe had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto: and was in the right to ſay you would be angry with me; but, I ſwear by all that is ſacred, and by your dear ſelf, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cauſe. And I can ſwear, ſays the lady, with as much ſolemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore ſwear no more. Giannetto proteſted that what he had told her was true, and that he ſaid all this to the lawyer, when he aſked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to ſtay at Venice with your miſtreſſes, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great ſorrow he aſſured her, that what ſhe ſuppoſed could not be true. The lady ſeeing his tears, which were daggers in her boſom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter ſhowed the ring, and told him, that ſhe was herſelf the lawyer, and how ſhe obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly aſtoniſhed, finding it all true, and told the ſtory to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damſel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anſaldo for a wife; and they ſpent the reſt of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

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RUGGIERI de Figiovanni took a reſolution of going, for ſome time, to the court of Alfonſo King of Spain. He was graciouſly received, and living there ſome time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly eſteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he obſerved, that he gave, as he thought, with little diſcernment, caſtles, and baronies, to ſuch who were unworthy of his favours; and to himſelf, who might pretend to be of ſome eſtimation, he gave nothing: he

therefore thought the fitteſt thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His requeſt was granted, and the king preſented him with one of the moſt beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's truſty ſervants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he ſaid of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his ſovereign, that he ſhould go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he ſet out, ſaid he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as ſoon as they entered the ſtable, every beaſt, except his, began to ſtale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beaſts, his mule ſtaled in the river: you untoward beaſt, ſays he, you are like your maſter, who gave you to me. The ſervant remembered this expreſſion, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a ſingle word drop from him, but what was in praiſe of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and inſtantly turned back. When the king had heard what he ſaid of the mule, he commanded him into his preſence, and with a ſmile, aſked him, for what reaſon he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri anſwered, My reaſon is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the ſame manner the mule would not ſtale where ſhe ought, and where ſhe ought not, there ſhe ſtaled. The king ſaid upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was inſenſible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; ſhe is to blame, and not I; and I will ſhow you manifeſtly that I ſpeak truth. My diſcontent, ſir, proceeds not, anſwered Ruggieri, from a deſire of being enriched, but from your not having given the ſmalleſt teſtimony to my deſerts in your ſervice: nevertheleſs your excuſe is valid, and I am ready to ſee the proof you mention, though I can eaſily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caſkets, ſhut cloſe, to be placed: and before a large company, told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, ſceptre, and all his jewels; and that the other was full of earth: chooſe which of them you like beſt, and then you will ſee that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri choſe one. It was found to be the caſket full of earth. The king ſaid to him with a ſmile, Now you may ſee Ruggieri that what I told you of fortune was true; but for your

ſake, I will oppoſe her with all my ſtrength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that caſket which fortune denied you, ſhall be yours in deſpite of her: carry it with you into your own country, ſhow it to your friends and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permiſſion to boaſt, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE the ſtyle is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comick part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.

JOHNSON.

Of the incident of the *bond*, no Engliſh original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred ſeverall Diſcourſes, in form of Declamations: ſome of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the reſt of the Author's own Invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.—Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Engliſhed* by *L. P.* [i. e. Lazarus Pilot.*] *London, Printed by Adam Iſlip*, 1596.—(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401:

"DECLAMATION 95.

"*Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the fleſh of a Chriſtian.*

"A Jew, unto whom a Chriſtian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have ſummoned him for the ſame in Turkie: the merchant, becauſe he would not be diſcredited, promiſed to pay the ſaid ſumme within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the fleſh of his bodie. The tearme being paſt ſome fifteene daies, the Jew refuſed to take his money, and demaunded the pound of fleſh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a juſt pound of the Chriſtian's fleſh, and if he cut more or leſſe, then his own head ſhould be ſmitten off: the Jew appealed from this ſentence, unto the chiefe judge, ſaying:

"Impoſſible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongſt men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himſelfe unto ſuch covenants which hee can-

* Lazarus *Pyot*, (not Pilot,) is Anthony Mundy. RITSON.

not or will not accompliſh, for by that means ſhould no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every man might be aſſured of his owne; but ſince deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and ſtrict then they were wont, ſeeing that although bonds are made never ſo ſtrong, yet can no man be very certaine that he ſhall not be a loſer. It ſeemeth at the firſt ſight that it is a thing no leſs ſtrange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the fleſh of his bodie, for want of money: ſurely, in that it is a thing not uſuall, it appeareth to be ſomewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which becauſe they are in uſe ſeeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a moſt lothſome priſon, or unto an intolerable ſlaverie, where not only the whole bodie but alſo all the ſences and ſpirits are tormented; the which is commonly practiſed, not only betwixt thoſe which are either in ſect or nation contrary, but alſo even amongſt thoſe that are of one ſect and nation; yea amongſt Chriſtians it hath been ſeene that the ſon hath impriſoned the father for monie. Likewiſe in the Roman commonwealth, ſo famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to impriſon, beat, and afflict with torment the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themſelves happie, if for a ſmall debt they might have been excuſed with the paiment of a pounde of their fleſh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth ſo ſmall a thing of a Chriſtian, to diſcharge him of a good round ſumme? A man may aſke why I would not rather take ſilver of this man, then his fleſh: I might alleage many reaſons; for I might ſay that none but my ſelfe can tell what the breach of his promiſe hath coſt me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have loſt in my credit: for the miſerie of thoſe men which eſteem their reputation, is ſo great, that oftentimes they had rather endure any thing ſecretlie, then to have their diſcredit blazed abroad, becauſe they would not be both ſhamed and harmed: nevertheleſſe, I doe freely confeſſe, that I had rather loſe a pound of my fleſh then my credit ſhould be in any ſoft cracked: I might alſo ſay, that I have need of this fleſh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwiſe incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Chriſtians for ever abuſing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie ſay, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a ſouldier if he come unto the warres but an hour too late; and alſo to hang a theefe though he ſteal never ſo little: is it then ſuch a great matter to cauſe ſuch a one to pay a pound of his fleſh, that hath broken his promiſe manie times, or that putteth another in danger to loſe both credit and reputation, yea and it may be

life, and al for griefe? were it not better for him to loſe that I demand, then his ſoule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and eſpeciallie becauſe no man knoweth better than he where the ſame may be ſpared to the leaſt hurt of his perſon; for I might take it in ſuch place as hee might thereby happen to loſe his life: Whatte matter were it then if I ſhould cut off his privie members, ſuppoſing that the ſame would altogether weigh a juſt pound? or els his head, ſhould I be ſuffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I ſhould not; becauſe there were as little reaſon therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I ſhould be bound: or els if I would cut off his noſe, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, ſhould I be ſuffered? ſurely I think not, becauſe the obligation dooth not ſpecifie that I ought either to chooſe, cut, or take the ſame, but that he ought to give me a pound of his fleſh. Of every thing that is ſold, he which delivereth the ſame is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be juſt: ſeeing then that neither obligation, cuſtome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much leſſe unto the above mentioned ſatisfaction, I refuſe it all, and require that the ſame which is due ſhould be delivered unto me."

*"The Chriſtian's Anſwere.*

"It is no ſtrange matter to here thoſe diſpute of equitie which are themſelves moſt unjuſt; and ſuch as have no faith at all, deſirous that others ſhould obſerve the ſame inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if ſuch men would be contented with reaſonable things, or at leaſt not altogether unreaſonable: but what reaſon is there that one man ſhould unto his own prejudice deſire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to loſe nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my fleſh; whereby is manifeſtely ſeene the ancient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Chriſtians, but unto all others which are not of his ſect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe ſuffer ſuch vermine to dwell amongſt them: ſeeing that this preſumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and juſt judge, and afterwards he would by ſophiſticall reaſons prove that his abhomination is equitie. Truſie, I confeſſe that I have ſuffered fifteen daies of the tearme to paſſe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cauſe thereof? as for me, I think that by ſecret meanes he hath cauſed the monie to be delaied, which from ſundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promiſed unto him; otherwiſe, I would never have been ſo raſh as to bind myſelfe ſo ſtrictly: but although he were not the cauſe of the fault, is it therefore ſaid, that he ought to be

ſo impudent as to go about to prove it no ſtrange matter that he ſhould be willing to be paied with man's fleſh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which alſo was never heard of? but this divell in ſhape of man, ſeeing me oppreſſed with neceſſitie, propounded this curſed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievouſly, the commonwealth was almoſt overthrowne, and that ſhortly after it was forbidden to impriſon men any more for debt? To breake promiſe is, when a man ſweareth or promiſeth a thing, the which he hath no deſire to performe, which yet upon an extreame neceſſity is ſomewhat excuſable: as for me I have promiſed, and accompliſhed my promiſe, yet not ſo ſoon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to ſatisfie the crueltie of this miſchievous man with the price of my fleſh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but ſubmitted my ſelfe unto the diſcretion of the judge who hath juſtly repreſſed his beaſtlineſs. Wherein then have I falſified my promiſe? is it in that I would not (like him) diſobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will preſent a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himſelfe, according to the contents of the judgement: where is then my promiſe broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be ſo obſtinat and cruell againſt us; for they do it of ſet purpoſe to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Becauſe he was holie, as he is yet ſo reputed of this worthy Turkiſh nation. But what ſhall I ſay? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion againſt God, againſt their prieſts, judges and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themſelves, from whom they have their beginning? They ſold their brother, and had it not been for one amongſt them, they had ſlain him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abhominations were committed amongſt them? How many murthers? Abſalom did he not cauſe his brother to be murthered? Did he not perſecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath diſperſed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they ſaw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongſt them, they were ſo wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and uſuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do ſome great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may pleaſe you then, moſt righteous judge, to conſider all theſe circumſtances, having pittie of him who doth wholly ſubmit himſelfe upon your juſt clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monſter's crueltie." FARMER.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* tranſlated by Ellis Farneworth, 1754, has likewiſe this kind of ſtory.

It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingo in Hiſpaniola, and carried off an immenſe booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very conſiderable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in thoſe parts which he had inſured. Upon the receiving this news he ſent for the inſurer Samſon Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whoſe intereſt it was to have ſuch a report thought falſe, gave many reaſons why it could not poſſibly be true: and at laſt worked himſelf up into ſuch a paſſion, that he ſaid, "I'll lay you a pound of my fleſh that it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thouſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the ſubſtance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he ſhould himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleaſed." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was ſoon after confirmed, by other advices from the Weſt-Indies, which threw him almoſt into diſtraction; eſpecially when he was informed that Secchi had ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of fleſh from that part of his body which it is not neceſſary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpoſe in the affair, and uſe his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thouſand piſtoles as an equivalent for the pound of fleſh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a caſe of ſo uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who ſent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himſelf perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, ſaid, "When contracts are made, it is juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as we intend this ſhall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh from any part you pleaſe of the Jew's body. We would adviſe you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a ſcruple or grain more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of ſcales, and let it be done in our preſence."

The merchant at theſe words, began to tremble like an aſpin-leaf, and throwing himſelf at his holineſs's feet, with tears in his eyes, proteſted, "It was far from his thoughts to inſiſt upon the performance of the contract." And being aſked by the pope what he demanded; anſwered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces."

Then turning to the Jew, he aſked him, "What he had to ſay, and whether he was content." The Jew anſwered, "That he thought himſelf extremely happy to come off at ſo eaſy a rate, and that he was perfectly content."—"But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there ſufficient ſatisfaction made to our laws. We deſire to know what authority you have to lay ſuch wagers? The ſubjects of princes are the property of the ſtate, and have no right to diſpoſe of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the expreſs conſent of their ſovereigns."

They were both immediately ſent to priſon, and the governor ordered to proceed againſt them with the utmoſt ſeverity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more ſuch wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and propoſing a fine of a thouſand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to death, the Jew for ſelling his life, by conſenting to have a pound of fleſh cut from his body, which he ſaid was direct ſuicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew muſt be the occaſion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the moſt leading men in the ſynagogue, they both had recourſe to petitions. Strong application was made to Cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holineſs at leaſt to ſpare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really deſign to put them to death, but to deter others from ſuch practices, at laſt conſented to change the ſentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thouſand crowns, to be applied to the uſe of the hoſpital which he had lately founded, before they were releaſed.

*Life of Sixtus V.* Fol. B. VII. p. 293, &c.

STEEVENS.

IN a Perſian manuſcript in the poſſeſſion of Enſign Thomas Munro, of the firſt battalion of Sepoys, now at Tanjore, is found the following ſtory of a Jew and a Muſſulman. Several leaves being wanting both at the beginning and end of the MS. its age has not been aſcertained. The tranſlation, in which the idiom is Perſian, though the words are Engliſh, was made by Mr. Munro, and kindly communicated to me (together with a copy of the original,) by Daniel Braithwaite, Eſq.

"It is related, that in the town of Syria a poor Muſſulman lived in the neighbourhood of a rich Jew. One day he went to the Jew, and ſaid, lend me 100 dinars, that I may trade with it, and I will give thee a ſhare of the gain.—This Muſſulman had a beautiful wife, and the Jew had ſeen and fallen in love with her, and thinking this a lucky opportunity, he ſaid, I will

not do thus, but I will give thee a hundred dinars, with this condition, that after ſix months thou ſhalt reſtore it to me. But give me a bond in this form, that if the term of the agreement ſhall be exceeded one day, I ſhall cut a pound of fleſh from thy body, from whatever part I chooſe. The Jew thought that by this means he might perhaps come to enjoy the Muſſulman's wife. The Muſſulman was dejected, and ſaid, how can this be? But as his diſtreſs was extreme, he took the money on that condition, and gave the bond, and ſet out on a journey; and in that journey he acquired much gain, and he was every day ſaying to himſelf, God forbid that the term of the agreement ſhould paſs away, and the Jew bring vexation upon me. He therefore gave a hundred gold dinars into the hand of a truſty perſon, and ſent him home to give it to the Jew. But the people of his own houſe, being without money, ſpent it in maintaining themſelves. When he returned from his journey, the Jew required payment of the money, and the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman ſaid, I ſent thy money a long time ago. The Jew ſaid, thy money came not to me. When this on examination appeared to be true, the Jew carried the Muſſulman before the Cazi, and repreſented the affair. The Cazi ſaid to the Muſſulman, either ſatisfy the Jew, or give the pound of fleſh. The Muſſulman not agreeing to this, ſaid, let us go to another Cazi. When they went, he alſo ſpoke in the ſame manner. The Muſſulman aſked the advice of an ingenious friend. He ſaid, "ſay to him, let us go to the Cazi of Hems.* Go there, for thy buſineſs will be well." Then the Muſſulman went to the Jew, and ſaid, I ſhall be ſatisfied with the decree of the Cazi of Hems; the Jew ſaid, I alſo ſhall be ſatisfied. Then both departed for the city of Hems.† When they preſented themſelves before the judgment-ſeat, the

* Hems-Emeſſa, a city of Syria, long 70, lat 34.

The Orientals ſay that Hippocrates made his ordinary reſidence there; and the Chriſtians of that country have a tradition, that the head of St. John the Baptiſt was found there, under the reign of Theodoſius the younger.

This city was famous in the times of paganiſm for the Temple of the Sun, under the name of Heliogabalus, from which the Roman emperor took his name.

It was taken from the Muſſulmen by the Tartars, in the year of Chriſt 1098. Saladin retook it in 1187. The Tartars took it in the year 1258. Afterwards it paſſed into the hands of the Mamalukes, and from them to the Turks, who are now in poſſeſſion of it. This city ſuffered greatly by a moſt dreadful earthquake in 1157, when the Franks were in poſſeſſion of Syria.

HERBELOT.

† Here follows the relation of a number of unlucky adventures, in which the Muſſulman is involved by the way; but as they only tend to ſhow the ſagacity of the Cazi in extricating him from them, and have no connection with Shylock, I have omitted them. T. M.

Jew ſaid, O my Lord Judge, this man borrowed an hundred dinars of me, and pledged a pound of fleſh from his own body. Command that he give the money and the fleſh. It happened, that the Cazi was the friend of the father of the Muſſulman, and for this reſpect, he ſaid to the Jew, "Thou ſayeſt true, it is the purport of the bond; and he deſired, that they ſhould bring a ſharp knife. The Muſſulman on hearing this, became ſpeechleſs. The knife being brought, the Cazi turned his face to the Jew, and ſaid, "Ariſe, and cut one pound of fleſh from the body of him, in ſuch a manner, that there may not be one grain more or leſs, and if more or leſs thou ſhalt cut, I ſhall order thee to be killed. The Jew ſaid, I cannot. I ſhall leave this buſineſs and depart. The Cazi ſaid, thou mayeſt not leave it. He ſaid, O Judge, I have releaſed him. The Judge ſaid, it cannot be; either cut the fleſh, or pay the expence of his journey. It was ſettled at two hundred dinars: the Jew paid another hundred, and departed." MALONE.

To the collection of novels, &c. wherein the plot of the foregoing play occurs, may be added another, viz. from "*Roger Bontemps en Belle Humeur.*" In the ſtory here related of the Jew and the Chriſtian, the Judge is made to be Solyman, Emperor of the Turks. See the edition of 1731, Tom. II. p. 105.

So far Mr. Douce:—Perhaps this Tale (like that of Parnell's *Hermit,*) may have found its way into every language.

STEEVENS.

END OF VOL. VII.

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